

New Gospel Song Book

SPECIAL PRICE

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1939 EDITION

Firm Foundation Publishing House
AUSTIN, TEXAS

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HORACE HAY

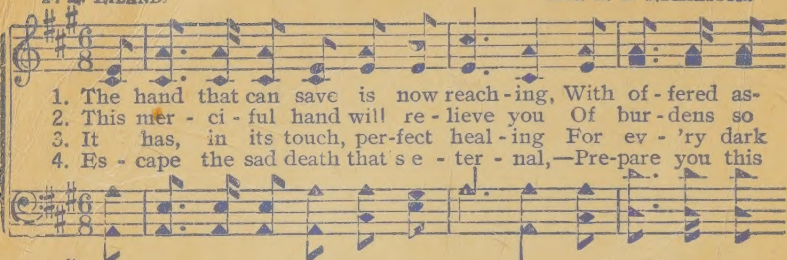
Calif.-Nev.Conf.

The Hand That Can Save.

Copyright, 1912, by The Trio Music Co.

F. L. EILAND.

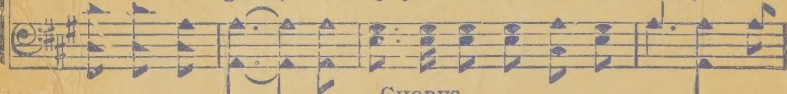
Mrs. B. B. EDMISTON.



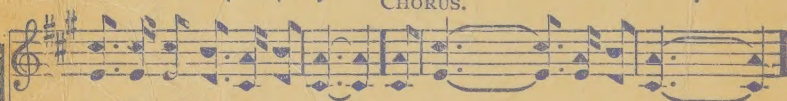
1. The hand that can save is now reach-ing, With of-fered as-
2. This mer-ci-ful hand will re-lieve you Of bur-dens so
3. It has, in its touch, per-fect heal-ing For ev-'ry dark
4. Es-cape the sad death that's e-ter-nal,—Pre-pare you this



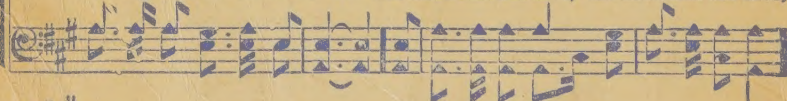
sist-ance to you, And it, a-lone, sin-ner, hath pow-er, The
 heav-y to bear; It nev-er will fail you, my broth-er, It
 stain-ing of sin; O will you come where it can reach you? Thy
 side of the grave; Ac-cept you this hand that is offered,—That's



CHORUS.



shackles of sin to un-do.
 ev-er your sorrow will share. The hand..... that can save.....
 yelding this moment be-gin.
 will-ing and anxious to save. The hand that can save, the hand that can save,



Is reach - - ing for you,..... From shack - - les of
 Is reach-ing for you, is reach-ing for you, From shackles of sin, from



sin..... Thy soul..... to un-do.....
 shack-les of sin Thy soul from its sin to un-do (and save you).



THE NEW GOSPEL SONG BOOK

A Rare Collection of Songs designed for

Christian Work and Worship

EDITED BY

G. H. P. SHOWALTER and AUSTIN TAYLOR

PRICE:

Limp, per copy, 35 cents; per dozen, \$4.00; per hundred, \$30.00.

Full cloth, copy, 50 cents; per dozen, \$5.50; per hundred, \$40.00.

Five cents additional per copy, for any number of copies desired,
in either binding, with rudiments of vocal music.

Published by

Firm Foundation Publishing House

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

1. The har - vest is wait - ing, the fields are now white, Reap - ers, go
 2. Oh, haste to the har - vest and gath - er the grain, Reap - ers, go
 3. Go gath - er the sheaves for the Mas - ter to - day, Reap - ers, go

on, O reap - ers, go on; Go la - bor for Je - sus from
 on, O reap - ers, go on; Go gath - er from moun - tain, from
 on, O reap - ers, go on; Oh, haste to the har - vest, oh,

morn - ing till night, Reap - ers, go on, O reap - ers, go on.
 val - ley and plain, Reap - ers, go on, O reap - ers, go on.
 has - ten a - way, Reap - ers, go on, O reap - ers, go on.

CHORUS.

Go on,..... go on,..... Go la - bor for Je - sus to - day;
 Go on and on,

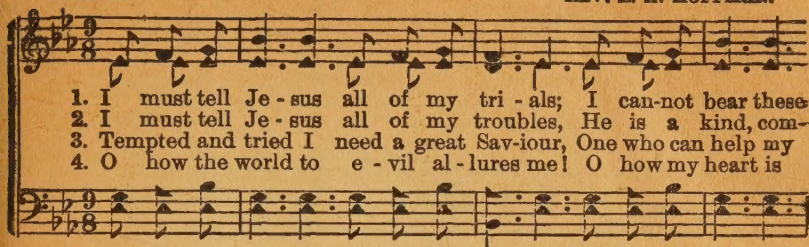
Go on,..... go on,..... Oh, haste to the har - vest a - way.
 Go on, and on,

No. 1

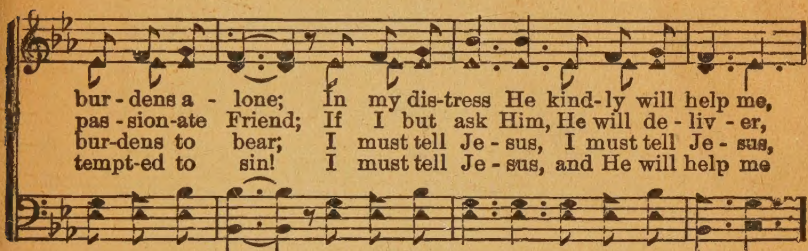
I Must Tell Jesus.

R. A. H.

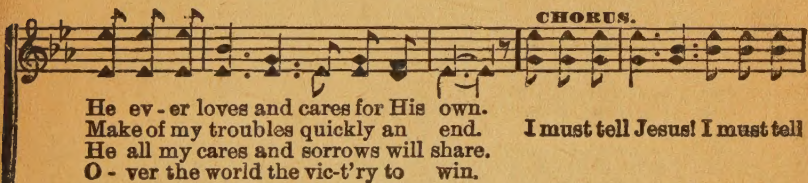
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.



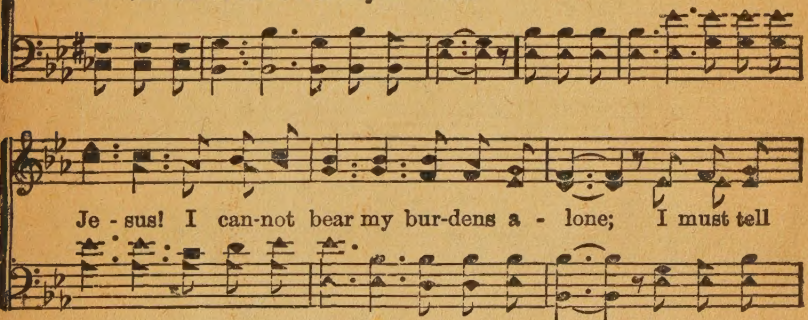
1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles, He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-iour, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is



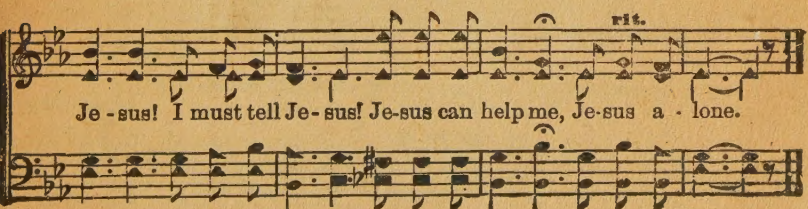
bur - dens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me,
 pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,
 tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me



CHORUS.
 He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troubles quickly an end. I must tell Jesus! I must tell
 He all my cares and sorrows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.



Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell



rit.
 Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

No. 2.

HE'S MY KING.

JAMES ROWE.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. All day long of Je - sus I am sing - ing, He my song of
 2. Streams of love a - round my soul are flow - ing, From His heart, love's
 3. In His light, I'm go - ing home to glo - ry, With the souls who

joy will ev - er be; All the while He keeps my heart-bells ringing, For His
 ev - er - last - ing spring; That is why my faith in Him I'm showing, That is
 trust His sav - ing grace; Go - ing home to sing and tell His sto - ry, In the

CHORUS.

love is ev'-ry-thing to me. He's my King, and O I dear-ly love Him;
 why an endless song I sing.
 bless-ed sunshine of His face. He's my precious King,

He's my King, no oth - er is a - bove Him; All day long en -
 He's my glorious King,

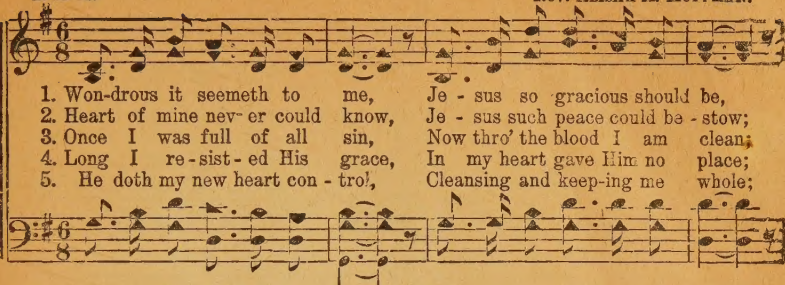
raptured praise I sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! He's my King!
 I sing, Glo - ry hal - le - le - jah! my blessed King!

No. 3.

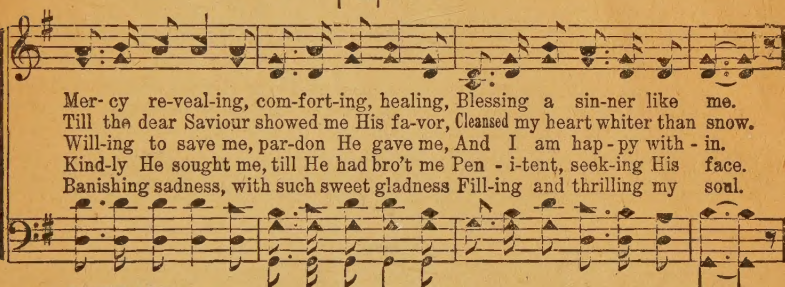
Is It Not Wonderful?

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

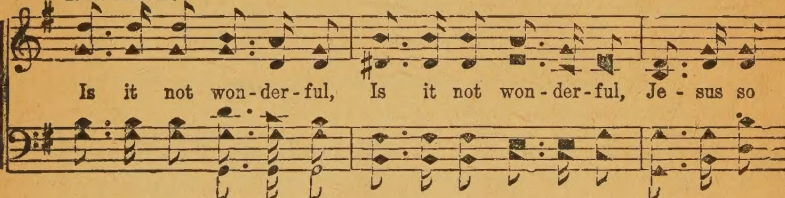


1. Won-drous it seemeth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,
 2. Heart of mine nev-er could know, Je - sus such peace could be - stow;
 3. Once I was full of all sin, Now thro' the blood I am clean;
 4. Long I re-sist-ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place;
 5. He doth my new heart con - trol, Cleansing and keep-ing me whole;

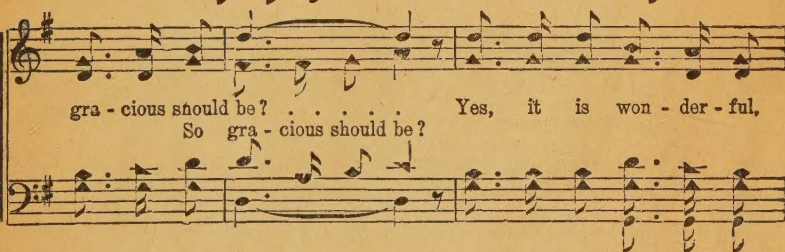


Mer-cy re-veal-ing, com-fort-ing, healing, Blessing a sin-ner like me.
 Till the dear Saviour showed me His fa-vor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
 Will-ing to save me, par-don He gave me, And I am hap-py with-in.
 Kind-ly He sought me, till He had bro't me Pen - i-tent, seek-ing His face.
 Banishing sadness, with such sweet gladness Fill-ing and thrilling my soul.

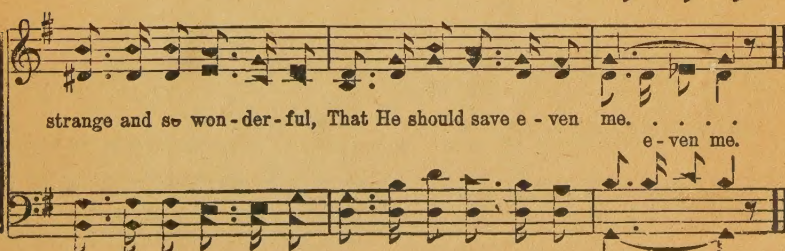
REFRAIN.



Is it not won-der-ful, Is it not won-der-ful, Je - sus so



gra - cious should be? . . . Yes, it is won - der - ful,
 So gra - cious should be?



strange and so won-der-ful, That He should save e - ven me. . . .
 e - ven me.

NO. 4.

WILL THERE BE ANY STARS.

E. E. HEWITT,

JNO. R. SWENBY.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy will it be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

be a-ny stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billow rolls. Will there be a-ny stars, a-ny stars in my crown,
be a-ny stars in my crown?

When at even-ing the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest,
go-et. down?

In the man-sions of rest, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?.....
a-ny stars in my crown?

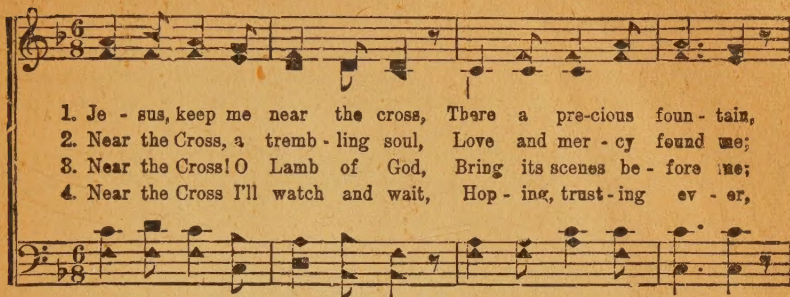
Near the Cross.

"Peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. 1:20.

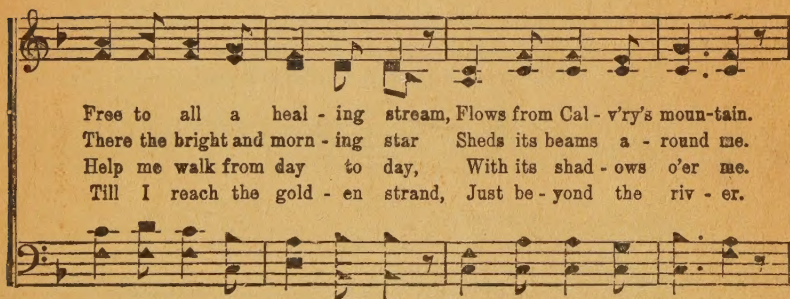
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

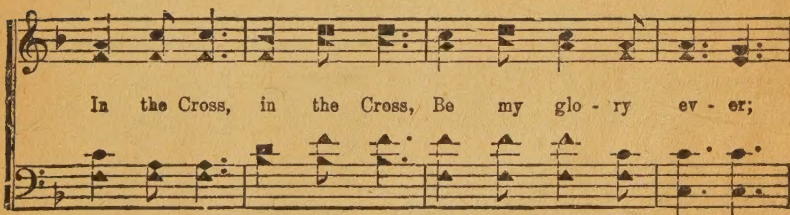


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun-tain,
 2. Near the Cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer-cy found me;
 3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me;
 4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop-ing, trust-ing ev-er,

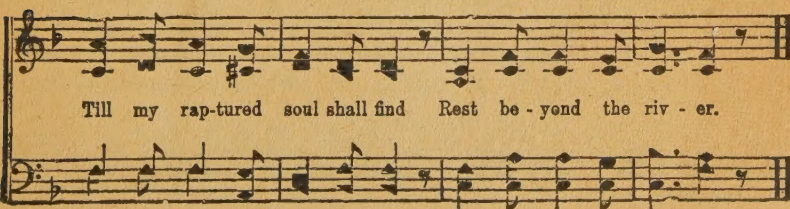


Free to all a heal-ing stream, Flows from Cal-vry's moun-tain.
 There the bright and morn-ing star Sheds its beams a-round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv-er.

REFRAIN.



In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo-ry ev-er;



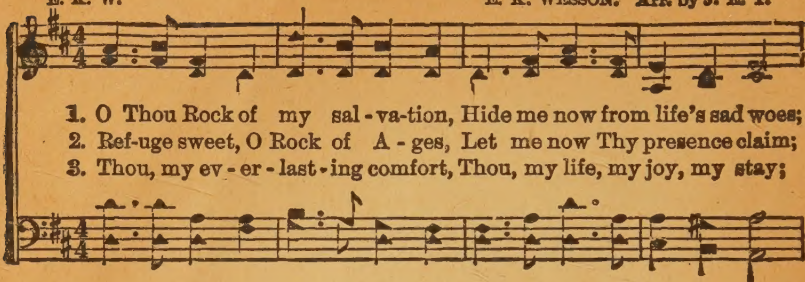
Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv-er.

No. 6.

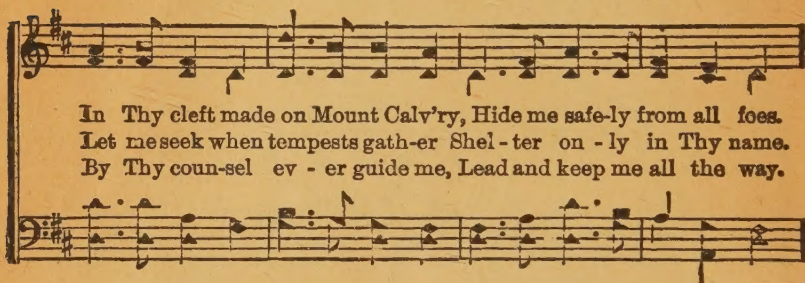
Blessed Rock of Ages.

E. K. W.

E. K. WESSON. Arr. by J. E. T.

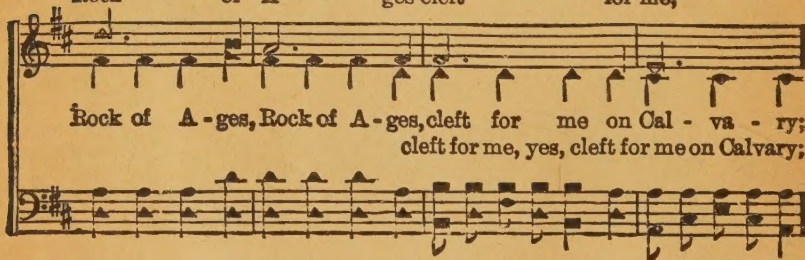


1. O Thou Rock of my sal - va - tion, Hide me now from life's sad woes;
 2. Ref - uge sweet, O Rock of A - ges, Let me now Thy presence claim;
 3. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing comfort, Thou, my life, my joy, my stay;



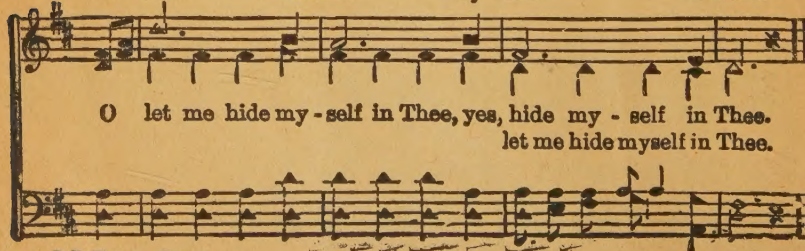
In Thy cleft made on Mount Calv'ry, Hide me safe - ly from all foes.
 Let me seek when tempests gath - er Shel - ter on - ly in Thy name.
 By Thy coun - sel ev - er guide me, Lead and keep me all the way.

CHORUS.
 Rock of A - ges cleft for me,



Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me on Cal - va - ry;
 cleft for me, yes, cleft for me on Calvary;

O let me hide my - self in Thee.

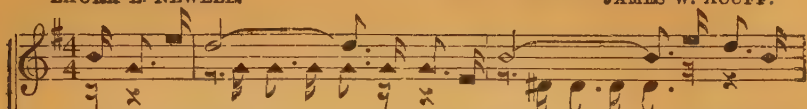


O let me hide my - self in Thee, yes, hide my - self in Thee.
 let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 7. Hosanna To the King.

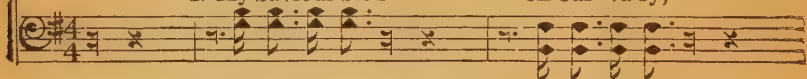
LAURA E. NEWELL.

JAMES W. ACUFF.

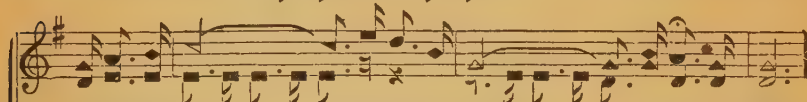
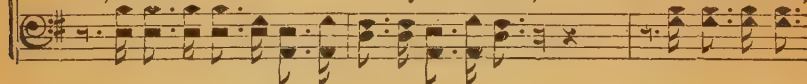


1. My Saviour bled on Cal - va - ry, Yes shed His
2. For me He died, yet rose a - gain, And now He
3. Just now He waits, be - side me stands, The prints of
4. I'll ev - er to Him humbly pray, That He for -

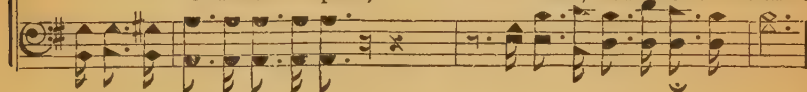
1. My Saviour bled on Cal - va - ry,



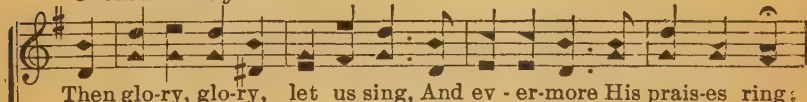
blood for you and me ; He bore the cross,
 guides the sons of men In paths of truth
 nails are in His hands ; A riv - en side
 give and take a - way Sin's grievous load,
 Yes, shed His blood for you and me ; He wore the cross,



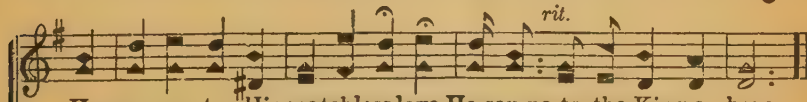
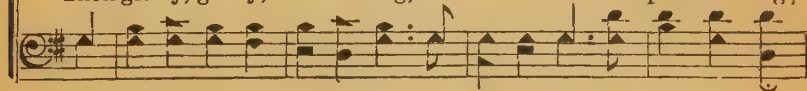
endured the pain, And died, the sin - ner to re - claim.
 and righteousness Each soul to aid, and all to bless.
 a thorn - pressed brow, By faith, I see so plainly now.
 my soul set free ; He'll spurn me not ; He died for me.
 endured the pain, And died, the sinner to reclaim.



CHORUS. *Lively.*



Then glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, And ev - er - more His prais - es ring ;



Ho - san - na to His matchless love, Ho - san - na to the King a - bove.



No. 8.

Walk Beside Me.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

JAMES M. BLACK.

1. Walk be-side me, O my Saviour, While life's morning sky is bright;
 2. When the noontide's glowing splendor Brings its weight of toil and care,
 3. When the twi-light shades descend-ing Warn my soul that night is near,

Grant me now Thy lov-ing fa-vor, Flood my path with heav'nly light.
 May Thy love, so pure and tender, All my heav-y burdens bear.
 With the hues of sun-set blending Let the light of heav'n appear.

Wheth-er good or ill be-tide me, Whether skies be dark or clear,
 In a wea-ry land, provide me Shel-tering rock and cooling spring;
 Thro' the val-ley, Saviour, take me, Close my eyes when night shall come;

Ev-er stay so close be-side me I may know and feel Thee near.
 When the tempest rag-es, hide me Un-der-neath Thy fold-ed wing.
 Then bid an-gel voic-es wake me, Sweetly singing, "Welcome home."

D.S.—Ev-er stay so close be-side me I may know and feel Thee near.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Sav-iour, walk with me; Take a-way all anx-ious fear;

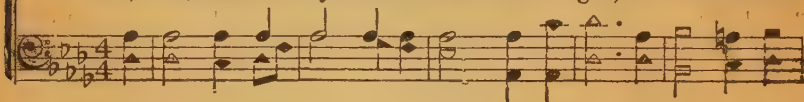
No. 9. It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

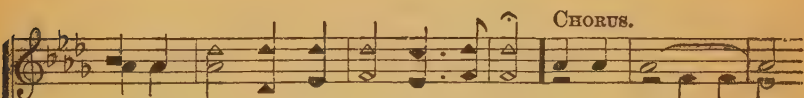
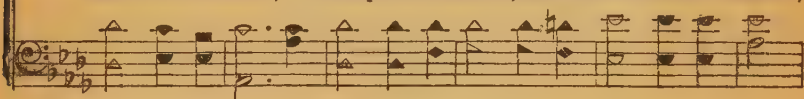
P. P. BLISS



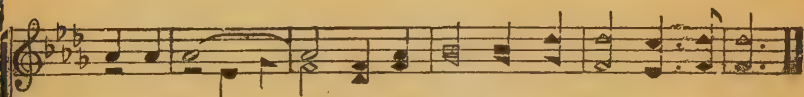
1. When peace like a riv - er, at-tend-eth my way, When sorrows like
2. Though Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin—O the bliss of this glo - ri-ous tho't!—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd



sea - bil-lows rolls, What-ev-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur-ance control, That Christ hath regarded my helpless es - tate,
part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The tramp shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,



"It is well, it is well with my soul." It is well,.....
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
"E-ven so" it is well with my soul. It is well,



with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,

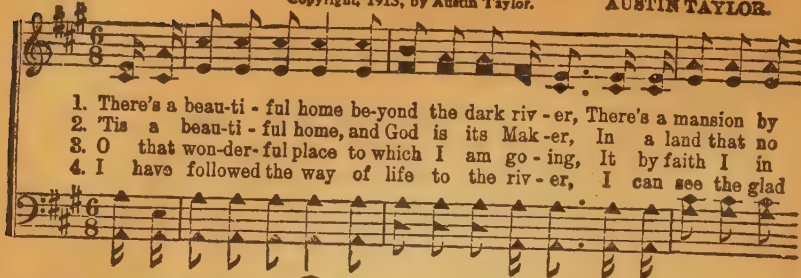


Home On the Banks of the River.

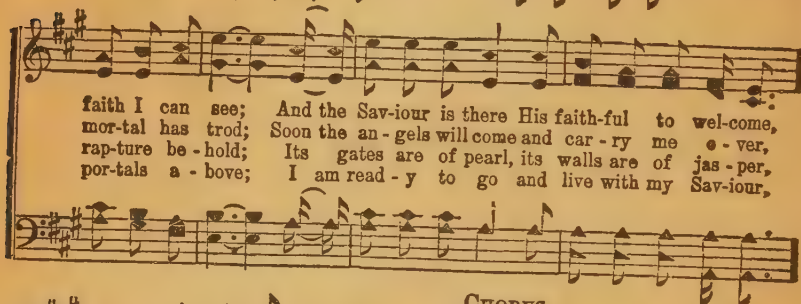
A. T.

Copyright, 1913, by Austin Taylor.

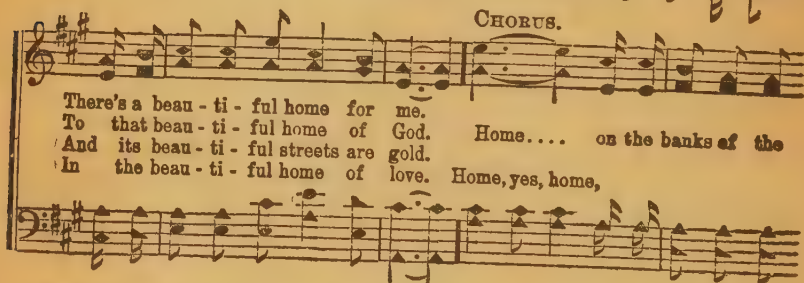
AUSTIN TAYLOR.



1. There's a beau-ti - ful home be-yond the dark riv - er, There's a mansion by
 2. 'Tis a beau-ti - ful home, and God is its Mak - er, In a land that no
 3. O that won-der-ful place to which I am go - ing, It by faith I in
 4. I have followed the way of life to the riv - er, I can see the glad

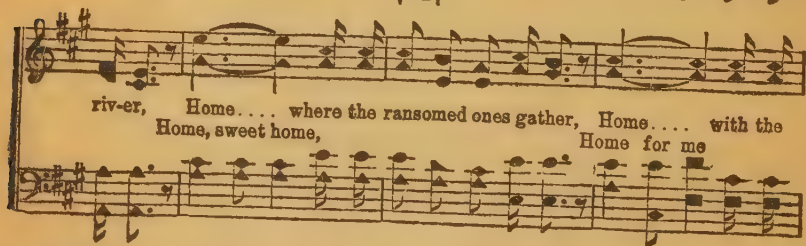


faith I can see; And the Sav-iour is there His faith-ful to wel-come,
 mor-tal has trod; Soon the an-gels will come and car-ry me e - ver,
 rap-ture be-hold; Its gates are of pearl, its walls are of jas-per,
 por-tals a - bove; I am read - y to go and live with my Sav-iour,

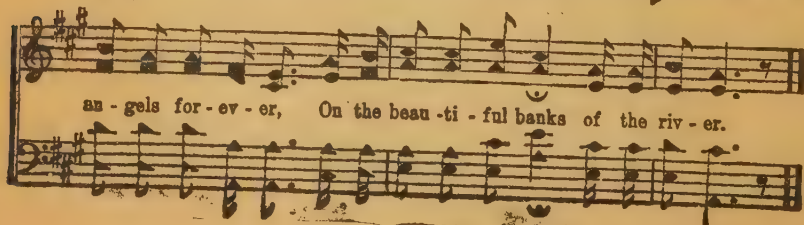


CHORUS.

There's a beau - ti - ful home for me.
 To that beau - ti - ful home of God. Home.... on the banks of the
 And its beau - ti - ful streets are gold.
 In the beau - ti - ful home of love. Home, yes, home,



riv - er, Home.... where the ransomed ones gather, Home.... with the
 Home, sweet home, Home for me



an - gels for - ev - er, On the beau - ti - ful banks of the riv - er.

No. 11.

Wonderful Words of Life.

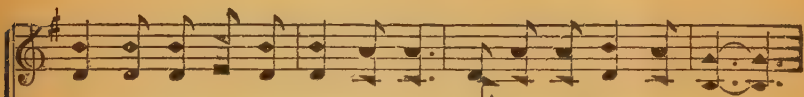
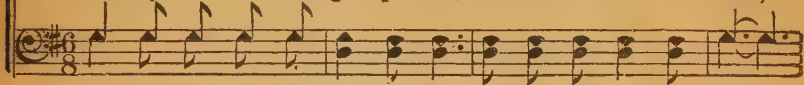
"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—JOHN 6: 63.

P. P. B.

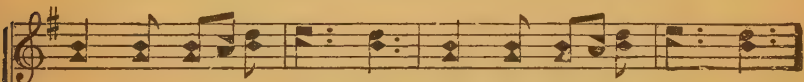
P. P. BLISS.



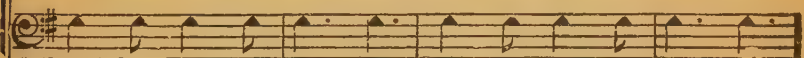
1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;



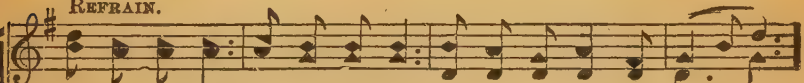
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.



Words of 'life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty.
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.



REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life,



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life.



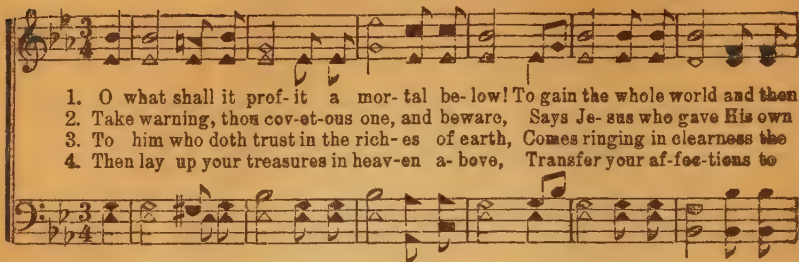
No. 12.

What Shall It Profit?

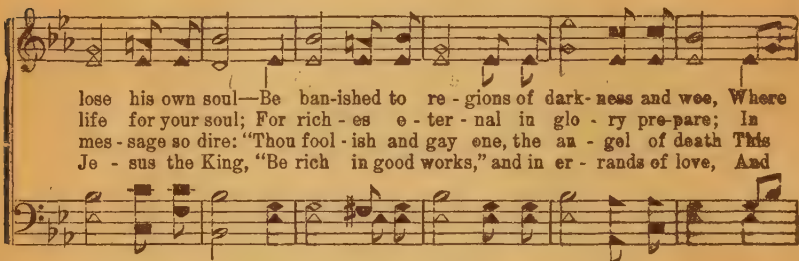
F. H.

Property of S. M. Hall and Flavil Hall.

FLAVIL HALL.

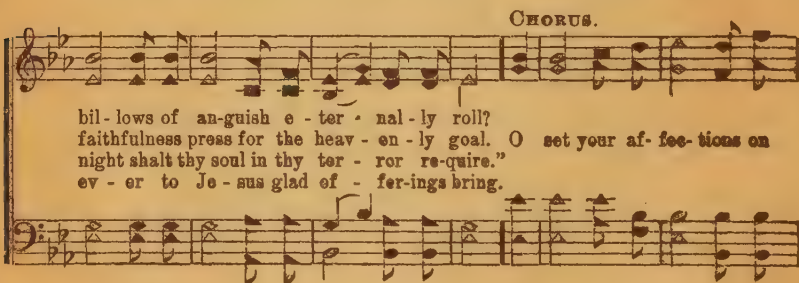


1. O what shall it prof-it a mor-tal be-low! To gain the whole world and then
2. Take warning, thou cov-et-ous one, and beware, Says Je-sus who gave His own
3. To him who doth trust in the rich-es of earth, Comes ringing in clearness the
4. Then lay up your treasures in heav-en a-bove, Transfer your af-fee-tions to

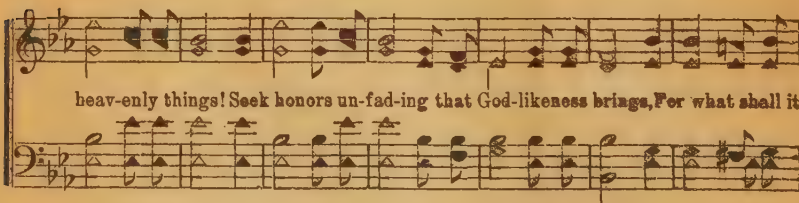


lose his own soul—Be ban-ished to re-gions of dark-ness and wee, Where
life for your soul; For rich-es e-ter-nal in glo-ry pre-pare; In
mes-sage so dire: "Thou fool-ish and gay ene, the an-gel of death This
Je-sus the King, "Be rich in good works," and in er-rands of love, And

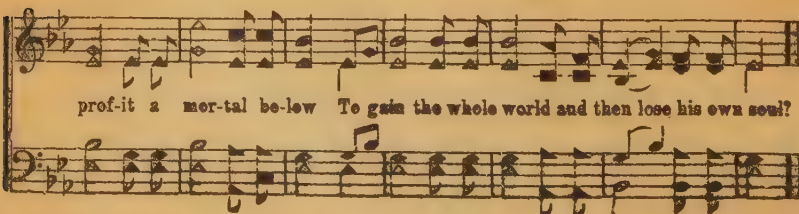
CHORUS.



bil-lows of an-guish e-ter-nal-ly roll?
faithfulness press for the heav-en-ly goal. O set your af-fee-tions on
night shalt thy soul in thy ter-ror re-quire."
ev-er to Je-sus glad of-fer-ings bring.



heav-enly things! Seek honors un-fad-ing that God-likeness brings, For what shall it



prof-it a mor-tal be-low To gain the whole world and then lose his own soul?

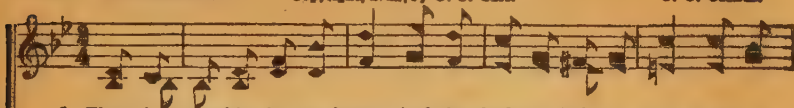
No. 13. There is Sunshine In the Heart.

(Dedicated to Hope and Margaret.)

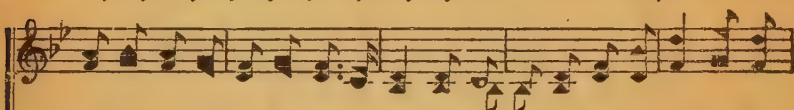
JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

Copyright, 1912, by C. C. Case.

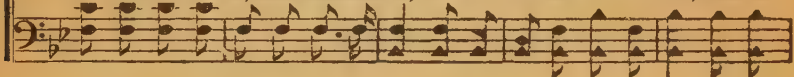
C. C. CASE.



1. There is sunshine in my heart, And the shadows fall a - part From a -
2. Tho' my path be strange and rough, There is al-ways light e- nough For mine
3. Tho' my shoulders bear a load, As I take the up-ward road, And my
4. There is sunshine, and to spare, And I long the light to share, With the



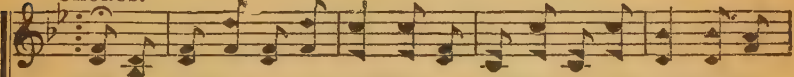
bove the light of love is shining clear; All with-out may be in shade, But my eyes to see where lies the upward way; And I trust my lov-ing Guide, Who is hands, at His commands, are laden too. If the Master's smile I win, There is life a-mid the strife, where shadows lie, If in Je-sus we a-bide, Then no



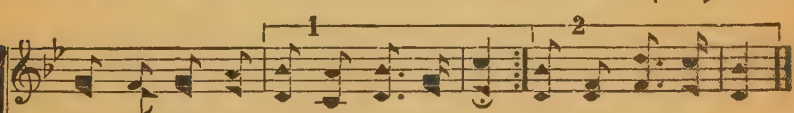
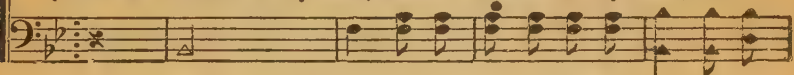
spir - it un-dis - mayed, Look a - far, where gates unbar with ra - diant cheer. ev - er by my side, So the light is ev - er bright each pass-ing day. sun-shine fair with - in, And with joy, in His em-ploy my work I do. e - vil can be - tide, And no room is there for gloom, if He is nigh.



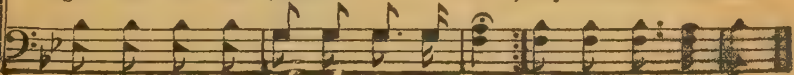
CHORUS.



{ There is sun-shine in my heart, There is sun-shine in my heart, 'Tis the
{ There is sun-shine in my heart, There is sun-shine in my heart, God is



light that earth - ly shad - ows can - not dim;
light and all the (Omit.....) way I walk with Him.

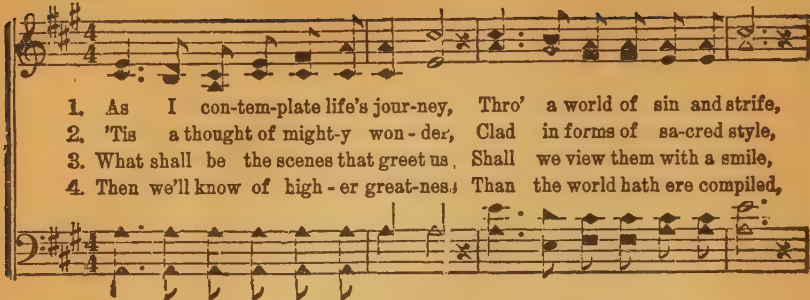


No. 14.

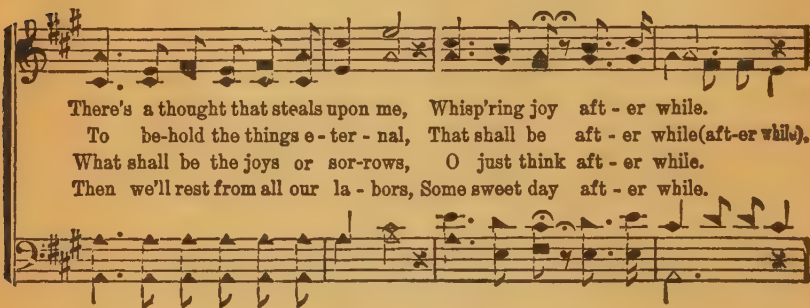
After While.

J. H. B.

J. H. BOLEY.

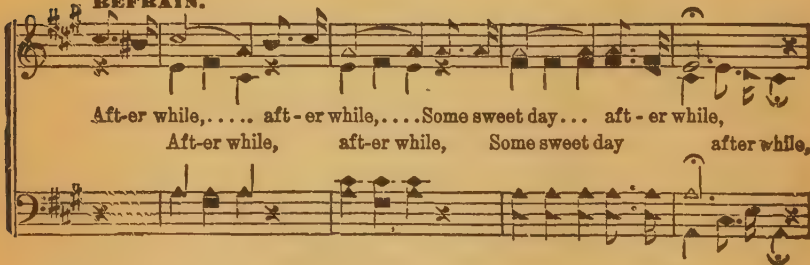


1. As I con-tem-plate life's jour-ney, Thro' a world of sin and strife,
 2. 'Tis a thought of might-y won-der, Clad in forms of sa-cred style,
 3. What shall be the scenes that greet us, Shall we view them with a smile,
 4. Then we'll know of high-er great-ness, Than the world hath ere compiled,

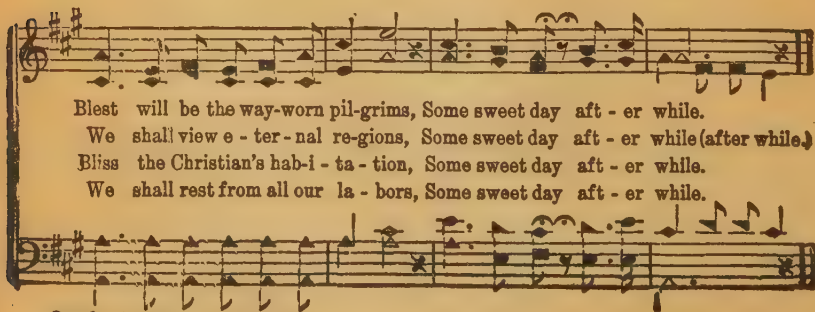


There's a thought that steals upon me, Whisp'ring joy aft-er while.
 To be-hold the things e-ter-nal, That shall be aft-er while(aft-er while).
 What shall be the joys or sor-rows, O just think aft-er while.
 Then we'll rest from all our la-bors, Some sweet day aft-er while.

REFRAIN.



Aft-er while, aft-er while, Some sweet day . . . aft-er while,
 Aft-er while, aft-er while, Some sweet day after while,



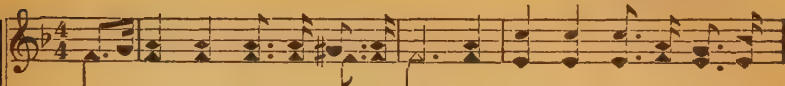
Blest will be the way-worn pil-grims, Some sweet day aft-er while.
 We shall view e-ter-nal re-gions, Some sweet day aft-er while(after while).
 Bliss the Christian's hab-i-ta-tion, Some sweet day aft-er while.
 We shall rest from all our la-bors, Some sweet day aft-er while.

No. 15.

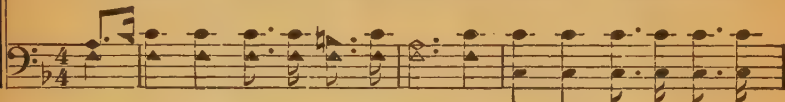
O Why Not To-Night?

Re-entered and copyright, 1895, by J. M. Hall. Used by per,

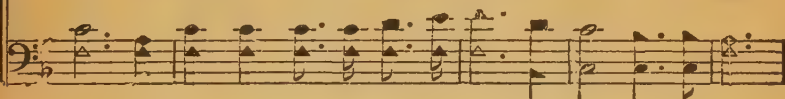
J. CALVIN BUSHEY.



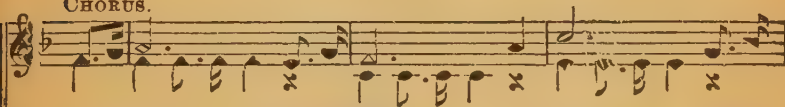
1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-against the
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud - ed
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - ed none Who would to Him their souls u-



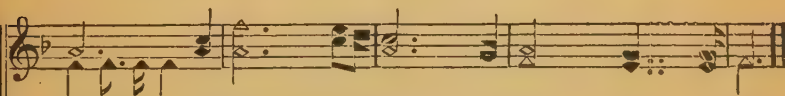
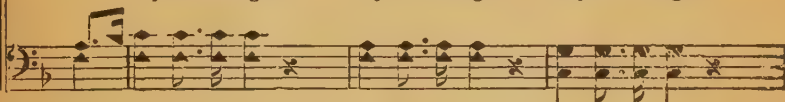
light; Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
 sight; This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
 quite? Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
 nite; Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done. Be saved, O to - night.



CHORUS.



O why not to-night? O why not to-
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night?



night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?



16. Out On the Mountains.

REV. L. L. PICKETT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Out on the mountains poor souls are a-stray, Je-sus is seeking them
2. Lo, He is call-ing for help-ers to-day, Rescue the lost ones, O
3. Souls are now dying, the time speeds away, If you would save them O
4. Then at the crowning time you shall be-hold, Treasures more precious than

seek - ing to - day; He, the good Shepherd, so gen - tle and mild,
broth-er, I pray; Join with our Sav-iour to gath-er them in,
do not de-lay; In-stan-tly, earn-est - ly af - ter them fly,
sil - ver or gold; Jew-els un - fad-ing in crown of the King,

CHORUS.

Seeks for the wand'ring one out in the wild.
From the drear mountains, the mountains of sin. Angels in glo-ry all
Speed-i - ly bring them or soon they shall die.
Ev - 'ry true toil-er with gladness shall bring.

join the glad song, Publish with rapture through-out the glad throng; Singing and

shouting with loud, swelling strain, "Jesus our Shepherd forever shall reign."

No. 17.

Tell His Love.

JAMES ROWE.

J. H. HALL.

1. To the weak and worn and weary Tell His love, tell His
 2. On the plain and in the val-ley
 3. In the haunts of sin and sadness
 4. Good to do which naught can measure, Tell His love,

love; To the friend-less and the drear-y Tell His
 Hope to give and strength to ral-ly, Tell His
 Spreading light and peace and gladness, Tell His
 tell His love, That our souls may lay up treas-ure, Tell His

CHORUS.
 love, tell His love. Let us keep the story ring-ing,
 Tell His love;

Peace and hope to mor-tals bringing; To His lov-ing bos-om

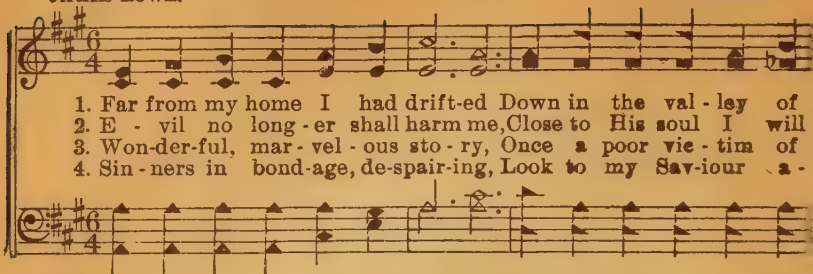
cling-ing, Tell His love, Tell His love, tell His love.
 Tell His love, tell His love.

No. 18.

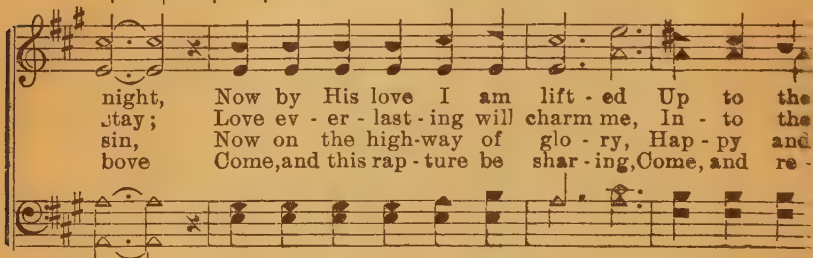
Lifted.

JAMES ROWE.

J. M. HAGAN.

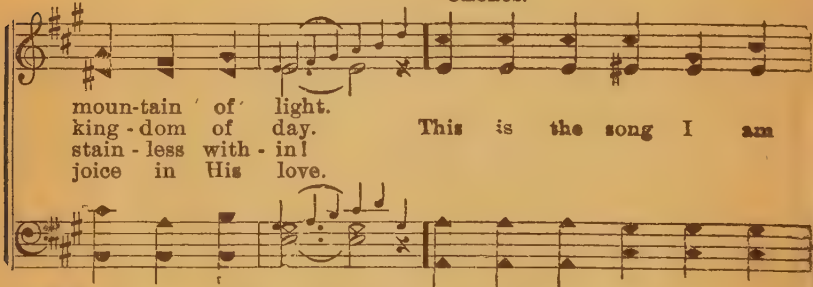


1. Far from my home I had drift-ed Down in the val - ley of
 2. E - vil no long - er shall harm me, Close to His soul I will
 3. Won - der - ful, mar - vel - ous sto - ry, Once a poor vic - tim of
 4. Sin - ners in bond - age, de - spair - ing, Look to my Sav - iour a -

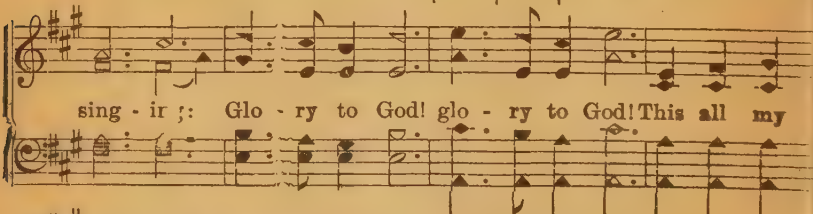


night, Now by His love I am lift - ed Up to the
 stay; Love ev - er - last - ing will charm me, In - to the
 sin, Now on the high - way of glo - ry, Hap - py and
 above Come, and this rap - ture be shar - ing, Come, and re -

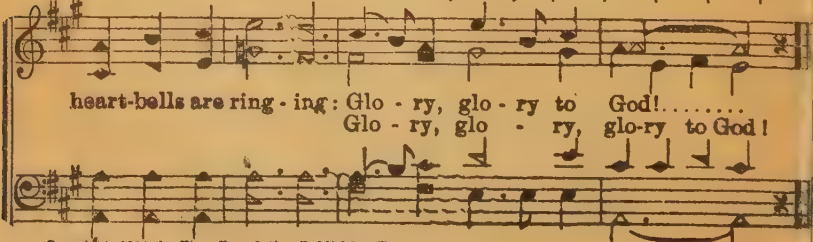
CHORUS.



moun - tain of light.
 king - dom of day. This is the song I am
 stain - less with - in!
 joyce in His love.



sing - ir ;: Glo - ry to God! glo - ry to God! This all my



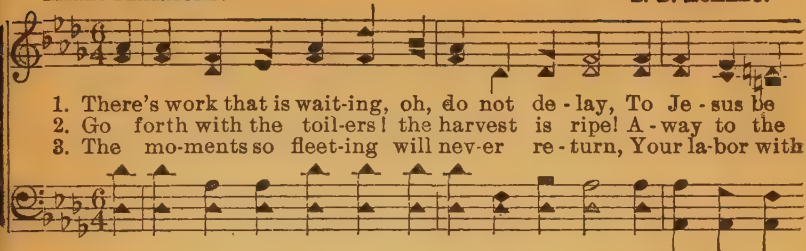
heart - bells are ring - ing: Glo - ry, glo - ry to God!.....
 Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God!

No. 19.

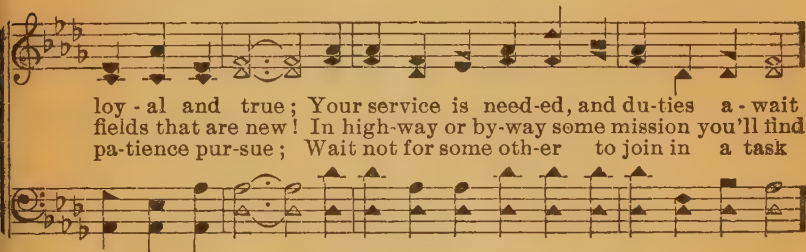
No One But You.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

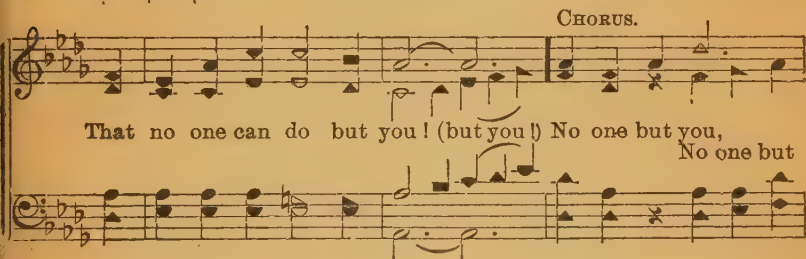
B. D. ACKLEY.



1. There's work that is wait-ing, oh, do not de-lay, To Je-sus be
 2. Go forth with the toil-ers! the harvest is ripe! A-way to the
 3. The mo-ments so fleet-ing will never re-turn, Your la-bor with

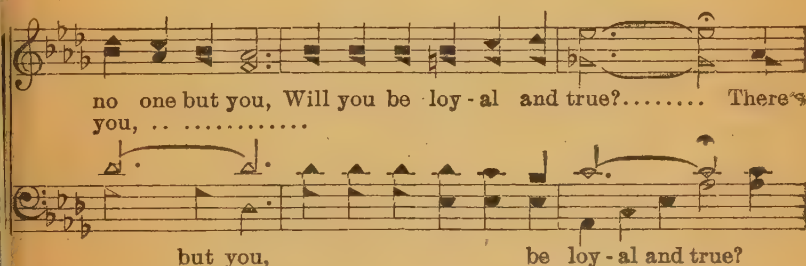


loy-al and true; Your service is need-ed, and du-ties a-wait
 fields that are new! In high-way or by-way some mission you'll find
 pa-tience pur-sue; Wait not for some oth-er to join in a task



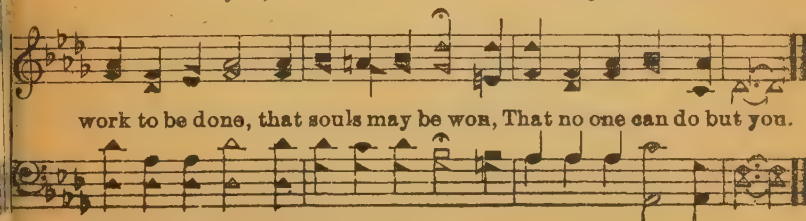
CHORUS.

That no one can do but you! (but you!) No one but you,
 No one but



no one but you, Will you be loy-al and true?..... There's
 you,

but you, be loy-al and true?



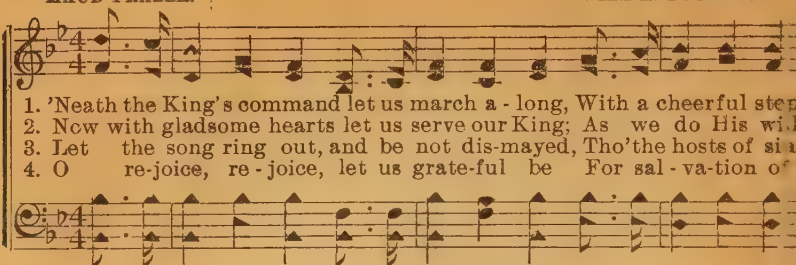
work to be done, that souls may be won, That no one can do but you.

No. 20.

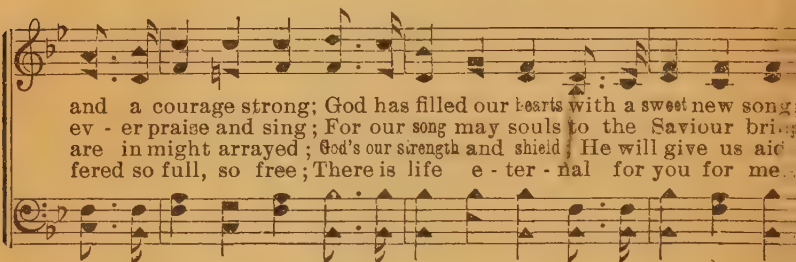
Let the Song Ring Out.

MAUD FRAZER.

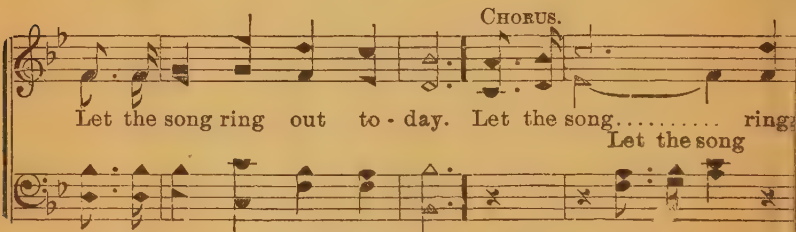
WILL L. THOMPSON.



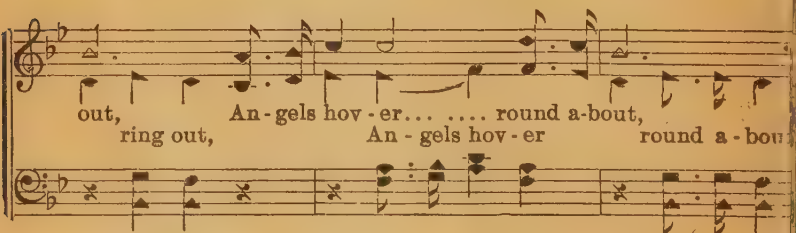
1. 'Neath the King's command let us march a - long, With a cheerful ste
 2. Now with gladsome hearts let us serve our King; As we do His wi
 3. Let the song ring out, and be not dis-mayed, Tho'the hosts of si
 4. O re-joice, re-joice, let us grate-ful be For sal - va-tion of



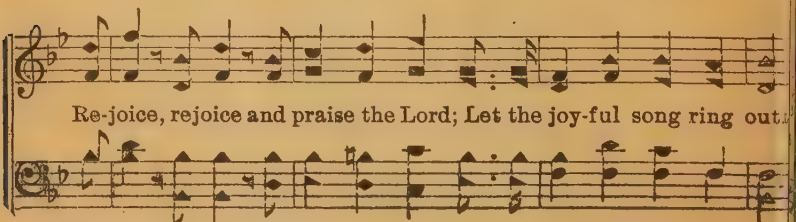
and a courage strong; God has filled our hearts with a sweet new song
 ev - er praise and sing; For our song may souls to the Saviour bring
 are in might arrayed; God's our strength and shield, He will give us aid
 fered so full, so free; There is life e - ter - nal for you for me.



CHORUS.
 Let the song ring out to - day. Let the song..... ring
 Let the song



out, An - gels hov - er... .. round a - bout,
 ring out, An - gels hov - er round a - bout



Re-joice, rejoice and praise the Lord; Let the joy-ful song ring out

No. 21.

To Be Like Thee.

T. O. CHRISTOLM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O to be like Thee! blessed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant
 2. O to be like Thee! full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,
 3. O to be like Thee! low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,
 4. O to be like Thee! Lord, I am com-ing Now to re-ceive th'a-

long-ing and pray'r; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treasures,
 ten-der and kind, Help-ing the help-less, cheering the faint-ing,
 pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,
 no-thing di-vine; All that I am and have I am bring-ing,

REFRAIN.
 Je-sus, Thy per-fect like-ness to wear.
 Seek-ing the wand'ring sin-ners to find. O to be like Thee!
 Will-ing to suf-fer oth-ers to save. Thine.
 Let from this moment all shall be

to be like Thee, Blessed Redeemer, pure as Thou art; Come in Thy

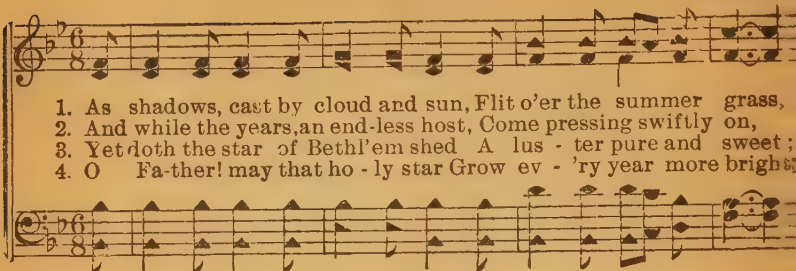
sweet-ness, come in Thy fullness; Stamp Thine own image deep on my heart.

No. 22.

Flitting Away.

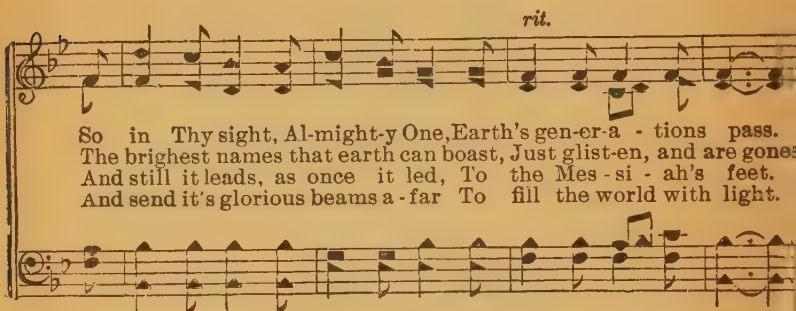
"Jesus abides ever."

C. C. CLINE.



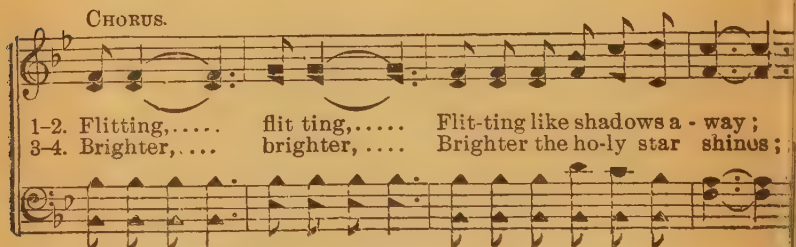
1. As shadows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the summer grass,
 2. And while the years, an end-less host, Come pressing swiftly on,
 3. Yet loth the star of Bethl'em shed A lus - ter pure and sweet;
 4. O Fa-ther! may that ho - ly star Grow ev - 'ry year more bright!

rit.



So in Thy sight, Al-might-y One, Earth's gen-er-a - tions pass.
 The brightest names that earth can boast, Just glist-en, and are gone;
 And still it leads, as once it led, To the Mes-si - ah's feet.
 And send it's glorious beams a - far To fill the world with light.

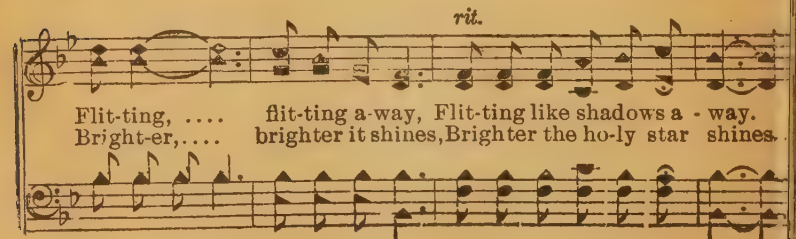
CHORUS.



1-2. Flitting, flit ting, Flit-ting like shadows a - way;
 3-4. Brighter, brighter, Brighter the ho-ly star shines;

1-2. Flitting a-way, flit-ting a-way,
 3-4. Brighter it shines, brighter it shines,

rit.



Flit-ting, flit-ting a-way, Flit-ting like shadows a - way.
 Bright-er, brighter it shines, Brighter the ho-ly star shines.

Flitting a-way,
 Brighter it shines,

No. 23. There Will Come a Happy Time.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. Showalter & W. S. Tidwell, owners, 1912,

W. S. TIDWELL.

1. There will come a hap-py time in the glo-rious by and by,
 2. When we've done our du-ty here, by God's grace have conquered sin,
 3. Tho' the way be long and drear, we shall reach the end at last,

When the

saints gath-er home; When the ransomed ones shall find that sweet
 We shall lay our ar-mor by and to
 When the saints gather home, gather home; Then with courage let us go, for the

REFRAIN.

rest for which they sigh, When the saints gath-er home. Blessed home
 glo-ry en-ter in,
 toil will soon be past, When the saints gather home. Blessed home

of the soul, Glo-ry land, bright and fair! May we
 of the soul, Glory land bright and fair, bright and fair!

all reach that goal, When the saints gath-er there.
 May we all reach that goal, When the saints gath-er there.

No. 24.

Free Waters.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. There's a foun-tain free, 'tis for you and me: Let us haste, oh, haste to its brin
 2. There's a liv-ing stream, with a crys-tal gleam, From the throne of life now it flows
 3. There's a liv-ing well and its wa-ters swell, And e-ter-nal life they can give
 4. There's a Rock that's cleft and no soul is left That may not its pure wa-ters share

'Tis the fount of love from the Source a-bove, And He bids us all free-ly drink
 While the wa-ters roll let the wea-ry soul Hear the call that forth freely goes.
 And we joy-ful sing, ev-er spring, oh, spring, As we haste to drink and to live.
 'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see, Let us has-ten joy-ful-ly there

CHORUS.

Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come? 'tis for you and me
 Will you come Will you come?

Thirst-y soul, hear the welcome call, 'Tis a fountain o-pen'd for all.
 Thirsty soul,

No. 25. When the Harvest All Is In.

E. R. LATTA.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Would you stand a-mong the toil-ers, When the har-vest all is in?
2. Would you join the song of glad-ness, When the har-vest all is in?
3. Would you have some sheaves to offer, When the har-vest all is in?
4. Would you have a crown e - ter - nal, When the har-vest all is in?

For the bless-ed Lord and Mas-ter, You must here the work begin.
You must be a faith-ful glean-er In the haunts of woe and sin.
From the husks of want and fol-ly Strive the prod-i-gals to win.
Seek to swell the heav'nly gar-ner Ere it be too late to glean.

CHORUS.

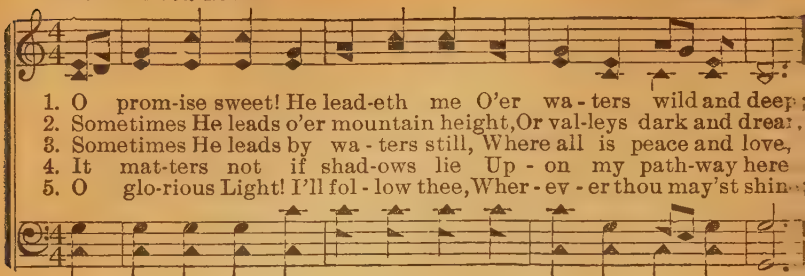
When the har-vest all is in, When the har-vest all is in,
What a meet-ing of the reap-ers, What a
shout-ing of ho-san-nas, When the har-vest all is in.

No. 26.

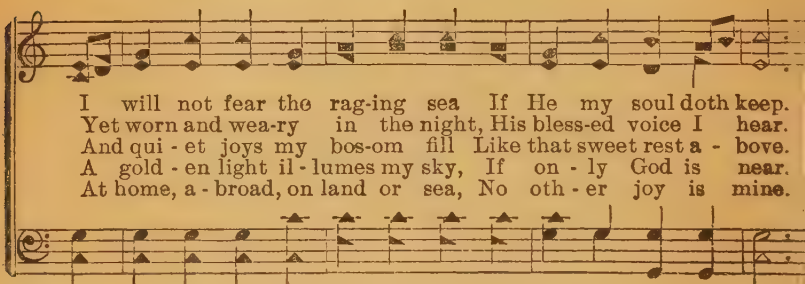
"I Will Uphold Thee."

MRS. LOULA K. ROGERS.

R. M. McINTOSH.

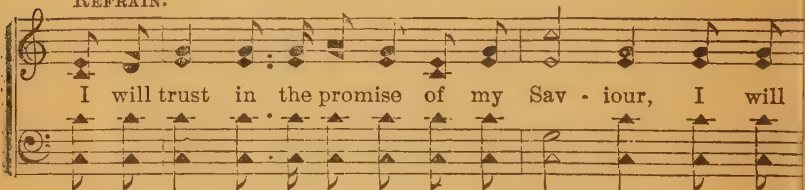


1. O prom-ise sweet! He lead-eth me O'er wa-ters wild and deep
 2. Sometimes He leads o'er mountain height, Or val-leys dark and drea-
 3. Sometimes He leads by wa-ters still, Where all is peace and love,
 4. It mat-ters not if shad-ows lie Up-on my path-way here
 5. O glo-rious Light! I'll fol-low thee, Wher-ev-er thou may'st shin-

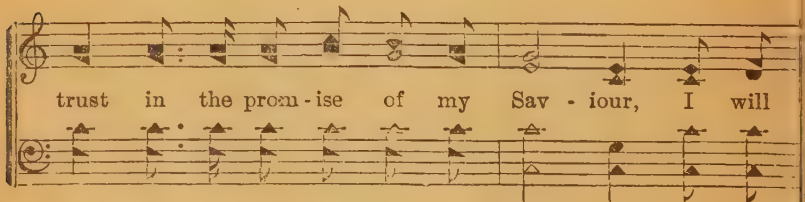


I will not fear the rag-ing sea If He my soul doth keep.
 Yet worn and wea-ry in the night, His bless-ed voice I hear.
 And qui-et joys my bos-om fill Like that sweet rest a-bove.
 A gold-en light il-lumes my sky, If on-ly God is near.
 At home, a-broad, on land or sea, No oth-er joy is mine.

REFRAIN.



I will trust in the promise of my Sav-iour, I will



trust in the prom-ise of my Sav-iour, I will



trust in the promise of my Sav-iour, And He will lead me home

No. 27. Living In the Glory of His Love.

A. T.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.



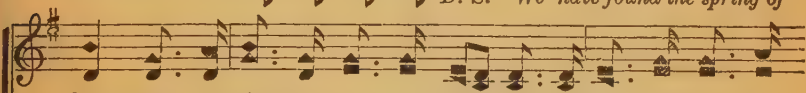
1. O how dark and lone the scene of Cal - va - ry, And the
2. O the hope of life, be - yond, to us revealed, O the
3. We are thank - ful for the love of God to man, For the
4. In the shad - ow of His wing we hide a - way, Find - ing



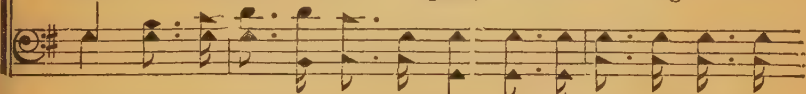
tomb where lay the Man of Gal - i - lee! But He burst death's prison
treasures from the Lord we have received; This is why our joy - ous
Son that lift - ed us from sin's do - main, For the send - ing of His
shel - ter on His bos - om night and day; Life with us is thus made



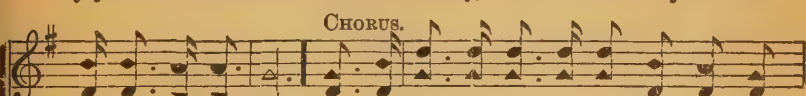
D. S.—We have found the spring of



door, Rose to reign for ev - er - more,—Now we're living in the
song, This is why our praise prolong,—We are liv - ing in the
peace, For our hope, and joy increase,—We are liv - ing in the
sweet And we feel to oft re - peat,—We are liv - ing in the



joy That the world can - not de - stroy, We are liv - ing in the

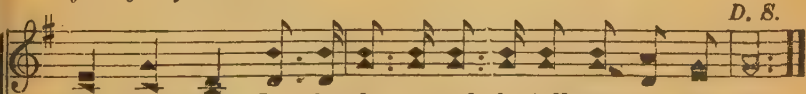


CHORUS.

glo - ry of His love. We are liv - ing in the glo - ry of the



glo - ry of His love.



D. S.

Sav - iour's love, In the glo - ry and the full - ness of His love;



MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

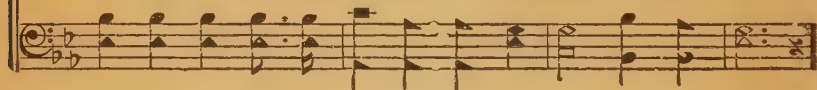
DR. A. B. EVERETT.



1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol-low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep;
3. If they lead through the temple ho-ly, Preach-ing the word,



And we see where thy footprints, fall-ing, Lead us to Thee.
 Or a-long by Si-lo-am's fountains, Helping the weak.
 Or in homes of the poor and low-ly, Serv-ing the Lord.



CHORUS.



Foot-prints of Je-sus, that make the path-way glow;



We will fol-low the steps of Je-sus wher-e'er they go.



1. Though, dear Lord, in Thy pathway
 We follow Thee; [keeping,
 Through the gloom of that place of
 Gethsemane!—CHO. [weeping,

6 By and by, through the shining
 Turning our feet, [portals,
 We shall walk with the glad immortals,
 Heaven's golden streets.—CHO.

7 If Thy way and its sorrows bearing
 We go again,
 Up the slope of the hillside bearing
 Our cross of pain.—CHO.


7 Then at last when on high He sees
 Our journey done, [us
 We will rest where the steps of
 End at His throne.—CHO. [Jesus

No. 29. The Truth of God Is Winning.



A. T.

Copyright, 1913, by Austin Taylor.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.





1. Ho! comrade in the bat - tle, Press forward 'gainst the wrong, And win the
2. The day is growing brighter, The foe is on the wane, The truth of
3. 'Tis cour-age to the sol - dier, Who long the Lord has led, To see the
4. Then let us work to - geth-er, With Christ to lead the way, Till God shall

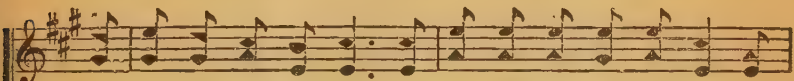



CHORUS.


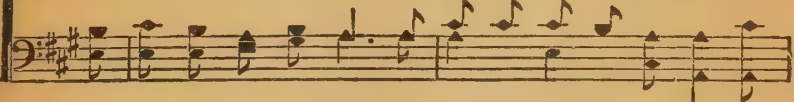
fight for Je - sus, Then sing the vic - tor's song. The truth of God is
God is win-ning, The right is sure to gain.
cause of Je - sus In strength and glo-ry spread.
call us yon - der To live with Him for aye. The truth is



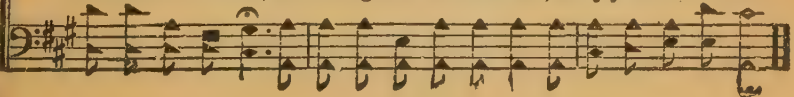
win-ning, Is win - ning ev - 'ry day, The ar - my of the might-y
win-ning, The Chris - tian ar - my



Is gain - ing in the fray; O glo - ry be to Je - sus! I
O glo - ry! glo - ry!



love His truth di-vine, That brought to me sal-va-tion, The joy that now is mine.



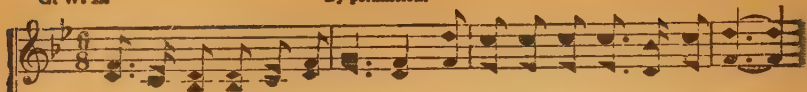
No. 30.

Scatter Bright Smiles.

G. W. L.

By permission.

G. W. LYON.



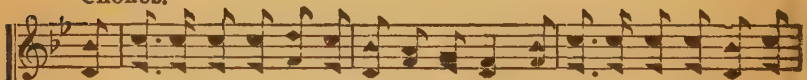
1. Scat-ter bright smiles all a-round you, They cheer like the beau-ti-ful rain,
2. Scat-ter bright smiles all a-round you, More precious than treasures of gold,
3. Scat-ter bright smiles all a-round you, Re-mem-ber the weak and op-press'd,
4. Scat-ter bright smiles all a-round you, We never know where they may fall,



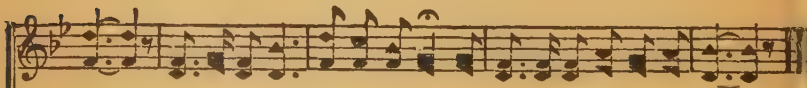
That falls on the with-er-ing flow-ers, And makes them bloom sweetly a-gain.
They lighten the burdens of oth-ers; They cheer up the young and the old.
Oh, smile on the poor and the need-y, And com-fort the sad and distressed.
Then ev-er be read-y and will-ing, To scat-ter bright smiles over all.



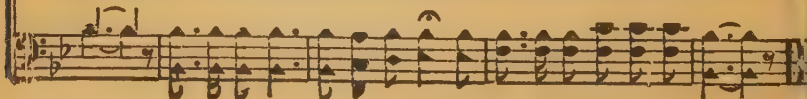
CHORUS.



Then scatter bright smiles, they will never be lost, Re-mem-ber your mission be-



low, Scatter bright smiles, scatter bright smiles, Wherever, wherever you go.



No. 31.

Be Sowing the Seed.

A. T.

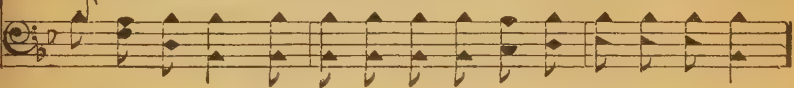
AUSTIN TAYLOR.



1. Be sow-ing the seed of the kingdom of God, Be sow-ing the seed,
2. Be sow-ing the seed of the kingdom each day, Be sow-ing the seed,
3. If good seed you scatter you'll reap of the same, Be sow-ing the seed,
4. The sea-son of har-vest is com-ing ere long, Be sow-ing the seed,



sow-ing the seed; By hill-side and mountain, by life's weary road,
sow-ing the seed; The soil is now read-y, no time for de-lay,
sow-ing the seed; Then hasten, go sow-ing in Je-sus' dear name,
sow-ing the seed; No time will be giv-en to right-en a wrong,



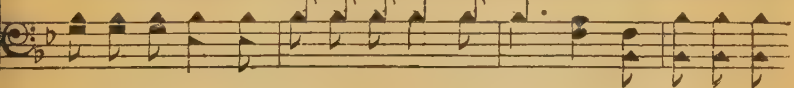
CHORUS.



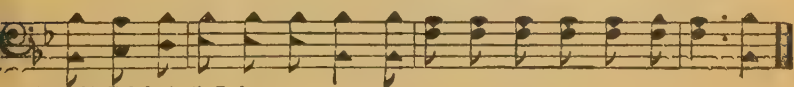
Be sow-ing the seed of the king-dom. Be sow-ing, sow-ing,



sow-ing the seed, At morning, and noon and evening; The Master your



la - bor with glo-ry will crown, Be sow-ing the seed of the kingdom.



No. 82.

The Light in the Storm.

Copyright, 1912, by Austin Taylor.

A. T.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Out on the bil - low - y o - cean of life, Toss - ing your
 2. Glid - ing and rid - ing the per - il - ous waves, Fac - ing 'twar
 3. O ye a - drift on the tur bu - lent sea, Borne on the
 4. Down in the dark - ness and gloom of de - spair, Sinks the un -

storm-driv - en form; Lo! there's a bea - con light shin - ing for you,
 dan - ger and harm; Drifting in dark - ness from Je - sus who saves,
 muf - fl - ing foam; Sig - nal the life - boat, O haste for your life!
 for - tu - nate form; Lost from the har - bor and shel - ter so fair,

CHORUS.

There is a light in the storm... Je - sus, the light, (the)
 Je - sus the light in the storm...
 Pull for the light in the storm.
 Lost from the light in the storm.

light in the storm, Je - sus the light in the storm; There is sweet

re - fuge, — O steer your boat there, — Je - sus the light in the storm.

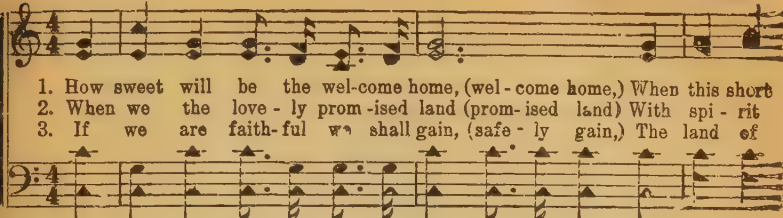
The Christian's Welcome Home.

Copyright, 1912, by Firm Foundation Publishing House.

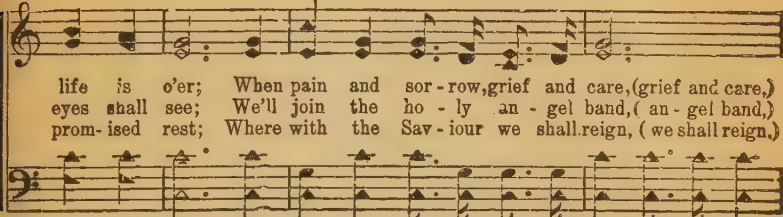
Words arr. by C. E. P.

Jno. 14 : 2-8

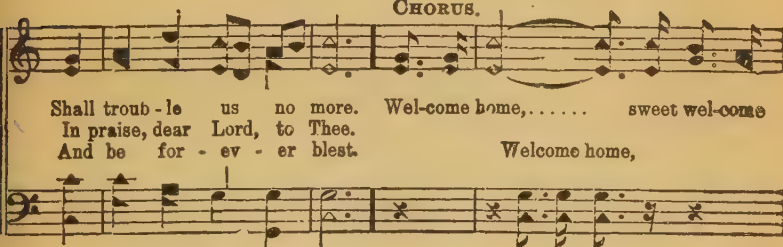
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. How sweet will be the wel-come home, (wel-come home,) When this short
 2. When we the love-ly prom-ised land (prom-ised land) With spi-rit
 3. If we are faith-ful we shall gain, (safe-ly gain,) The land of



life is o'er; When pain and sor-row, grief and care, (grief and care,)
 eyes shall see; We'll join the ho-ly an-gel band, (an-gel band,)
 prom-ised rest; Where with the Sav-iour we shall reign, (we shall reign,)

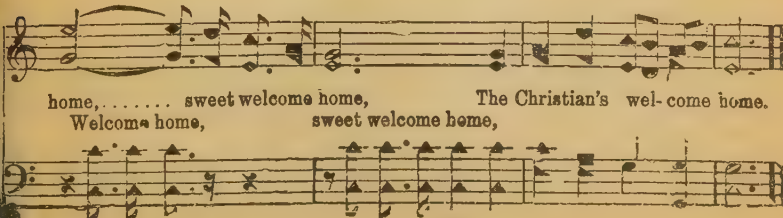


CHORUS.

Shall troub-le us no more. Wel-come home, sweet wel-come
 In praise, dear Lord, to Thee.
 And be for-ev-er blest. Welcome home,



home, My home, sweet home, Wel-come
 sweet wel-come home, My home, my heav'n-ly home, sweet home,



home, sweet welcome home, The Christian's wel-come home.
 Welcome home, sweet welcome home,

No. 34.

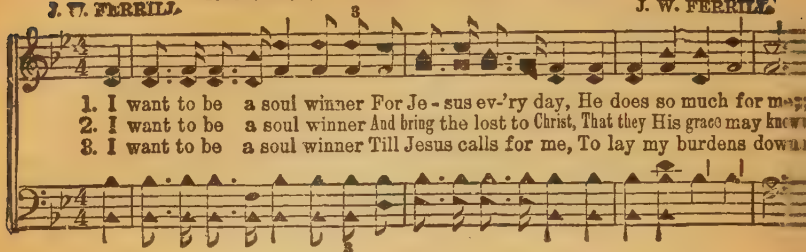
A Soul Winner for Jesus.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."—Ps. 191 V.

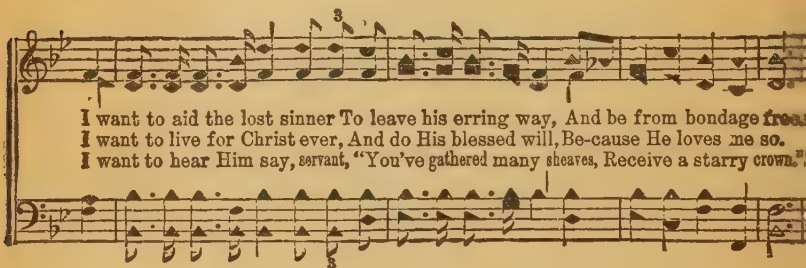
Copyright, 1907, by J. E. Thomas and J. W. Ferrill. Used by per.

J. W. FERRILL

J. W. FERRILL

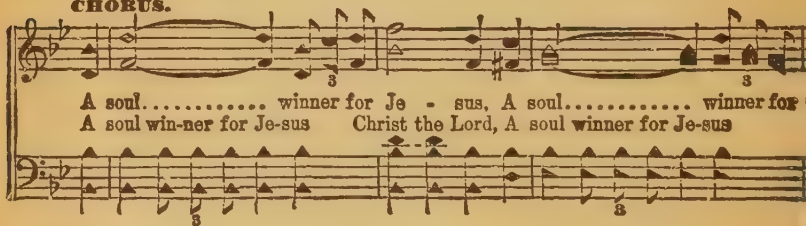


1. I want to be a soul winner For Je - sus ev-'ry day, He does so much for me
2. I want to be a soul winner And bring the lost to Christ, That they His grace may know
3. I want to be a soul winner Till Jesus calls for me, To lay my burdens down



I want to aid the lost sinner To leave his erring way, And be from bondage free
I want to live for Christ ever, And do His blessed will, Be-cause He loves me so.
I want to hear Him say, servant, "You've gathered many sheaves, Receive a starry crown."

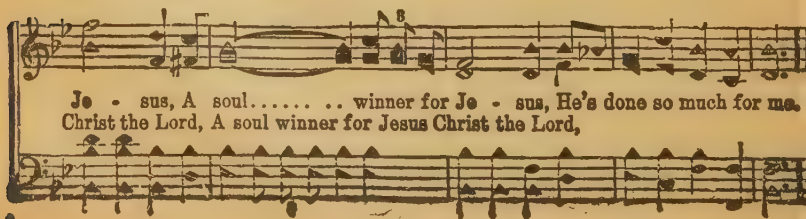
CHORUS.



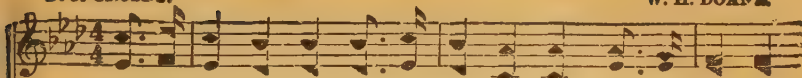
A soul..... winner for Je - sus, A soul..... winner for
A soul win-ner for Je-sus Christ the Lord, A soul winner for Je-sus



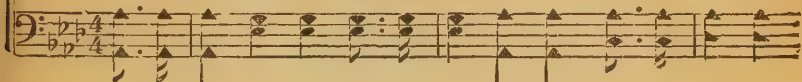
Je - sus, O let me be each day A soul..... win-ner for
Christ the Lord, O let me be each day A soul winner for Je - sus



Je - sus, A soul..... winner for Je - sus, He's done so much for me.
Christ the Lord, A soul winner for Jesus Christ the Lord,



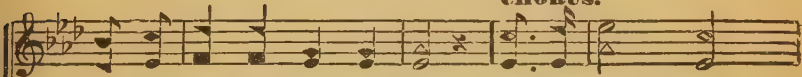
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour, That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know, Till I cross the



love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
 grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope,
 throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
 nar-row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach,



CHORUS.



And he clos-er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
 And my will be lost in Thine.
 I com-mune as friend with friend.
 Till I rest in peace with Thee.

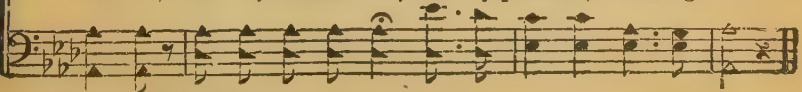
near - er, near - er,



near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er,



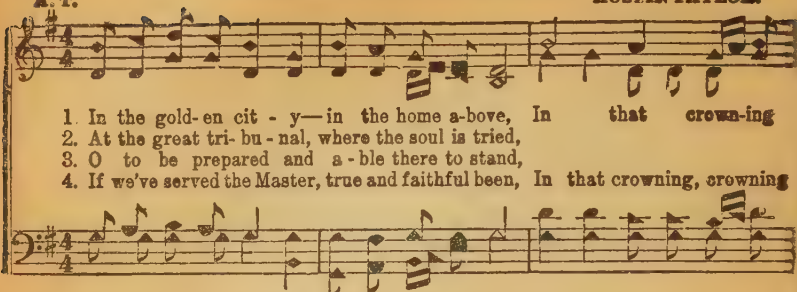
near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleed-ing side.

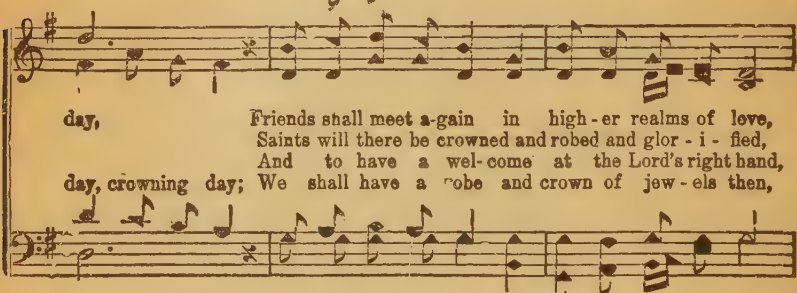


In That Crowning Day.

A. T.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

- 
1. In the gold-en cit - y—in the home a-bove, In that crown-ing
 2. At the great tri-bu-nal, where the soul is tried,
 3. O to be prepared and a-ble there to stand,
 4. If we've served the Master, true and faithful been, In that crowning, crowning



day, Friends shall meet a-gain in high-er realms of love,
 Saints will there be crowned and robed and glor-i-fied,
 And to have a wel-come at the Lord's right hand,
 day, crowning day; We shall have a robe and crown of jew-els then,

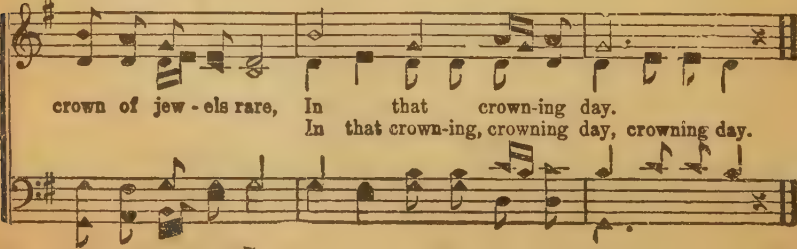
CHORUS.



In that crowning day. In that crowning, crowning
 In that crowning, crowning day, crowning day.



day; In that crowning, crowning day; There the saints shall wear a
 crowning day;



crown of jew-els rare, In that crown-ing day.
 In that crown-ing, crowning day, crowning day.

No. 37.

THERE IS SUNLIGHT.

"I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—Jesus.—JOHN 8:12.

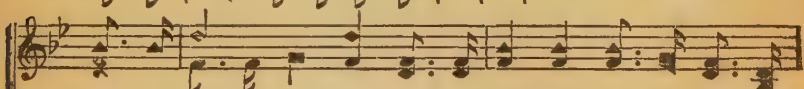
J. R. WILLIAMS.

OSCAR WILLIAMS.

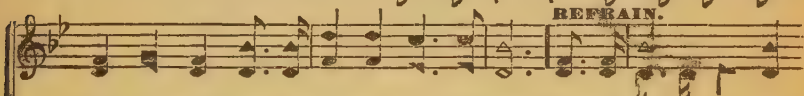
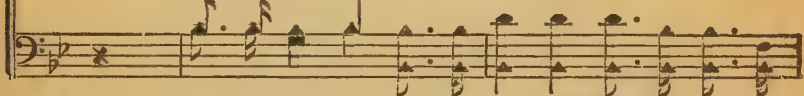


1. There is sun-light in the blessed Saviour's love, There is sun - light,
2. Press ye onward, Christians, raise the banner high, There is sun - light,
3. When we reach those mansions on the oth-er side, There is sun - light,

There is sunlight,

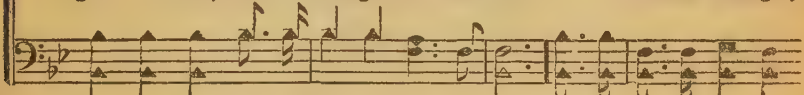


there is sun - - light, And 'tis shin-ing on my pathway
there is sun - - light, For a crown a - waits you in the
there is sun - - light, We will dwell for - ev - er with the
there is sun-light,

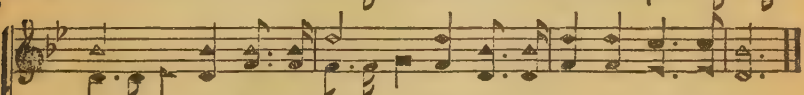
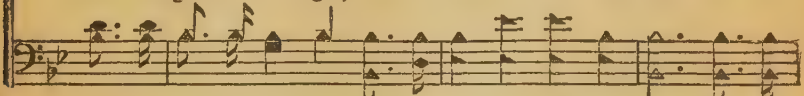


REFRAIN.

from a-bove, There is sun-light in His love. There is sun - light,
by and by, There is sun-light in His love.
glor - i - fied, There is sun-light in His love. blessed sunlight,



there is sun - light, There is sun-light in His love; There is
glo-rious sun-light,



sun - light, there is sun - light, There is sun-light in His love.
bless-ed sun-light, glorious sun-light,



The Story Must Be Told!

Used by permission.

Dedicated to Elder Foy E. Wallace, Paris, Texas.

Tell the blessed gospel story, Wherever you abide;
 Let thy theme be only Jesus, The Christ, the crucified!

N. W. A.

N. W. ALLPHIN.

With vigor.

1. There are ma - ny who are strangers to the Saviour's love Still wand'ring from the
2. Stand not i - dly by, my brother, go and seek to - day The lost ones on the
3. Go ye in - to ev - 'ry na - tion is the Lord's command, And thro' the glorious

ten - der Shepherd's fold, And, to lead them out of darkness to the glo - rious light,
 des - ert dark and cold; Go, proclaim the joy - ful ti - dings of the Sav - iour's love,
 mes - sage there un - fold Un - to them the wondrous of - fer of His pard - aing grace,

REFRAIN.

The blessed gospel story must be told. It must be told, the story must be told

To souls who far have wandered from the Shepherd's fold; That they this light from

heav - en may be - hold, The bless - ed gos - pel sto - ry must be told.

No. 39. I'LL FOLLOW WHERE HE LEADS!

*If only true, with us it be,
What glorious light and liberty! E.*

N. W. ALPHIN.

F. L. HILAND.

1. Thro' this drear-y life, with its toil and strife, I will follow where my
2. In His love di-vine, sweetly I re-cline,—I will follow where my
3. Tho' my path-way here, may be dark and drear,—I will follow where my

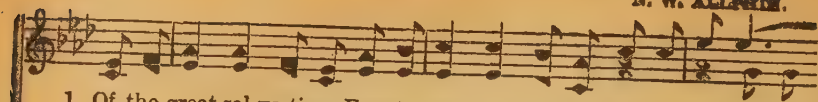
Sav-iour leads; Since He's saved my soul, made me fully whole,—I will
Sav-iour leads; Strength He doth impart, to my anxious heart,—I will
Sav-iour leads: And His grace, so free, shall my com-fort be,—I will

REFRAIN.

follow where my Saviour leads. I will fol - low all the
I will fol-low, I will fol-low all the

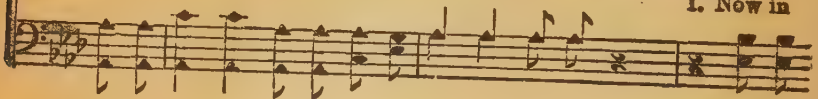
day,..... I will fol-low where my Saviour leads; I will
day, yes, all the day, I will

fol - low all the way,..... I will follow where my Saviour leads.
follow, I will follow all the way, yes, all the way,

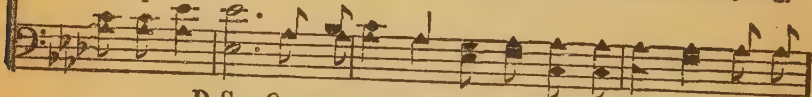


1. Of the great sal-vation, Free to ev-'ry na-tion, Now in tri-umph...
2. 'Tis His grace prevailing, Thro' a love un-fail-ing, That can conquer....
3. 'Twill your cares make lighter, And your pathway brighter, If un-to it.....
4. 'Tis the same old sto-ry, Full of deathless glo-ry, That un-to you

1. Now in



..... we sing; Sin-ner, haste to hear it, Come and prove its merit,—
 death's sting: Would you have this blessing? Come, your sins confessing,—
 you'll cling; Seek this priceless treasure,—Joy beyond all measure,—
 we bring; Come without de-lay-ing, Its commands o-bey-ing,—
 triumph



D. S.—On your ear 'tis fall-ing, You from sin's way calling,—

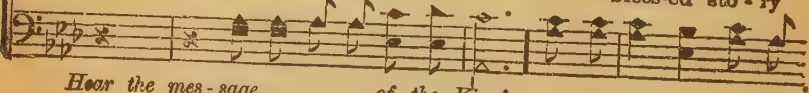


Fine. REFRAIN

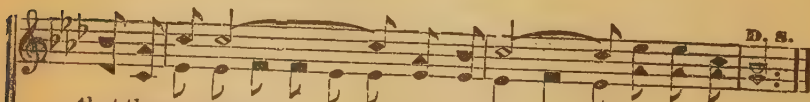
'Tis the mes-sage..... of the King! Hear the sto - - ry
 Hear the mes-sage..... of the King!
 Hear the mes-sage..... of the King!
 Heed the mes-sage..... of the King!

'Tis the message

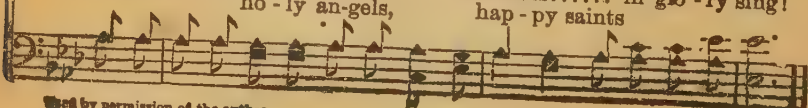
bless-ed sto-ry



Hear the mes-sage..... of the King!
 Hear the message



that the an-gels..... And the saints..... in glo-ry sing!
 ho-ly an-gels, hap-py saints

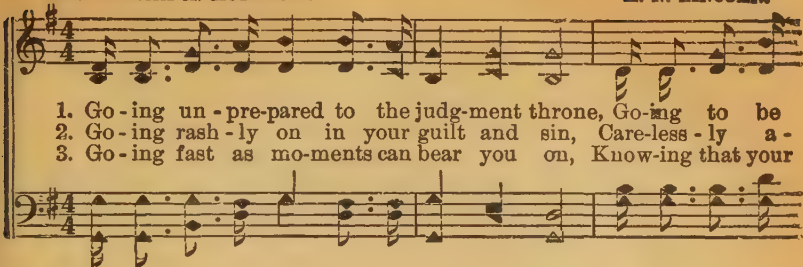


-1.

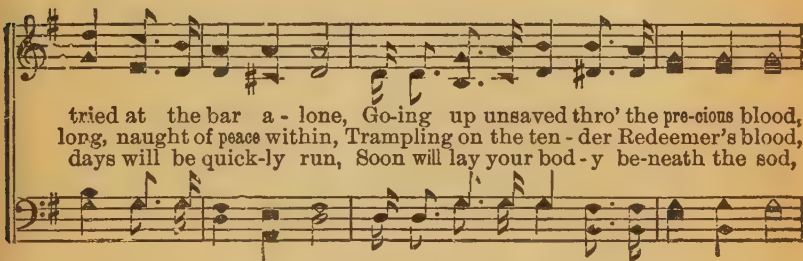
Going Unprepared.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Go-ing un-pre-pared to the judg-ment throne, Go-ing to be
 2. Go-ing rash-ly on in your guilt and sin, Care-less-ly a-
 3. Go-ing fast as mo-ments can bear you on, Know-ing that your

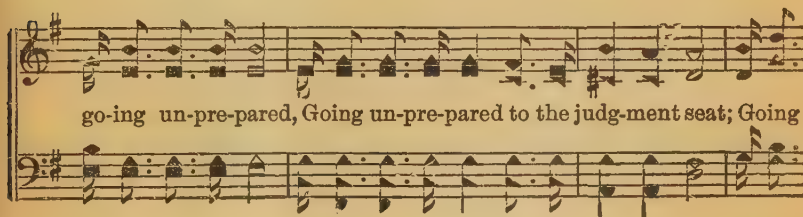


tried at the bar a-lone, Go-ing up unsaved thro' the pre-cious blood,
 long, naught of peace within, Trampling on the ten-der Redeemer's blood,
 days will be quick-ly run, Soon will lay your bod-y be-neath the sod,

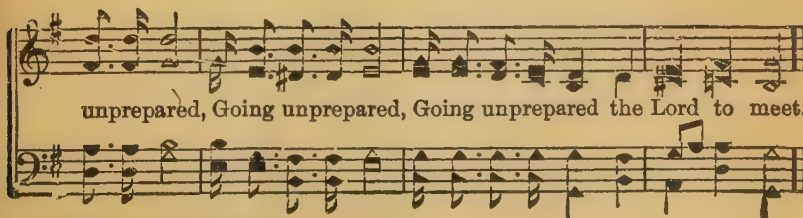
REFRAIN.



Go-ing un-pre-pared to meet your God.
 Go-ing all a-lone to meet your God. Go-ing un-pre-pared.
 Go-ing un-pre-pared to meet your God.



go-ing un-pre-pared, Going un-pre-pared to the judg-ment seat; Going



un-pre-pared, Going un-pre-pared, Going un-pre-pared the Lord to meet.

Wonderful Story of Love.

JOHN 15: 13.

REV. J. M. DRIVER.

1. Wonderful sto-ry of love; Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful story of
 2. Wonderful sto-ry of love; Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful story of
 3. Wonderful sto-ry of love; Jesus provides a rest; Wonderful story of

love; Wake the im-mor-tal strain! An-gels with rap-ture announce it,
 love; Still He doth call to - day, Calling from Cal-va-ry's mountain,
 love; For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a-bove us

Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it; Sin-ner, C won't you be-lieve it?
 Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion,
 With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapt - u - rous cho - rus,


REFRAIN.

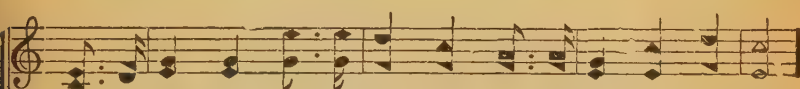
Wonderful sto-ry of love. Won - der - ful! Won-
 Wonderful sto-ry of love; Won-der-ful

der - full Won - der - full! Wonderful sto-ry of love!
 story of love; Wonderful story of love;


E. A. HOFFMAN.

JOSEPH GARRISON.


- 
1. I am pass - ing down the val - ley that they say is so lone,
 2. Not a shad - ow, not a shad - ow ev - er dark - ens the way,
 3. So I jour - ney with re - joic - ing t'ward the cit - y of light,



But I find that all the path - way is with flow'rs o - ver - grown.
 For a ra - dian - ce of rare glo - ry shines up - on it all day;
 While each day my joy is deep - er, and the path grows more bright;



'Tis to me the vale of Beau - lah, 'tis a beau - ti - ful way,
 And the mu - sic, sweet - ly chant - ed by the heav - en - ly throng,
 And I near the o - pen por - tals of the king - dom a - bove,




For the Sav - iour walks be - side me, my com - pan - ion all day.
 Floats in ca - dence down the val - ley, and it cheers me a - long.
 For this high - way leads to Ca - naan, to the king - dom of love.



D. S. For the love - ly land of Ca - naan In the dis - tance I see.

CHORUS.

D. S.



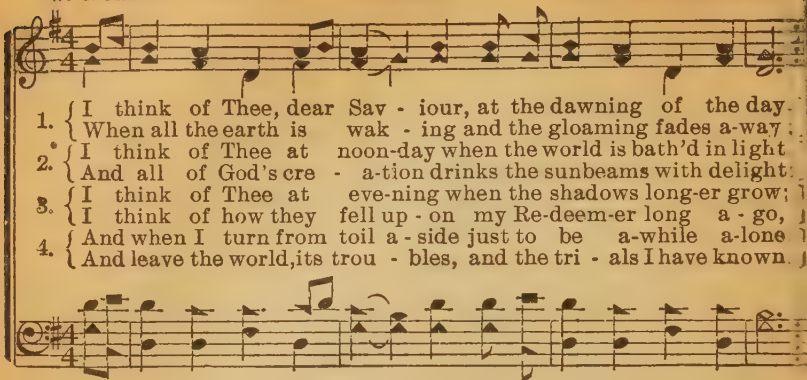
Vale of Beau - lah! Vale of Beau - lah! Thou art pre - cious to me;

No. 44. My Thoughts of Thee Are Sweet.

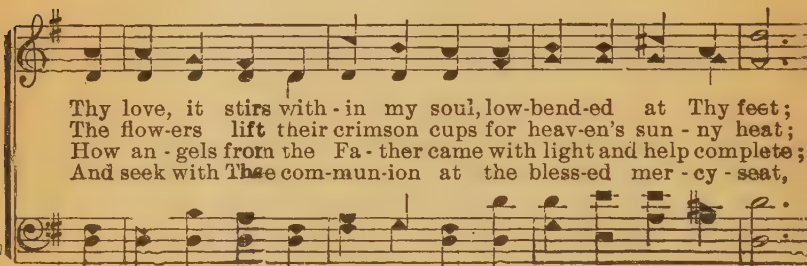
W. C. MARTIN AND E. A. H.

Ps. 104: 84.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. { I think of Thee, dear Sav - iour, at the dawning of the day.
 { When all the earth is wak - ing and the gloaming fades a-way.
 2. { I think of Thee at noon-day when the world is bath'd in light.
 { And all of God's cre - a-tion drinks the sunbeams with delight.
 3. { I think of Thee at eve-ning when the shadows long-er grow;
 { I think of how they fell up - on my Re-deem-er long a - go,
 4. { And when I turn from toil a - side just to be a-while a-lone
 { And leave the world, its trou - bles, and the tri - als I have known.

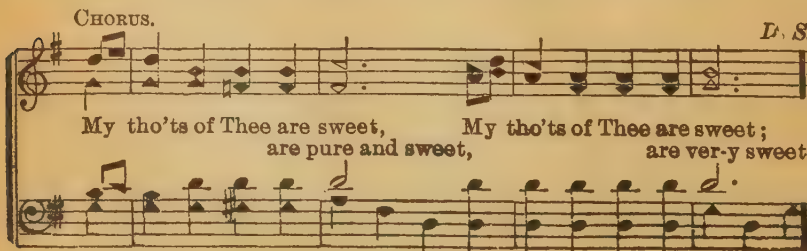


Thy love, it stirs with - in my soul, low-bend-ed at Thy feet;
 The flow-ers lift their crimson cups for heav-en's sun - ny heat;
 How an - gels from the Fa - ther came with light and help complete;
 And seek with Thee com-mu-nion at the bless-ed mer-cy-seat,



FINE

D.S.—At dawning of the morning, Lord, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet
 D.S.—At flood-tide of the sunshine, Lord, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet
 D.S.—When shadows darkly gath - er, Lord, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet
 D.S.—Then Je-sus, dear Re-deem-er mine, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet



CHORUS. D. S.

My tho'ts of Thee are sweet, My tho'ts of Thee are sweet;
 are pure and sweet, are ver-y sweet

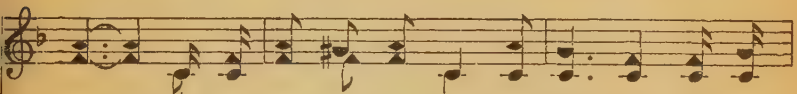
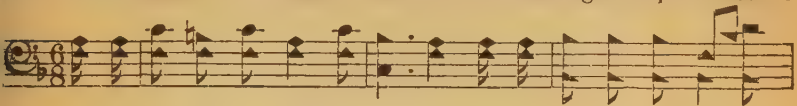
No. 45. The Beautiful Rose of Sharon.

A. T.

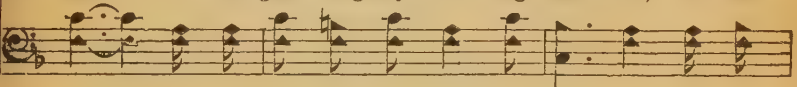
AUSTIN TAYLOR.



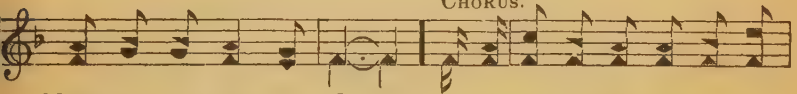
1. In the long, long a - go a Rose bloomed In the val-ley just o'er the
2. There's a Rose that is pure and love-ly In the E-den be-yond the
3. O the beau-ti - ful Rose of Sha-ron! How its fragrance perfumes the



way; 'Twas the beau - ti - ful Rose of Sha - ron, And it's
sea; 'Tis the beau - ti - ful Rose of Sha - ron, And it's
air! It is grow - ing by liv - ing wa - ters, In the

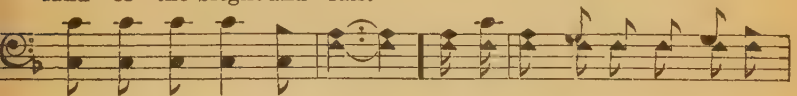


CHORUS.

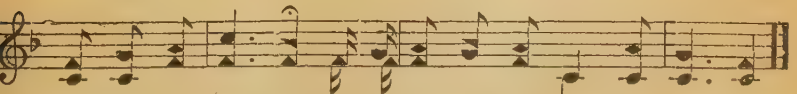
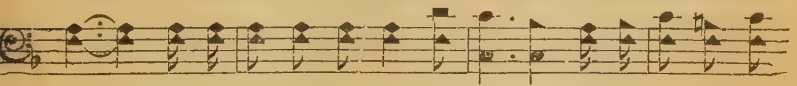


blooming the same to - day.
blooming for you and me.
land of the bright and fair.

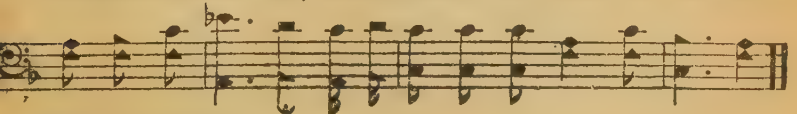
O the beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful



Rose, O the beau-ti - ful Rose of Sha-ron! Of the Rose that is



sweetest and fair - est, 'Tis the beau-ti - ful Rose of Sha - ron.

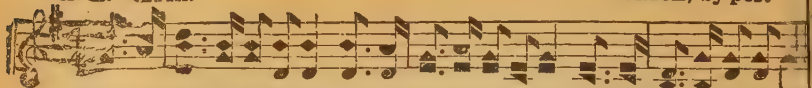


What Shall Our Answers Be?

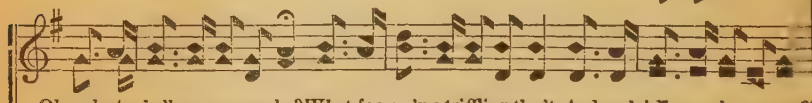
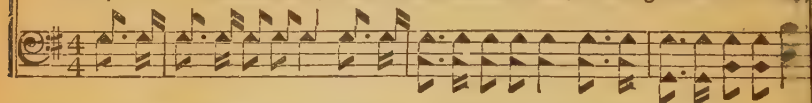
"What wilt thou say when he shall punish thee?" Jer. 13: 21.

B. B. TATTA.

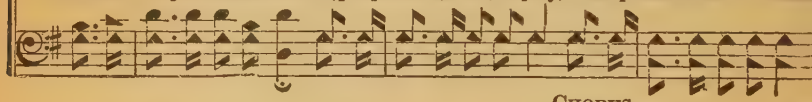
D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. When we in the judgment stand, In that mighty company, And the judge shall question us
 2. When the Lord has gather'd there From the land and from the sea, All the fam-i-lies of men,
 3. Lord, it is a solemn tho't, That we must account to Thee, In that great and awful day.

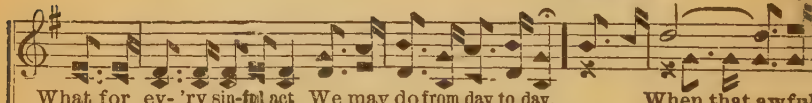


Oh, what shall our answers be? What for ev'ry trifling tho't, And each idle word we say?
 Oh, what shall our answers be? What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love,
 What shall our poor answers be? Oh, prepare us, Lord, we pray, In the presence there to stand.



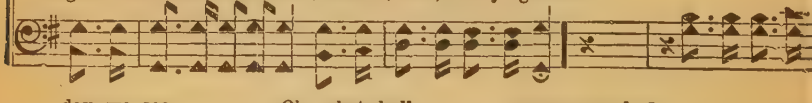
CHORUS.

When that aw - ful



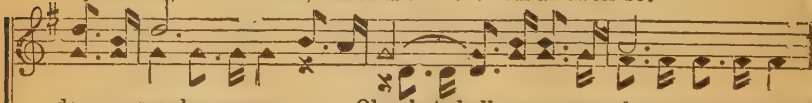
What for ev'-ry sin-ful act We may do from day to day.
 Can we hope a crown to gain, And a mansion bright above.
 Purge us from each sinful blot, Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand.

When that awful



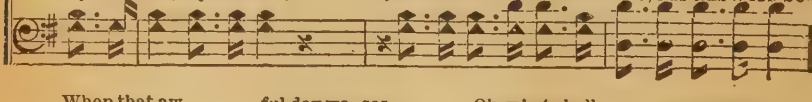
day we see,

Oh, what shall . . . our answers be?



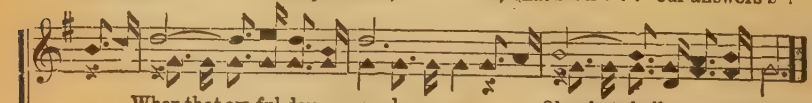
day we see, day we see,

Oh, what shall our answers be, our answers be?



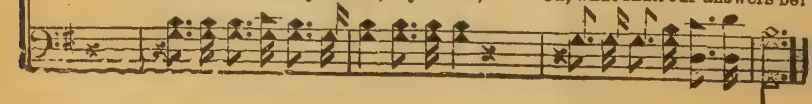
When that aw - ful day we see,

Oh, what shall . . . our answers be?



When that aw-ful day we see, day we see,

Oh, what shall our answers be?



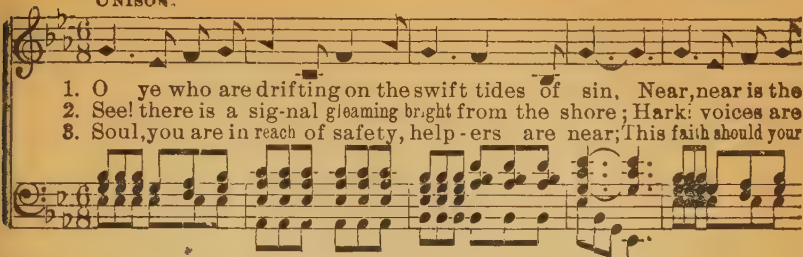
No. 47.

Lay Hold On the Life-Line.

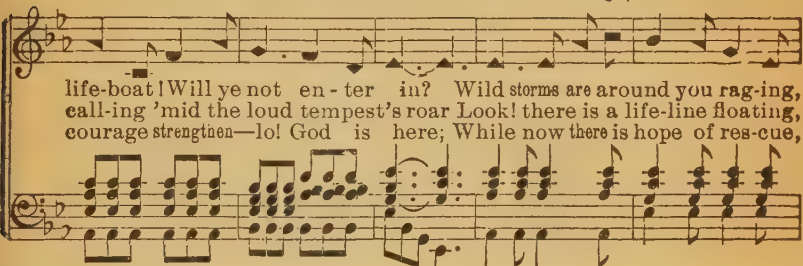
E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

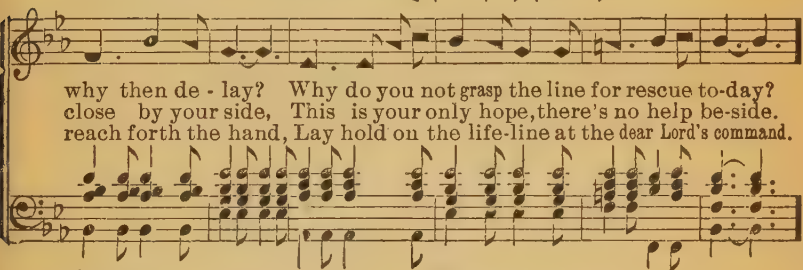
UNISON.



1. O ye who are drifting on the swift tides of sin, Near, near is the
 2. See! there is a signal gleaming bright from the shore; Hark! voices are
 3. Soul, you are in reach of safety, help-ers are near; This faith should your

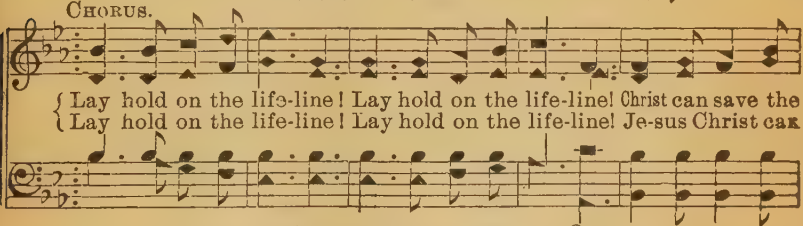


life-boat! Will ye not en-ter in? Wild storms are around you rag-ing,
 call-ing 'mid the loud tempest's roar Look! there is a life-line floating,
 courage strengthen—lo! God is here; While now there is hope of res-cue,

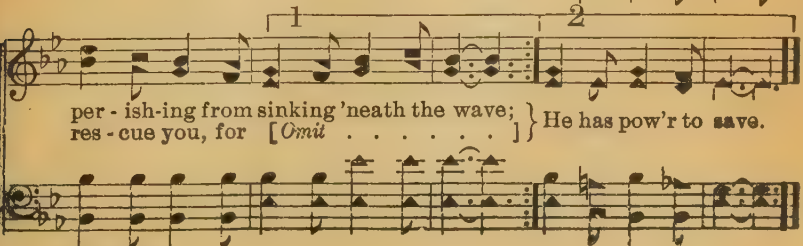


why then de-lay? Why do you not grasp the line for rescue to-day?
 close by your side, This is your only hope, there's no help be-side.
 reach forth the hand, Lay hold on the life-line at the dear Lord's command.

CHORUS.



{ Lay hold on the life-line! Lay hold on the life-line! Christ can save the
 { Lay hold on the life-line! Lay hold on the life-line! Je-sus Christ can



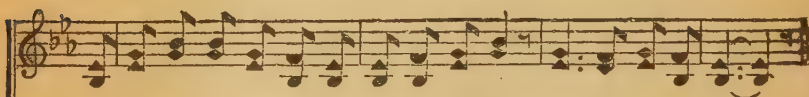
per-ish-ing from sinking 'neath the wave; } He has pow'r to save.
 res-cue you, for [*Omit*]

F. L. E.

F. L. ELLAND.



1. Oh ! would you be numbered as one of his fold? Be spotless with-in; .
2. Not known is the moment when He shall ap-pear To gather them in, .
3. The voice of his spir-it says, ready then be, O will you be-gin, .
4. Risk not an ac-ceptance of Him in that day, All covered with sin, .



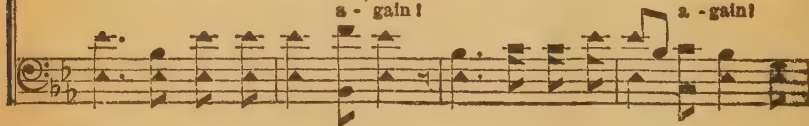
Be watching and waiting that sight to be-hold, He's com-ing a - gain !
 The souls who have followed Him faithfully here—He's com-ing a - gain !
 If peace in his presence you hope then to see—He's com-ing a - gain !
 Berobed and all ready, the Spir-it doth say, He's com-ing a - gain !



REFRAIN.



He's com-ing a - gain! . . . He's com-ing a - gain! . . . Be
 a - gain! a - gain!



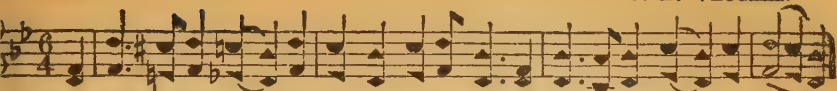
watching and waiting that sight to be-hold, He's com-ing a - gain!



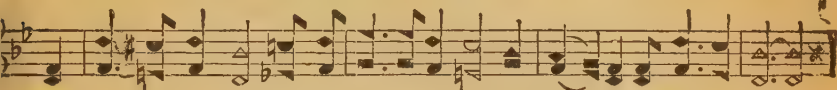
THAT WONDERFUL DAY.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



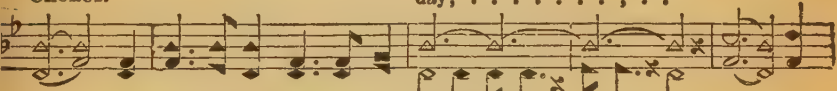
1. The won-der-ful day of judgment is coming, And we shall soon hear the call ; .
2. Poor sin - ner, be - lieve, the judgment is coming, O where will you stand that day ? .
3. The dead in their graves will come forth to meet it, All nations will hear the call .



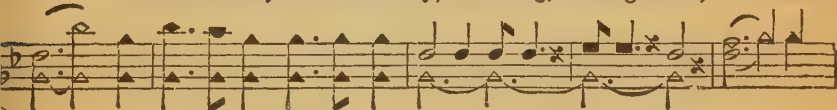
'Tis com - ing to you, and 'tis coming to me, That day is coming to all .
The right - eous will hear " Come, ye blessed of mine," The lost be driv - en a - way .
That speaks in loud tones time on earth is no more, — That day is com - ing to all .

CHORUS.

day;



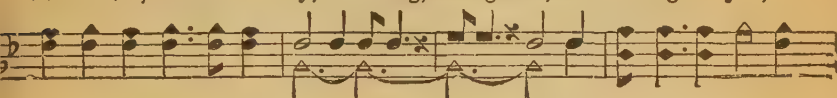
O that won - der - ful, won - der - ful day, it's coming, coming soon ; O that



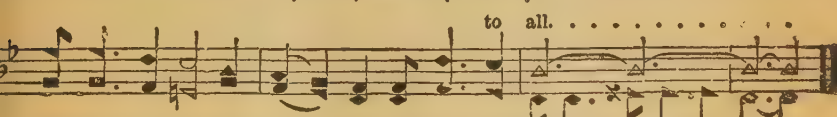
day,



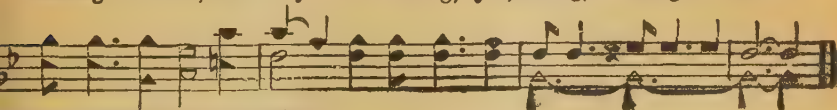
won - der - ful, won - der - ful day, it's coming, coming soon ; It's com - ing to you, it's



to all.

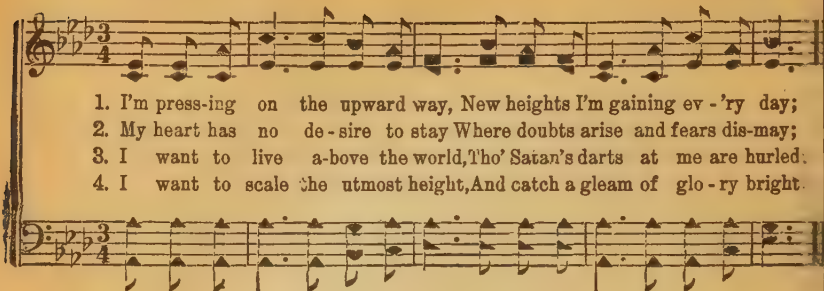


com - ing to me, That day is com - ing, yes, coming, coming to all .

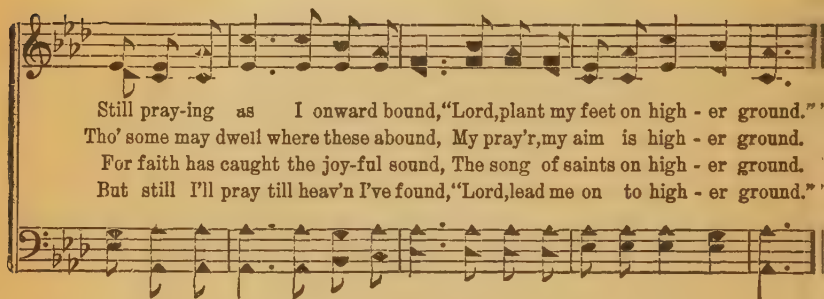


REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

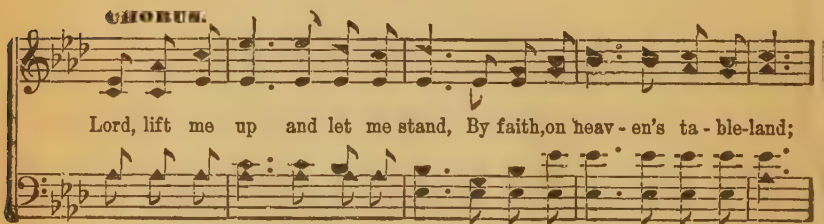


1. I'm press-ing on the upward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev-'ry day;
 2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
 3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled.
 4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright.

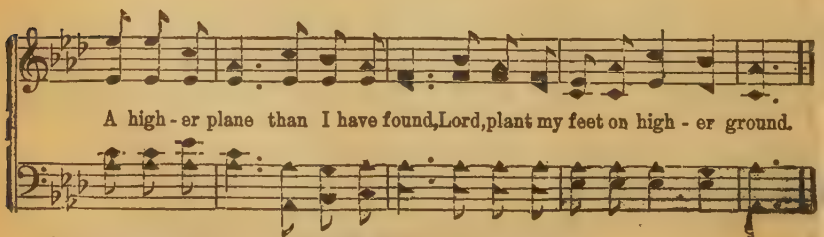


Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is high-er ground.
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;

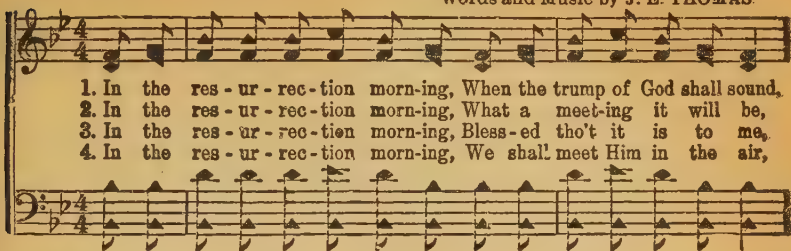


A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

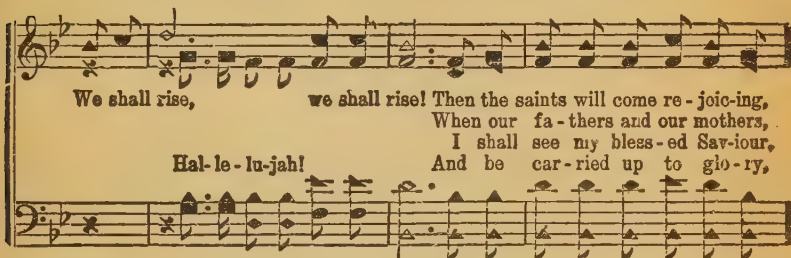
Hallelujah! We Shall Rise.

"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."—1 COR. 15: 12.

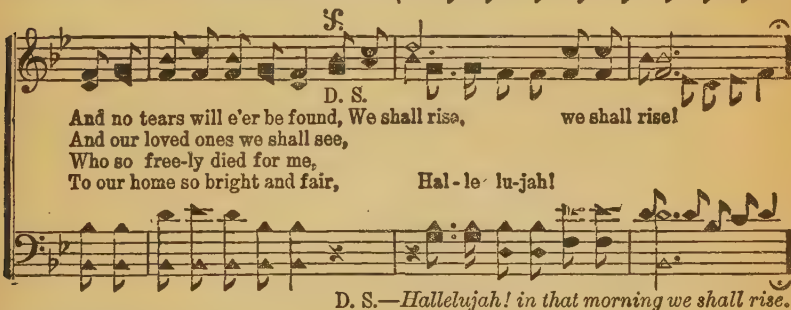
Words and Music by J. E. THOMAS




1. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, When the trump of God shall sound,
 2. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, What a meet - ing it will be,
 3. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, Bless - ed tho't it is to me,
 4. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, We shall meet Him in the air,



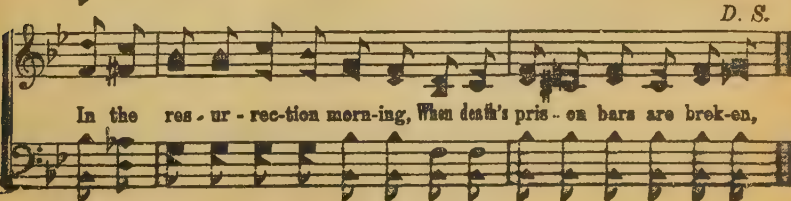
We shall rise, we shall rise! Then the saints will come re - joic - ing,
 When our fa - thers and our mothers,
 I shall see my bless - ed Sav - iour,
 Hal - le - lu - jah! And be car - ried up to glo - ry,



D. S.
 And no tears will e'er be found, We shall rise, we shall rise!
 And our loved ones we shall see,
 Who so free - ly died for me,
 To our home so bright and fair, Hal - le - lu - jah!



D. S.—Hallelujah! in that morning we shall rise.
 CHORUS.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! We shall rise!
 We shall rise, we shall rise! Hal - le - lu - jah!

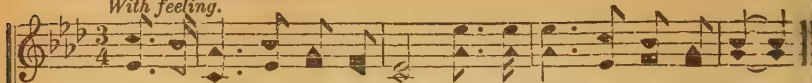


D. S.
 In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, When death's pris - on bars are brek - en,

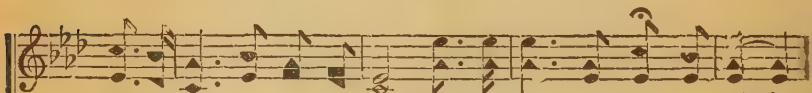
From the Garden to the Cross.

E. R. LATTA. Suggested by J. E. T.

J. E. THOMAS.

With feeling.

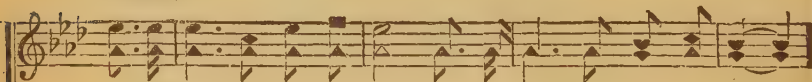
1. In the Gar - den, sore op - press'd, Je - sus ut - ter'd this re - quest:
2. Ju - das, now, with trait - or kiss, Gives Him to His en - e - mies'
3. Now, the Jew - ish coun - cil try, And re - solve that He shall die!
4. Robe and crown, in mock - er - y, And the taunt - ing sol - diers, see!
5. View Him, now, up - on the cross, Us to save from end - less loss!



Fa - ther, if it so may be, Let this cup de - part from me!
 See that wild and nois - y crowd—They will kill the Son of God!
 He, of wit - ness false, the prey, Is, to Pi - late, led a - way!
 See Him, now, on Cal - v' - y's road, Sink - ing 'neath His heav - y load!
 Dy - ing, there, up - on the tree—Dy - ing, there, for you and me!



CHORUS.



In the Gar - den, how He moan'd, Weeping, there, so bit - ter - ly!




Yet, the aw - ful cup, would drink, For you and me!




REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

G. H. JOOK.



1. Walk-ing in sun-light all of my jour-ney, O - ver the mountains,
 2. Shad-ows a - round me, shadows a - bove me, Nev - er con - ceal my
 3. In the bright sun-light ev - er re - joic - ing, Pressing my way to




thro' the deep vale, Je - sus has said I'll nev - er for - sake thee,
 Sav - iour and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark - ness,
 man-sions a - bove; Singing His prais - es, glad - ly I'm walk - ing,




REFRAIN.

Prom-ise di-vine that nev - er can fail.
 Ev - er I'm walking close to His side. Heav-en-ly sunlight, heav-en-ly
 Walking in sunlight, sunlight of love.



sun - light, Flood-ing my soul with glo - ry di - vine: Hal - le -



lu - jah, I am re-joic - ing, Singing His praises, Je - sus is mine.

TO THINK WHAT IT WILL BE.

When I must meet Him face to face, The living Christ, my Lord,
And He my just deserts doth give, What will be my reward?

May every one who reads, take this solemn question home to his or her own heart,
seeking to know its purpose fully. Amen.

F. L. EILAND.

A. J. BUCHANAN.

Slowly and meditatively.

1. I know that death a-waits me, And I ac-count must give,
2. My day is fast de-clin-ing,—Life's sun is sink-ing low,
3. Each morning, noon and evening, Brings whisp'rings un-to me,
4. Shall I, to it go weep-ing, 'Neath God's con-demn-ing frown,

To Him, who will re-ward me,—Ac-cord-ing as I live.
And I must to a judg-ment, All glad or hope-less go.
Which say, not far out yon-der, That I the grave shall see.
And know that I, on wak-ing, Shall wear no star-ry crown?

First REFRAIN *slowly.*

To think what it will be,..... To think what it will be!
just 'twill be, just

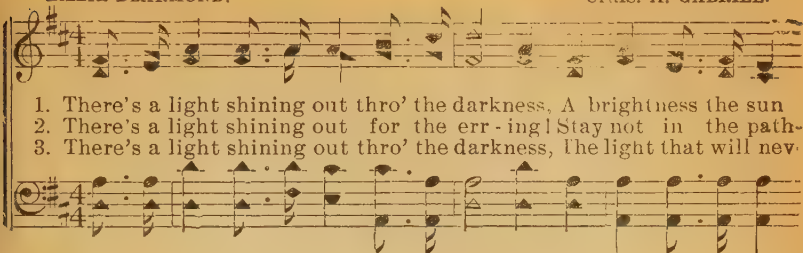
Second REFRAIN *very slowly.*

And my heart is sad as I stop { to-night, } To think what it will be!
to-day, }

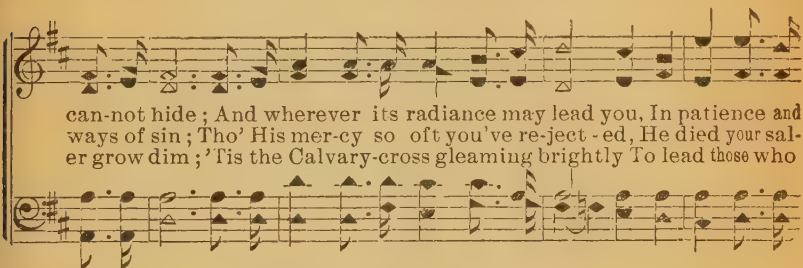
No. 55. There's a Light Shining Out.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

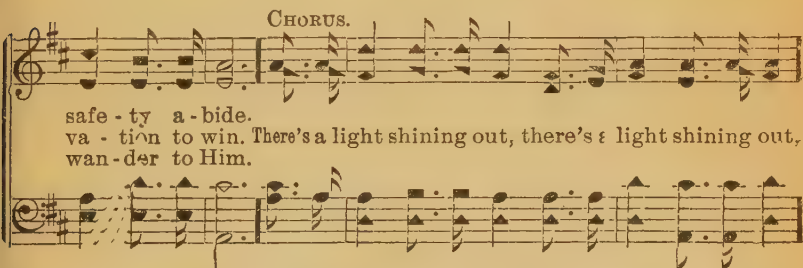
CIRAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There's a light shining out thro' the darkness, A brightness the sun
2. There's a light shining out for the err-ing! Stay not in the path-
3. There's a light shining out thro' the darkness, The light that will nev-

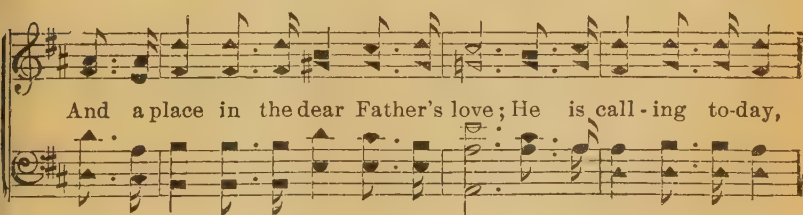


can-not hide; And wherever its radiance may lead you, In patience and
ways of sin; Tho' His mer-cy so oft you've re-ject-ed, He died your sal-
er grow dim; 'Tis the Calvary-cross gleaming brightly To lead those who



CHORUS.

safe - ty a - bide.
va - tion to win. There's a light shining out, there's a light shining out,
wan - der to Him.



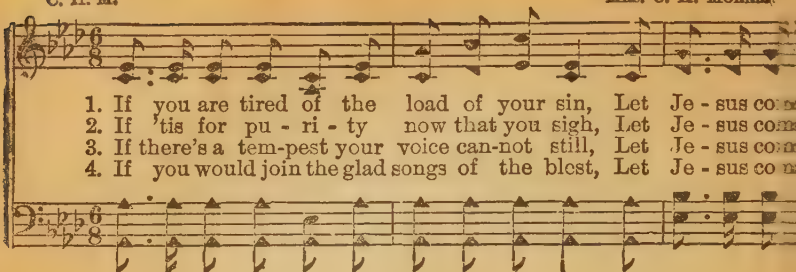
And a place in the dear Father's love; He is call-ing to-day,



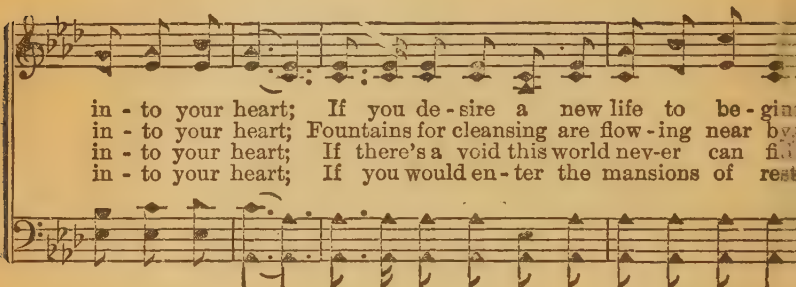
en - ter in while you may To the beau-ti - ful mansions a - bove

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
 2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
 3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come
 4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

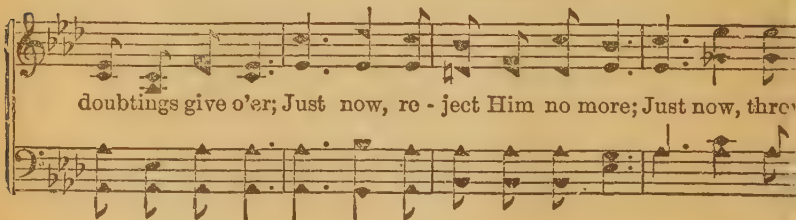


in - to your heart; If you de-sire a new life to be-gin
 in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow-ing near by
 in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev-er can fill
 in - to your heart; If you would en-ter the mansions of rest

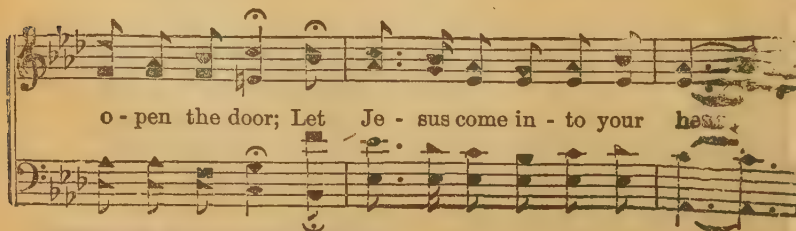
CHORUS.



Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your



doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, thro



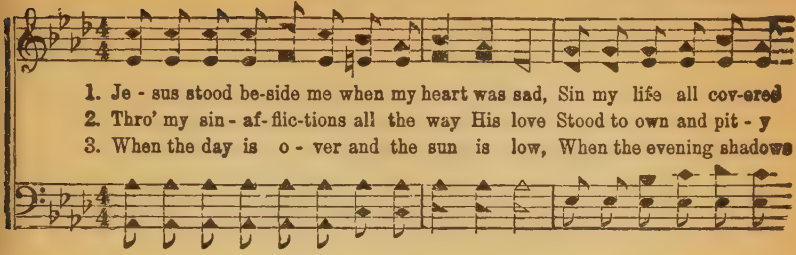
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart

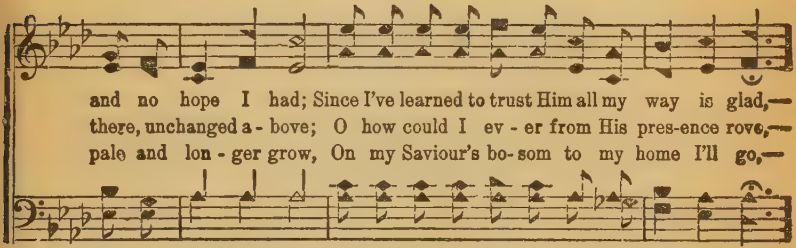
No. 57. Over, Under and Around Me.

A. T.

Austin Taylor, owner. 1913.

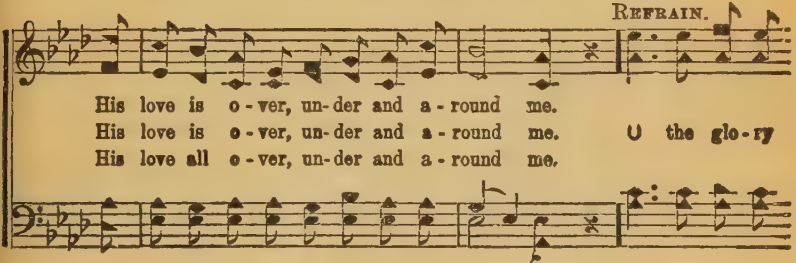
AUSTIN TAYLOR.

- 
1. Je - sus stood be-side me when my heart was sad, Sin my life all cov-ered
 2. Thro' my sin - af - flic-tions all the way His love Stood to own and pit - y
 3. When the day is o - ver and the sun is low, When the evening shadows

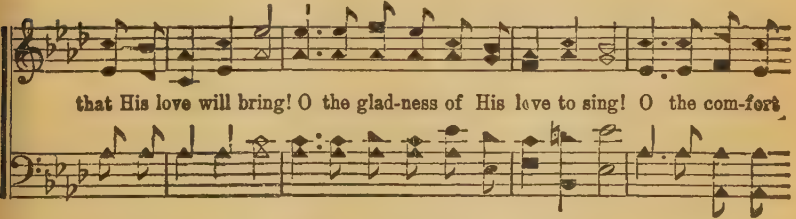


and no hope I had; Since I've learned to trust Him all my way is glad,—
there, unchanged a - bove; O how could I ev - er from His pres-ence rove,—
pale and lon - ger grow, On my Saviour's bo-som to my home I'll go,—

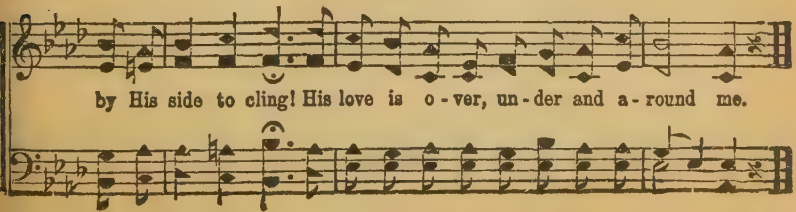
REFRAIN.



His love is o - ver, un - der and a - round me.
His love is o - ver, un - der and a - round me. U the glo - ry
His love all o - ver, un - der and a - round me.



that His love will bring! O the glad-ness of His love to sing! O the com-fort,

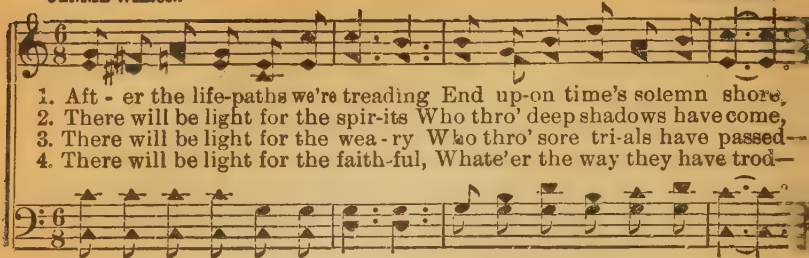


by His side to cling! His love is o - ver, un - der and a - round me.

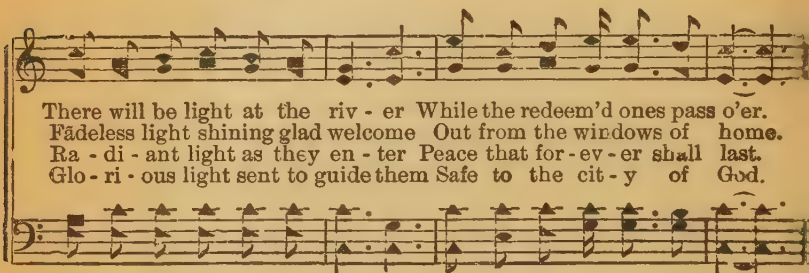
There Will Be Light at the River.

JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

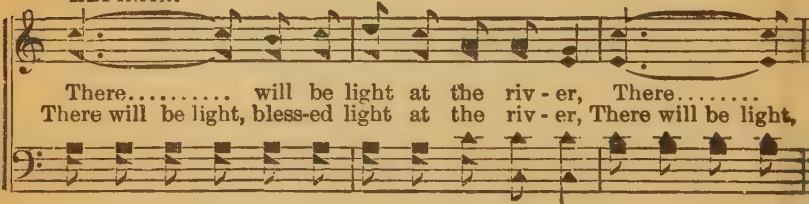


1. Aft - er the life-paths we're treading End up-on time's solemn shore,
 2. There will be light for the spir-its Who thro' deep shadows have come,
 3. There will be light for the wea-ry Who thro' sore tri-als have passed—
 4. There will be light for the faith-ful, Whate'er the way they have trod—

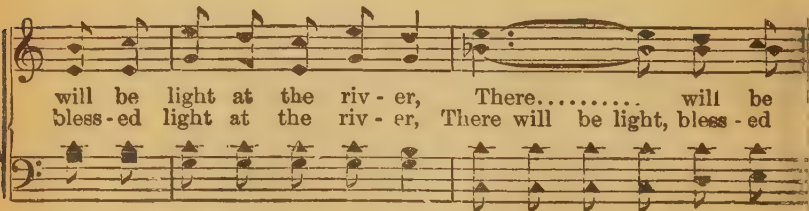


There will be light at the riv - er While the redeem'd ones pass o'er.
 Fadeless light shining glad welcome Out from the windows of home.
 Ra - di - ant light as they en - ter Peace that for - ev - er shall last.
 Glo - ri - ous light sent to guide them Safe to the cit - y of God.

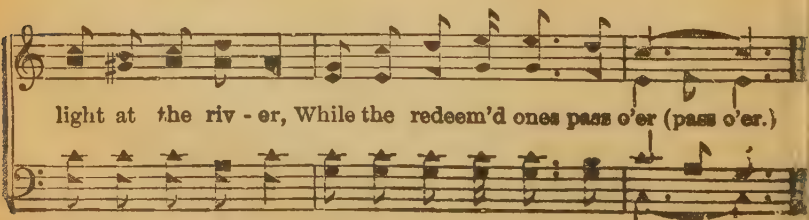
REFRAIN.



There..... will be light at the riv - er, There.....
 There will be light, bless-ed light at the riv - er, There will be light,



will be light at the riv - er, There..... will be
 bless-ed light at the riv - er, There will be light, bless-ed



light at the riv - er, While the redeem'd ones pass o'er (pass o'er.)

Weighed in the Balance.

B. E. W.

B. E. WARREN.

Slow.

1. Weighed in the bal - ance of jus - tice true, Sin - ful the
 2. There it will hurt like a wound - ing dart, When this dread
 3. Weighed by the Word which is giv - en now, Search it and
 4. At the trib - u - nal where Christ is judge, Where ev - 'ry

path thou hast trod; Weighed and found wanting, will it be you?
 an - swer shall fall, "Weighed and found wanting," 'twill pierce thy heart
 know thou art pure; Un - to its man - dates in meek - ness bow,
 deed is made known, "Weighed and found wanting," each guilt - y soul,

rit. pp Weighed by the word of God. Weighed..... and found
 At the last judg - ment call.
 Then thou shalt be se - cure.
 Stands there be - fore His throne. Weighed by the word,

CHORUS. a tempo.

want - ing,..... Weighed..... and found
 weighed and found want - ing, Weighed by the word,

rit. pp want - ing,..... Re - ject - ed at heav - en's door.
 weighed and found want - ing,

No. 60.

Are You Ready?

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Soon the eve-ning shadows falling, Close the day of mor - tal life ;
 2. Soon the awful trumpet sounding, Calls thee to the judgment throne:
 3. Oh, how fa - tal 'tis to lin-ger! Are you read-y-read - y now—
 4. Price-less love and free sal - va-tion Free-ly still are of - fered thee:

Soon the hand of death ap-pall-ing, Draws thee from its wea-ry strife.
 Now pre-pare, for love abounding, Yet has left thee not a-lone.
 Read-y, should death's i-cy fin - ger Lay its chill up - on thy brow?
 Yield no lon - ger to temp-ta-tion, But from sin and sor - row flee.

REFRAIN.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y?
 Are you read-y?

'Tis the Spir - it call-ing: why de-lay? Are you read-y?
 Are you read-y?

Are you read-y? Do not lin - ger lon-ger: Come to-day.
 Are you read-y?

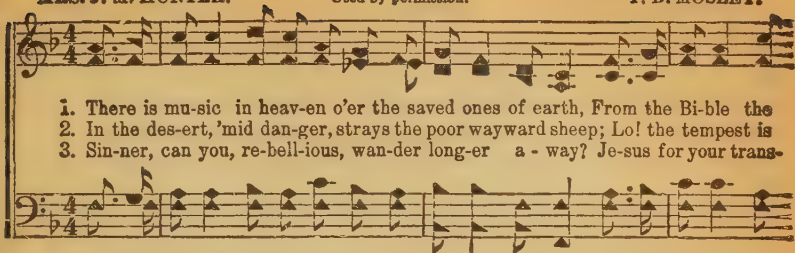
Music In Heaven.

LUKE 15: 6, 7.

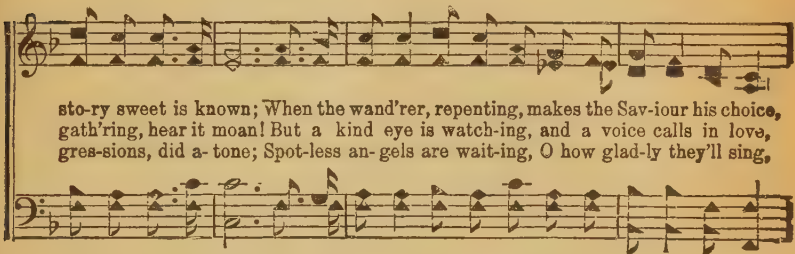
MRS. J. M. HUNTER.

Used by permission.

T. B. MOSLEY.

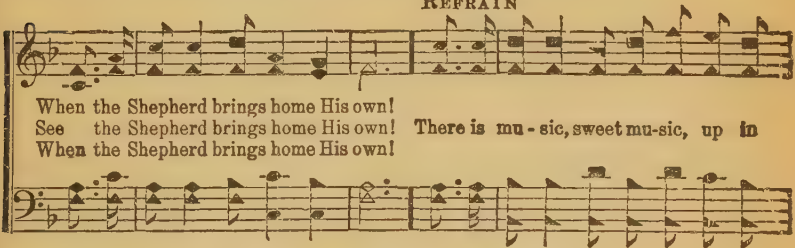


1. There is mu-sic in heav-en o'er the saved ones of earth, From the Bi-ble the
2. In the des-ert, 'mid dan-ger, strays the poor wayward sheep; Lo! the tempest is
3. Sin-ner, can you, re-bell-i-ous, wan-der long-er a - way? Je-sus for your trans-

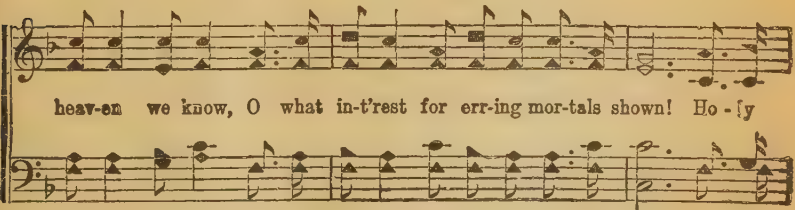


story sweet is known; When the wand'rer, repenting, makes the Sav-iour his choice,
 gath'ring, hear it moan! But a kind eye is watch-ing, and a voice calls in love,
 gres-sions, did a-tone; Spot-less an-gels are wait-ing, O how glad-ly they'll sing,

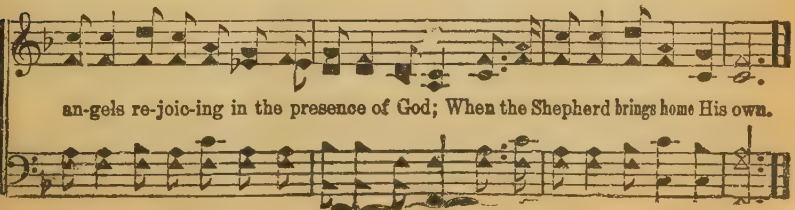
REFRAIN



When the Shepherd brings home His own!
 See the Shepherd brings home His own! There is mu-sic, sweet mu-sic, up in
 When the Shepherd brings home His own!



heav-en we know, O what in-t'rest for err-ing mor-tals shown! Ho-ly

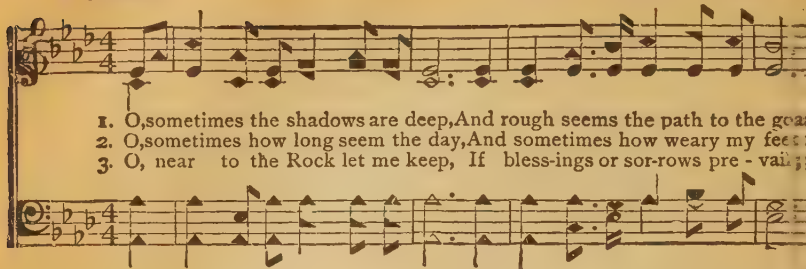


an-gels re-joic-ing in the presence of God; When the Shepherd brings home His own.

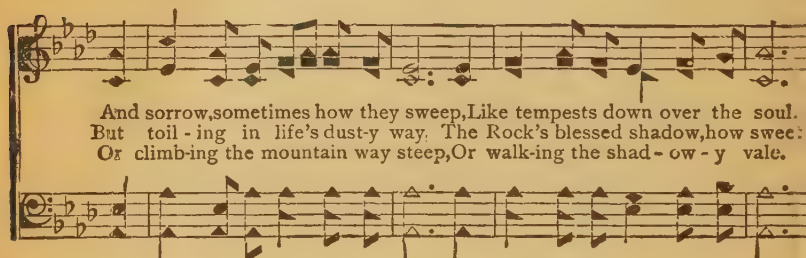
No. 62. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I

E. JOHNSON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

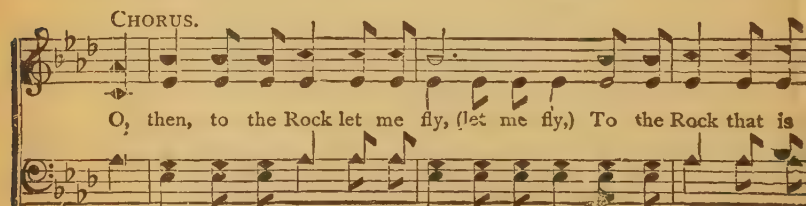


1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal
2. O, sometimes how long seem the day, And sometimes how weary my feet
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sorrows prevail

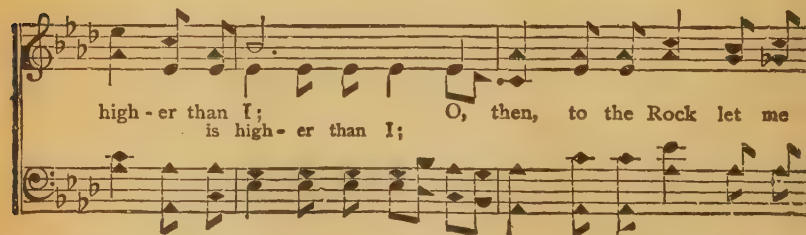


And sorrow, sometimes how they sweep, Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil-ing in life's dusty way. The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk-ing the shadow-y vale.

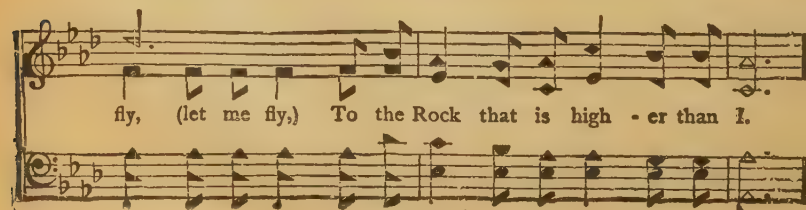
CHORUS.



O, then, to the Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is



high-er than I;
is high-er than I; O, then, to the Rock let me



fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is high-er than I.


TO SEE HIM AS HE IS.

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."

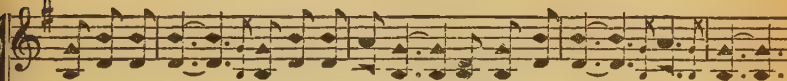
This song is sacredly dedicated to Mrs. Mattie Moore, of Hamlin, Texas, who, though in physical form is weak, is to the glory of God in abundant spiritual bloom.

Words arr. and partly written by F. L. E.

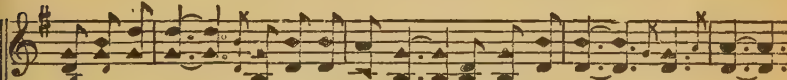
F. L. EILAND.




1. I love to read and think of Je - sus, The pre-cious Lamb of God,
 2. I love to talk and sing of Je - sus, And feel He's by my side,
 3. I want His love to so pos-sess me, Wher-ev - er I may be,
 4. I want one day to be with Je - sus In that bright home a - bove,



Who came to die for my sal - va - tion, Down from His bright a - bode !
 Tho' yet un - seen, His spirit's with me, My fee - ble steps to guide !
 That I may show to dy - ing sin - ners, What it has done for me !
 And taste in all its precious fullness, The rich - es of His love !



He saw me in my cru - el bond - age, And came to set me free,
 'Tis sweet in ev - 'ry joy and sor - row, In life's er death's a - larms,
 Yes, may I read and think of Je - sus, And talk and sing and pray,
 I'd go each day still near - er to Him, The source of all my bliss,

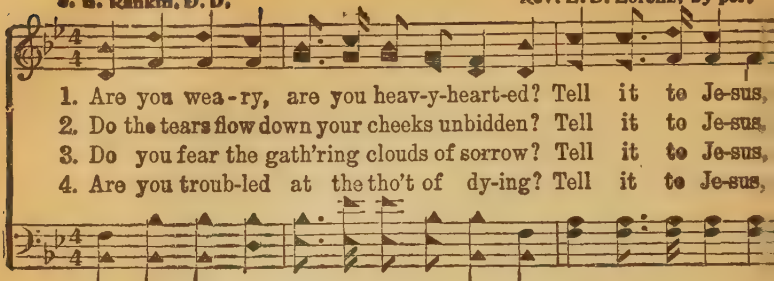


He came to die for chief of sin - ners, Yes, Je - sus died for me !
 To lean up - on His lov - ing bos - om, And rest with - in His arms !
 And thank Him for this great sal - va - tion, I know is mine to - day !
 Then, growing more and more yet like Him, To see Him as He is !

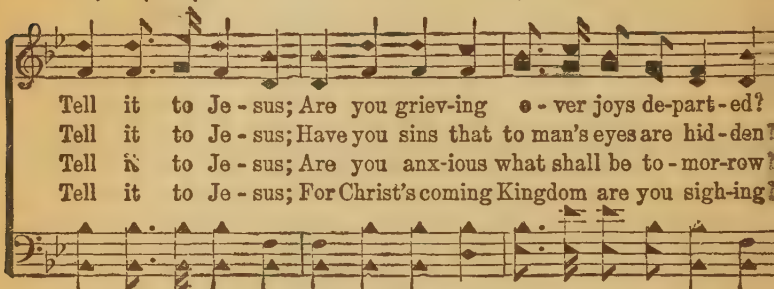
Tell it to Jesus Alone.

J. B. Rankin, D. D.

Rev. E. S. Lorenz, by per.

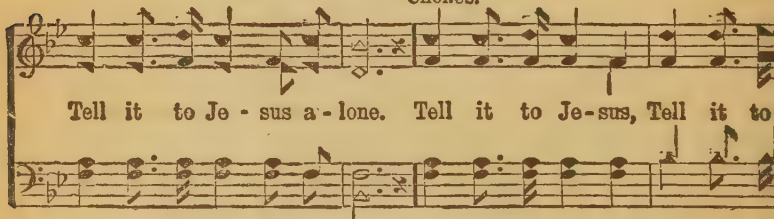


1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus.
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je-sus.
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je-sus.
 4. Are you troub-led at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus.

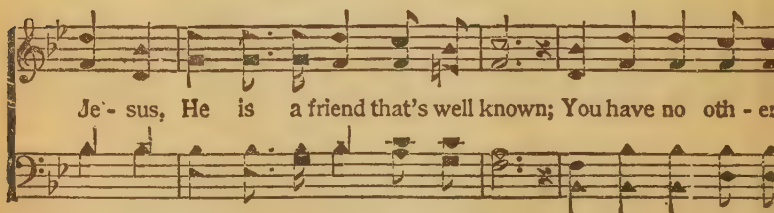


Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev-ing e - ver joys de-part-ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid-den?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to - mor-row?
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh-ing?

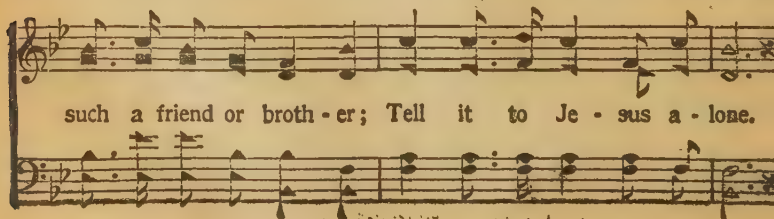
CHORUS.



Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to



Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

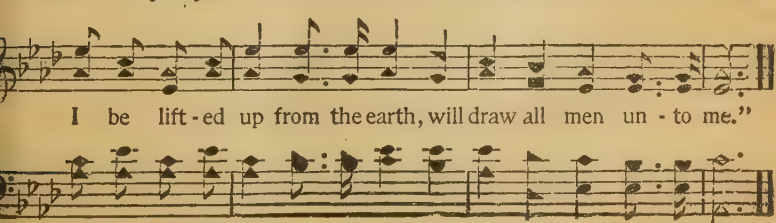
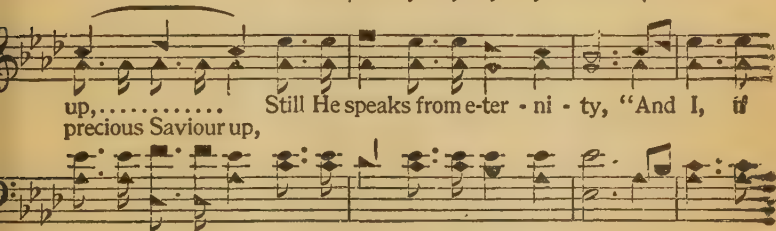
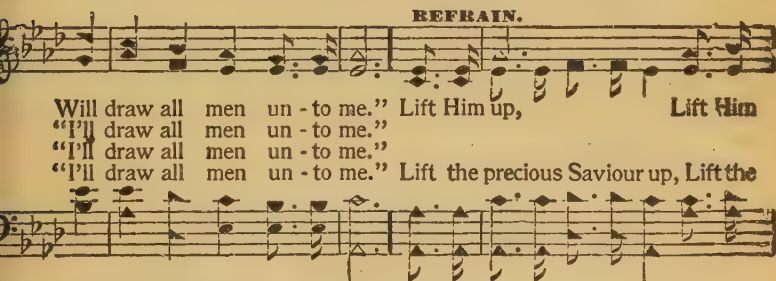
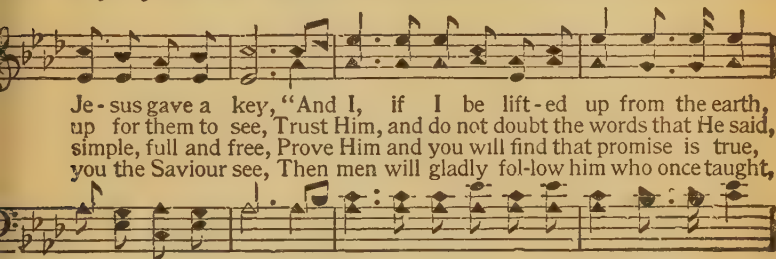
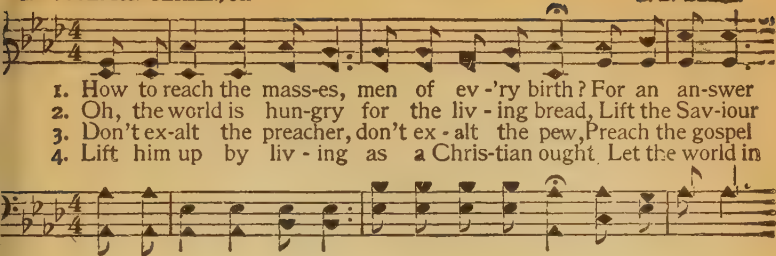


such a friend or broth - er; Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

Lift Him Up.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

R. B. BEALL.



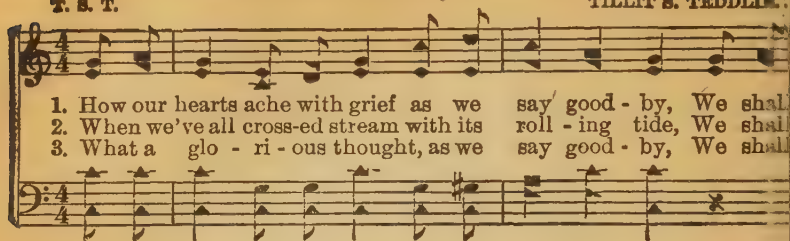
No. 66.

We Shall Meet Some Day.

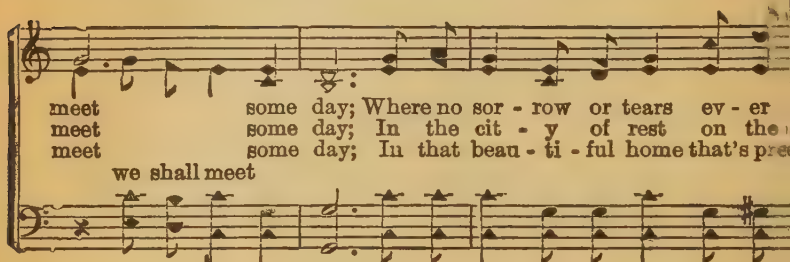
Written in memory of my beloved friend, F. L. Elland.

T. S. T.

TILLIT S. TEDDLIE.



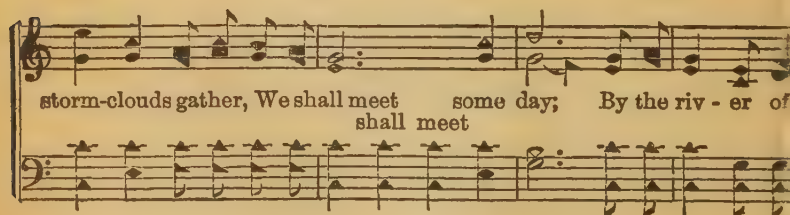
1. How our hearts ache with grief as we say good - by, We shall
 2. When we've all cross-ed stream with its roll - ing tide, We shall
 3. What a glo - ri - ous thought, as we say good - by, We shall



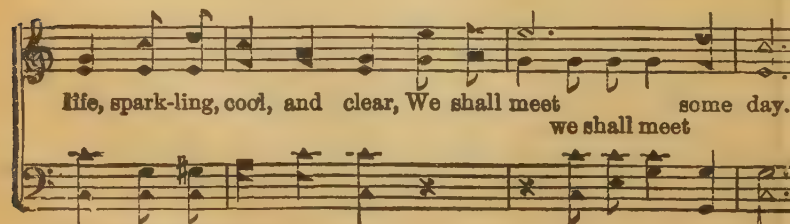
meet some day; Where no sor - row or tears ev - er
 meet some day; In the cit - y of rest on the
 meet some day; In that beau - ti - ful home that's pre
 we shall meet



CHORUS.
 dim the eye, We shall meet some day. We shall meet where n
 oth - er side, We shall meet some day.
 pared on high, We shall meet some day.
 we shall meet we shall meet



storm-clouds gather, We shall meet some day; By the riv - er of
 shall meet



life, spark - ling, cool, and clear, We shall meet some day.
 we shall meet

1. Although our lives be filled with bliss, With floods of joy and hap - pi - ness,
 2. Our earth-ly joys shall pass a-way, Just like the fleet-ing of a day,
 3. Tho' oft in sor - row we be cast, Trust Christ our Lord, it can not last,
 4. The darkest night shall turn to day, And sorrow's clouds shall pass a-way,

rit.
 There'll be a bright - er world than this, Aft - er all, aft - er all.
 But we with Christ shall live for aye, Aft - er all, aft - er all.
 For in yon clime 'twill all be past, Aft - er all, aft - er all.
 With Christ we'll live an end - less day, Aft - er all, aft - er all.

REFRAIN.

Aft - er all, aft - er all,
 Aft - er, all, af - ter all, aft - er all, aft - er all,

rit.
 There'll be a bright - er world than this, Aft - er all, aft - er all.
 But we with Christ shall live for aye, Aft - er all, aft - er all.
 For in yon clime 'twill all be past, Aft - er all, aft - er all.
 With Christ we'll live an end - less day, Aft - er all, aft - er all.

F. L. E.

F. L. ELLAND.

1. 'Tis the hand of my Lord that is lead-ing my way, Thro' the world with
2. Not a tear nor a sigh shall be mine all a-lone, For He'll give un -
3. And when there I have come, to the riv - er of death, Not a cloud o'er my

sor-row and care; Here my feet it will guide, till my home I shall reach, And the
me of His grace; He will drive from my heart ev'ry sadness and gloom, By the
spir - it shall roll, He the waves will divide and a - cross I shall go To my

REFRAIN.

joys that are mine to be there! 'Tis the hand of my Lord,
show and the light of His face!
home, happy home of the soul! mighty hand, blessed Lord,

That is lead - ing, is leading my way! 'Tis the hand
mighty hand

of the Lord, That is guid - ing my feet ev - 'ry day.
bless-ed Lord,

Where the Shepherd Leads.

A. P. COBBE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

DUET.

ALL.



1. Tho' the meadows green, in-vit-ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
2. See the gen-tle Shepherd leading, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
3. Tho' my feet be worn and wea-ry, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

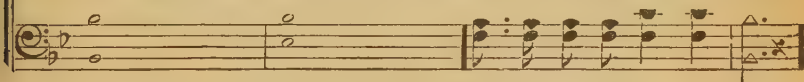


DUET.

ALL.



Tho' the shadows dark, ex - cit-ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 Hark! His voice in mer-cy pleading, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 Tho' the mountain side be drear-y, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!



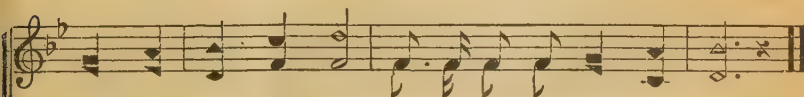
CHORUS.



Hark! His voice is gen - tly call - ing, On my ear its



strains are fall-ing, Tho' the gloom may be ap - pall-ing, Where the Shepherd



leads I'll go, I'll go, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.



Softly and Tenderly.

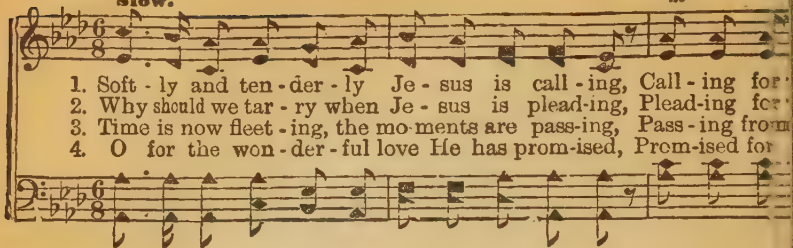
"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

W. L. T.

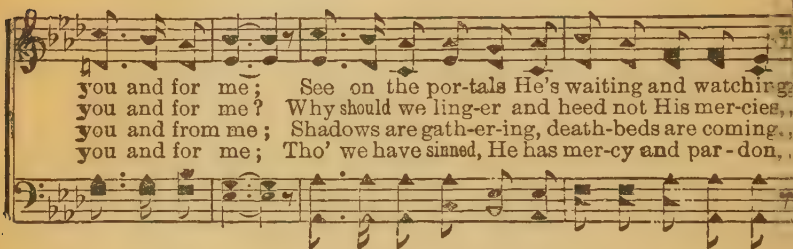
WILL L. THOMPSON.

Slow.

17



1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. O for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Prom - ised for



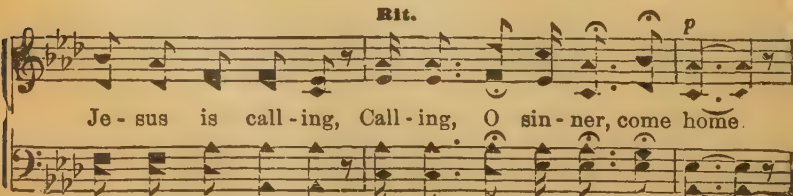
you and for me; See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing
 you and for me? Why should we ling - er and heed not His mer - cies,
 you and from me; Shadows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing,
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinned, He has mer - cy and par - don,



m CHORUS.
 Watch - ing for you and for me. Come home, come home,...
 Mer - cies for you and for me.
 Com - ing for you and for me. Come home, come home,
 Par - don for you and for me.



Cres.
 Ye who are wea - ry, come home; Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly,
 Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly,



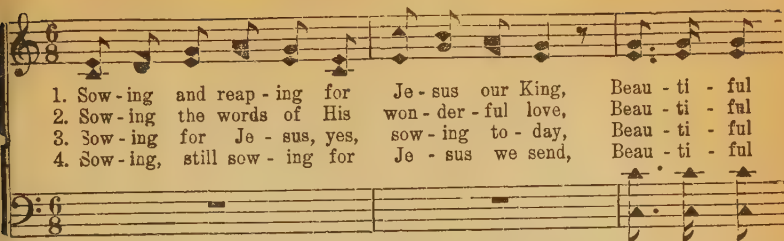
Rit.
 Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home.

71. Beautiful Story to Tell.

F. L. EILAND.

Used by per, Quartet Music Co.

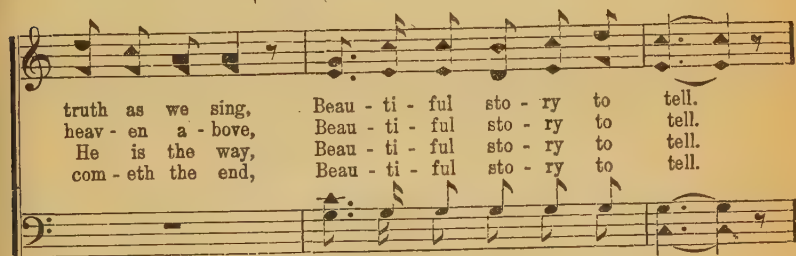
A. A. MYERS.



1. Sow-ing and reap-ing for Je-sus our King, Beau-ti-ful
 2. Sow-ing the words of His won-der-ful love, Beau-ti-ful
 3. Sow-ing for Je-sus, yes, sow-ing to-day, Beau-ti-ful
 4. Sow-ing, still sow-ing for Je-sus we send, Beau-ti-ful

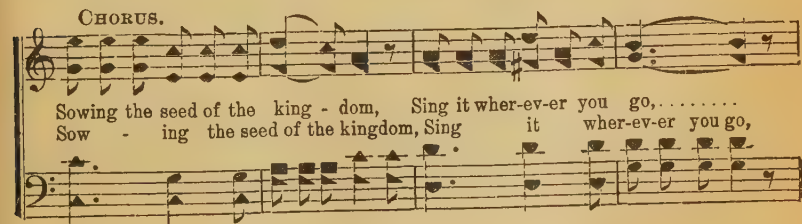


sto-ry to tell! Spread-ing His Gos-pel in
 sto-ry to tell! Point-ing the err-ing to
 sto-ry to tell! Sow-ing for Je-sus, for
 sto-ry to tell! Seed that we'll har-vest when

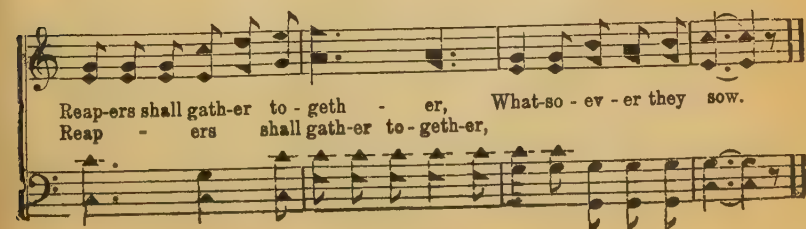


truth as we sing, Beau-ti-ful sto-ry to tell.
 heav-en a-bove, Beau-ti-ful sto-ry to tell.
 He is the way, Beau-ti-ful sto-ry to tell.
 com-eth the end, Beau-ti-ful sto-ry to tell.

CHORUS.



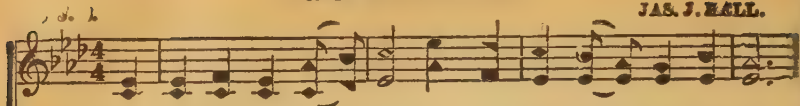
Sowing the seed of the king-dom, Sing it wher-ev-er you go,
 Sow-ing the seed of the kingdom, Sing it wher-ev-er you go,



Reap-ers shall gath-er to-gether, What-so-ev-er they sow.
 Reap-ers shall gath-er to-gether,

Copyright, 1912, by Jas. J. Bell.

JAS. J. BELL.



1. Why should my faith grow weak - er, And doubt - ings en - ter in?
2. Each time I read of the com - ing, Of Christ to this earth for me,
3. What mer - cy God hath shown me, To of - fer a home a - bove!
4. No gold or world - ly treas - ure Com - pares with His book di - vine;



Why should my foot-steps wan - der, From light in - to deep - est sin?
 I feel a - new the great - ness, That God's might - y love must be!
 And what am I to mer - it, This gift of His won - drous love?
 No oth - er book has giv - en Such peace to your heart and mine.



CHORUS.



O I have faith in the pa - ges That tell of the Rock of A - ges.



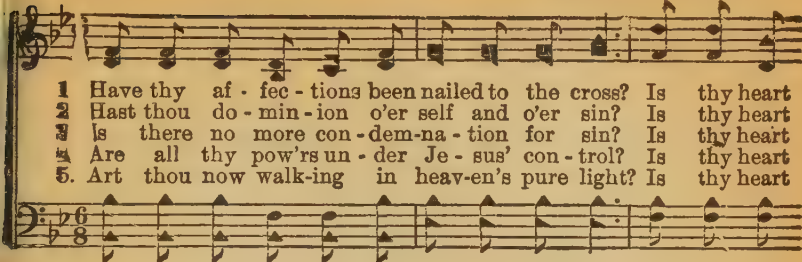
And then some day, in the far - a - way, I'll live with the Rock of A - ges.



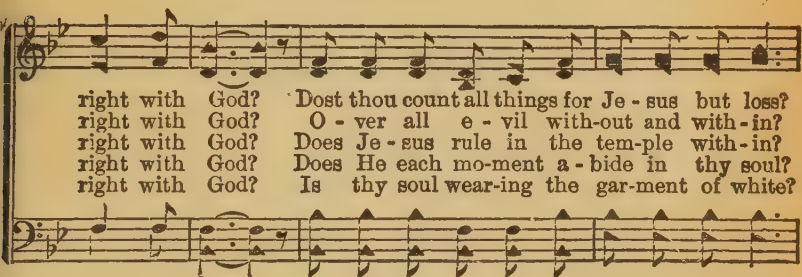
73. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

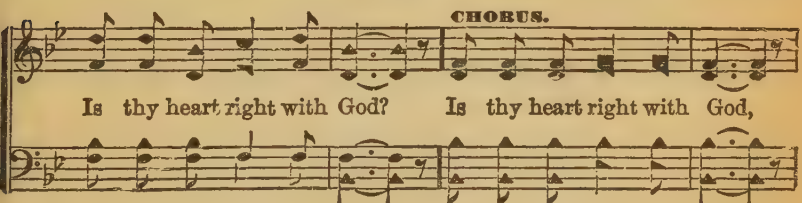


1 Have thy af - fec - tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart
 2 Hast thou do - min - ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart
 3 Is there no more con - dem - na - tion for sin? Is thy heart
 4 Are all thy pow'rs un - der Je - sus' con - trol? Is thy heart
 5. Art thou now walk - ing in heav - en's pure light? Is thy heart

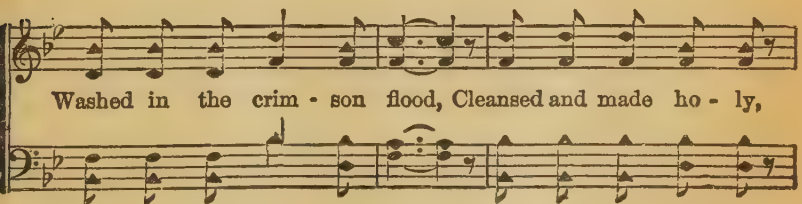


right with God? Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss?
 right with God? O - ver all e - vil with - out and with - in?
 right with God? Does Je - sus rule in the tem - ple with - in?
 right with God? Does He each mo - ment a - bide in thy soul?
 right with God? Is thy soul wear - ing the gar - ment of white?

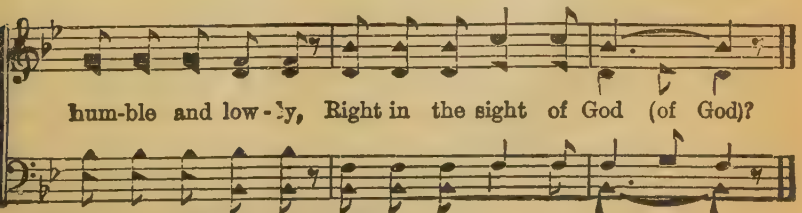
CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God? Is thy heart right with God,



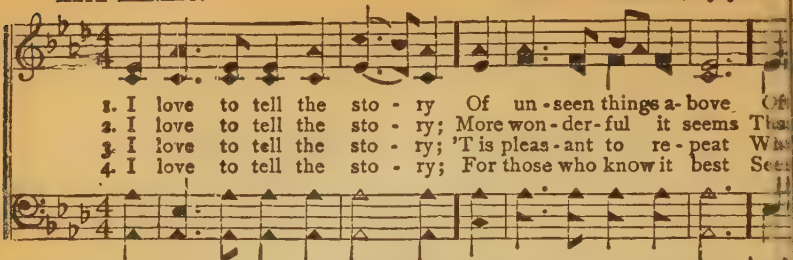
Washed in the crim - son flood, Cleansed and made ho - ly,



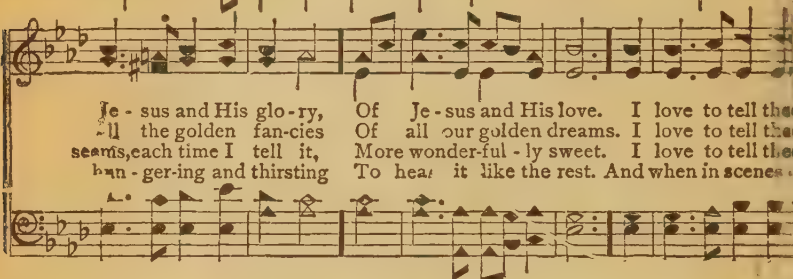
hum - ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God (of God)?

KATE HANKEY.

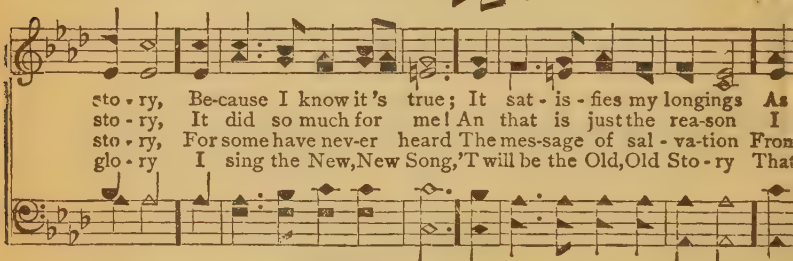
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove. Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'T is pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best See

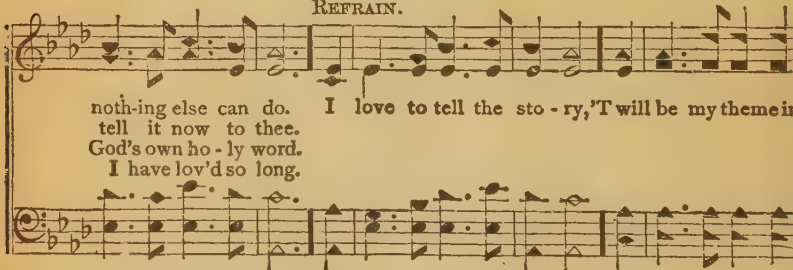


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
 all the golden fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
 hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when in scenes

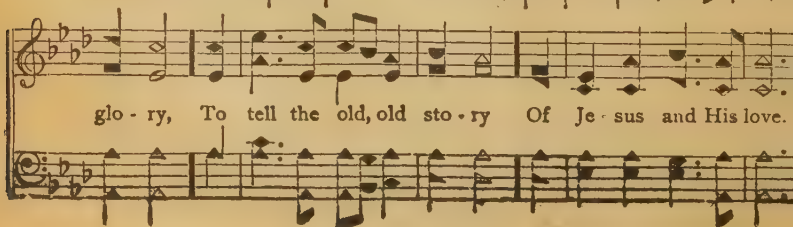


sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings As
 sto - ry, It did so much for me! An that is just the rea - son I
 sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
 glo - ry I sing the New, New Song, 'T will be the Old, Old Sto - ry That

REFRAIN.



noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'T will be my theme in
 tell it now to thee.
 God's own ho - ly word.
 I have lov'd so long.





glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

Are You Washed in the Blood?


From "Spiritual Songs," by permission.

Words and music by REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

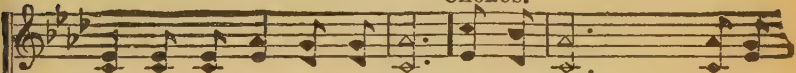
- 
1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
 2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav-iour's side? Are you wash'd in the
 3. When the bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white? Pure and white in the
 4. Lay a - side the gar-ments that are stain'd with sin, And be wash'd in the



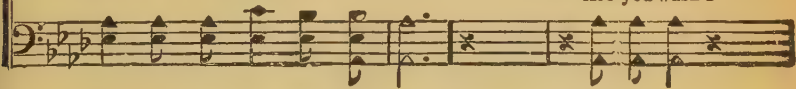

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the cru - ci - fied? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright, And be
 blood of the Lamb! There's a fountain flow-ing for the soul un - clean, O be




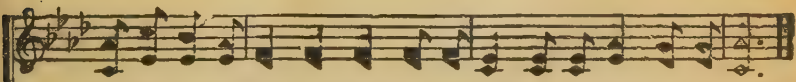
CHORUS.




wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the
 Are you wash'd

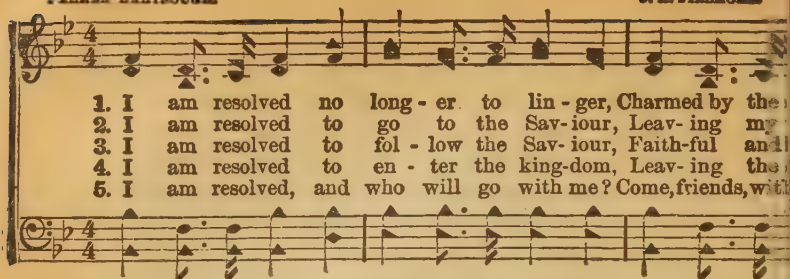



blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments
 in the blood, of the Lamb?

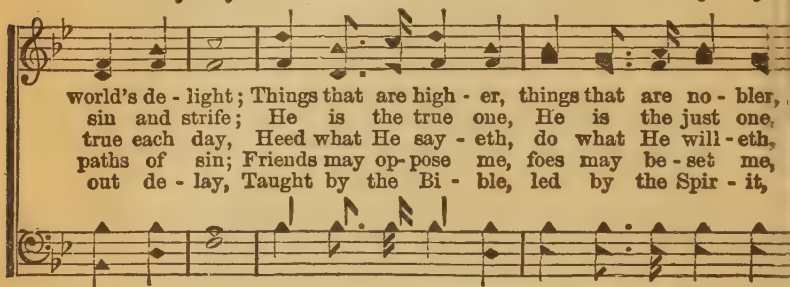



spot-less? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?



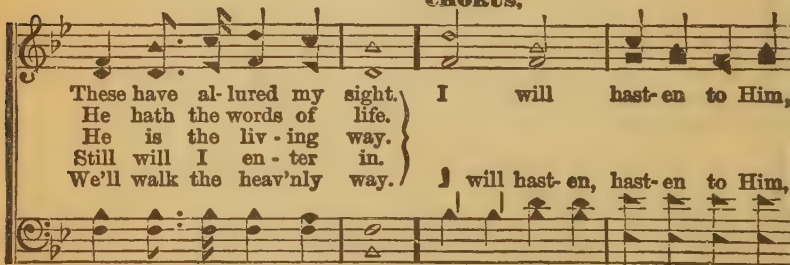


1. I am resolved no long - er to lin - ger, Charmed by the
 2. I am resolved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav - ing my
 3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faith - ful and
 4. I am resolved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the
 5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with

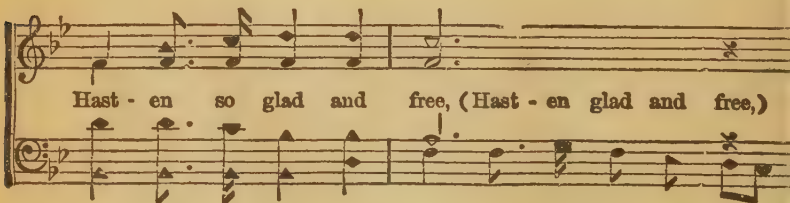


world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
 sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
 true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
 paths of sin; Friends may op - pose me, foes may be - set me,
 out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

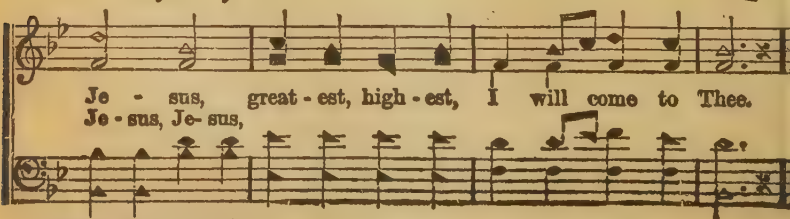
CHORUS,



These have al - lured my sight. I will hast - en to Him,
 He hath the words of life.
 He is the liv - ing way.
 Still will I en - ter in.
 We'll walk the heav'nly way. I will hast - en, hast - en to Him,



Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free,)



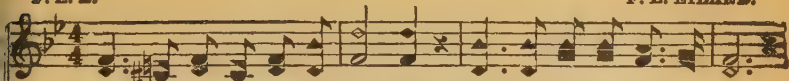
Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

BEHOLD THE LOVE OF JESUS

Instead of cold and lifeless forms of speech,
 And images that break,
 Shew unto men the cross of Christ, that love
 Possession of them, take.

F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.



1. Oh, be-hold the love of Je - sus! What He did for you and me!
2. Oh, be-hold the love of Je - sus! Oth - ers none such friend can be!
3. Oh, be-hold the love of Je - sus! Sin - ner, look, oh, look and see!
4. Oh, be-hold the love of Je - sus! Lift thine eyes and bend thy knee,



Suf - fered, bled, and died, on Cal - v'ry, Oh, be-hold Him on the tree!
 None such loss would dare to suf - fer, Oh, be-hold Him on the tree!
 'Twas thy soul He died to ran - som, Oh, be-hold Him on the tree!
 Let thy heart thro' deep e - mo - tion, Feel what He has done for thee!



REFRAIN.

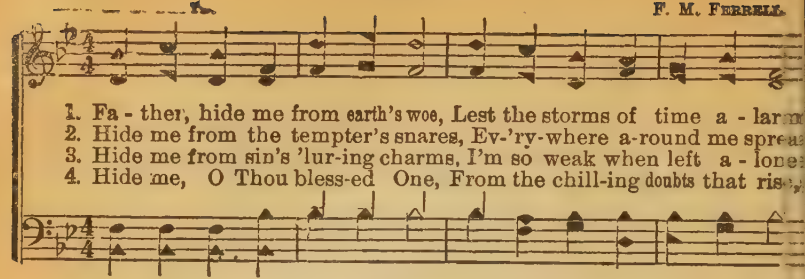


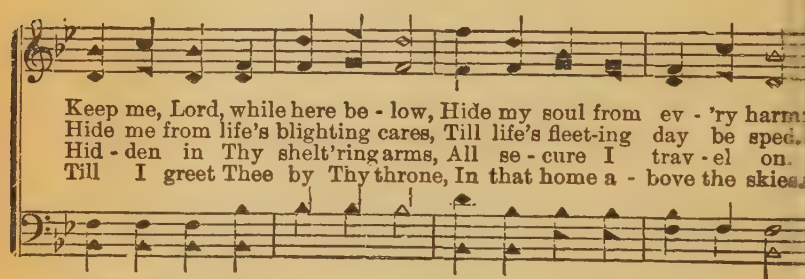
Oh, be-hold the love of Je - sus! There up - on the cru - el tree!



Bleed - ing, dy - ing there for sin - ners! Oh, it was for you and me!

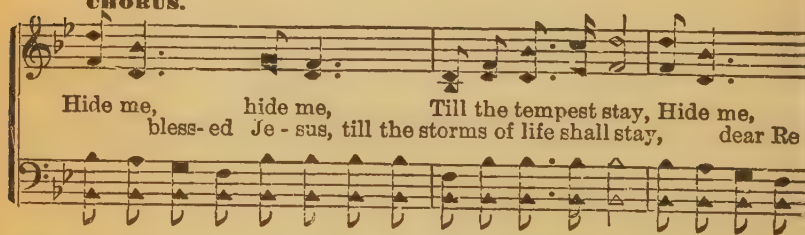


- 
1. Fa - ther, hide me from earth's woe, Lest the storms of time a - lar - me
 2. Hide me from the tempter's snares, Ev - 'ry - where a - round me spread
 3. Hide me from sin's 'lur - ing charms, I'm so weak when left a - lone
 4. Hide me, O Thou bless - ed One, From the chill - ing doubts that rise,

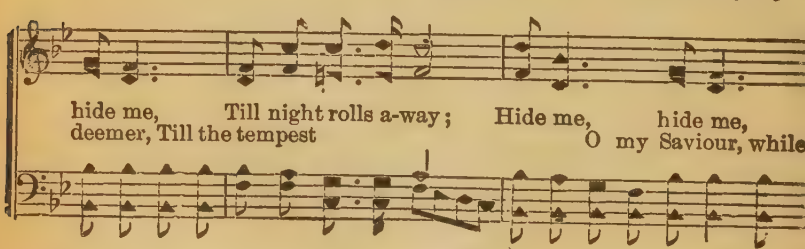


Keep me, Lord, while here be - low, Hide my soul from ev - 'ry harm
 Hide me from life's blighting cares, Till life's fleet - ing day be sped.
 Hid - den in Thy shelt'ring arms, All se - cure I trav - el on.
 Till I greet Thee by Thy throne, In that home a - bove the skies.

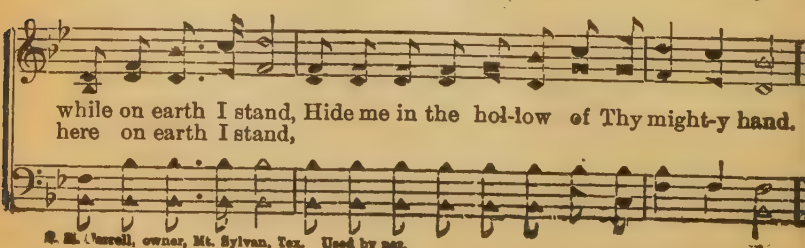
CHORUS.



Hide me, hide me, Till the tempest stay, Hide me,
 bless - ed Je - sus, till the storms of life shall stay, dear Re



hide me, Till night rolls a - way; Hide me, hide me,
 deem - er, Till the tempest O my Saviour, while



while on earth I stand, Hide me in the hol - low of Thy might - y hand.
 here on earth I stand,

1. O soul a-stray from the Sav-iour to-day, You must be
 2. If you would en-ter the kingdom of God, You must be
 3. All sin-ful pleasure your soul must fore-go, You must be
 4. Oh, wait not, soul, till the har-vest is past, You must be

born a - gain! Make haste and turn from all e - vil a - way;
 born a - gain! For none can en - ter ex-cept thro' the blood.
 born a - gain! Or reap a har-vest of pain and of woe,
 born a - gain! Or "lost" will be your sad doom at the last,

CHORUS.

You must be born a - gain (a - gain!) Ye must be born a -

gain (a - gain), Ye must be born a - gain (a - gain); I ver - i - ly,

ver - i - ly say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain (a - gain).

No. 80.

He Shall Deliver.

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. He shall de - liv - er, thy King and thy Lord, For He has promised it;
 2. He shall de - liv - er from bondage of sin, Grace He will give you the
 3. He shall de - liv - er! believe in His love; Soon in the homeland of

in His own Word; Fierce tho' thy trials, O lean on His arm, He shall de-
 vic - t'ry to win; Tempted one, trust Him, the "Mighty to save," Who for thy
 glo - ry a - bove, Thou, face to face, thy Deliv'rer shalt see, With Him in

rit.

CHORUS.

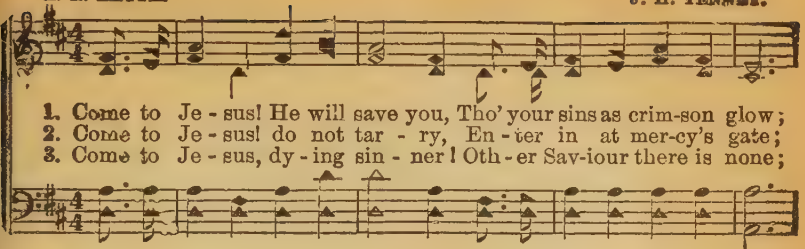
liv - er from all that would harm. He shall de - liv - er! O let the words
 ransom His life freely gave.
 joy for ev - er - more to be. He shall de - liv - er! O

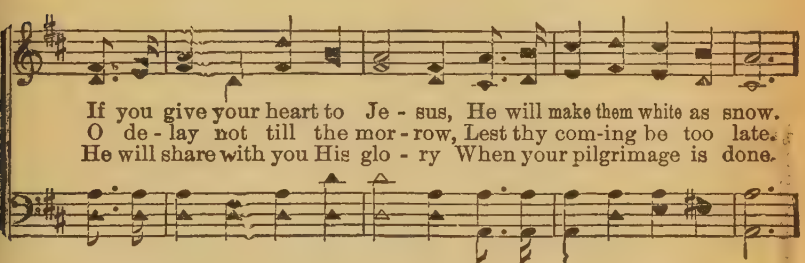
ring! Blessed the hope and assurance they bring, Tho' you so
 let the words ring! Blessed the hope and assurance they bring,

oft - en have failed in the fight, He will deliver thee, trust in His might.
 Tho' you so oft - en have failed in the fight,

E. R. LATTA.

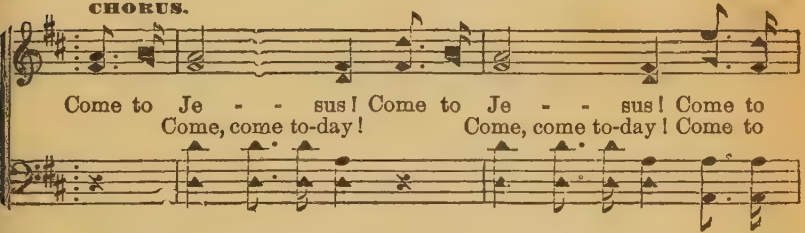
J. H. TENNEY.

- 
1. Come to Je - sus! He will save you, Tho' your sins as crim-son glow;
 2. Come to Je - sus! do not tar - ry, En - ter in at mer-cy's gate;
 3. Come to Je - sus, dy - ing sin - ner! Oth - er Sav-iour there is none;

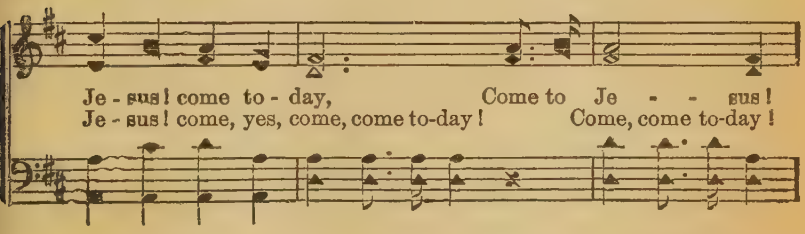


If you give your heart to Je - sus, He will make them white as snow.
 O de - lay not till the mor - row, Lest thy com-ing be too late.
 He will share with you His glo - ry When your pilgrimage is done.

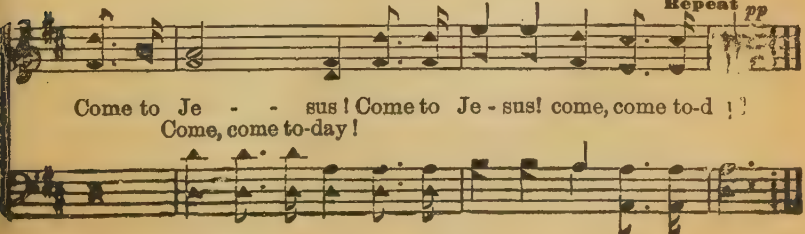
CHORUS.



Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - - sus! Come to
 Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day! Come to



Je - sus! come to - day, Come to Je - - sus!
 Je - sus! come, yes, come, come to-day! Come, come to-day!


Repeat *pp*


Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - sus! come, come to-d !
 Come, come to-day!

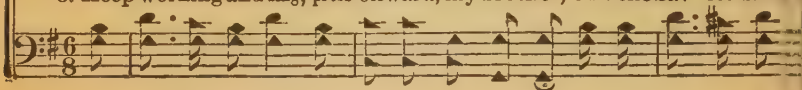
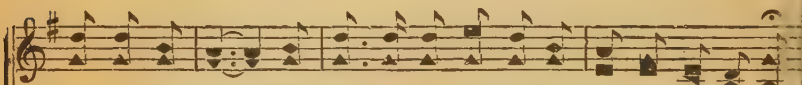
No. 82. When All the Singers Get Home.

J. B. V.


J. B. VAUGHAN. By per.



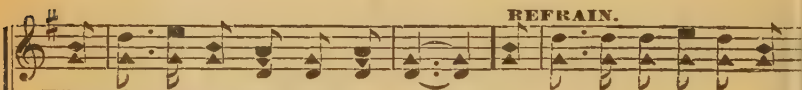
1. My broth-er, awake, and sing the sweet story, Soon the day of re-
 2. No mor-tal hath e'er conceived of the beauty, That a-waits the re-
 3. Keep working and sing, press onward, my brother, Till the Sav-ior shall


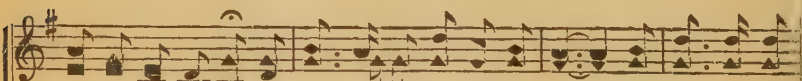
un-ion will come; Then, O what a won-der-ful sing-ing in glo-ry.
 deemed ones at home; Be sure, my dear brother, you live up to du-ty.
 bid you to come; How sweet it will be then to meet with each other.





REFRAIN.




When all redeemed singers get home.
 For soon our Re-deem-er will come. Then, 'O what a wonder-ful
 When all redeemed singers get home.

wonder-ful singing, When all redeemed singers get home; Re-un-ion, re-

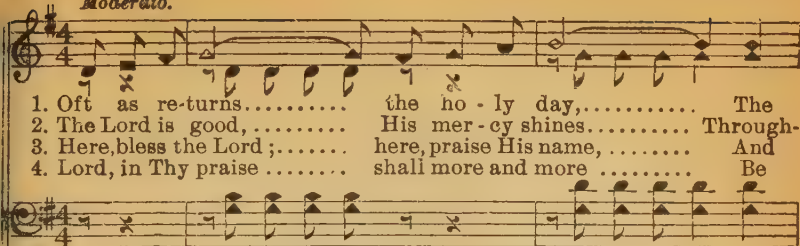



un-ion, thro' a-ges still ringing, When all redeemed singers get home.



F. H.

J. H. P.

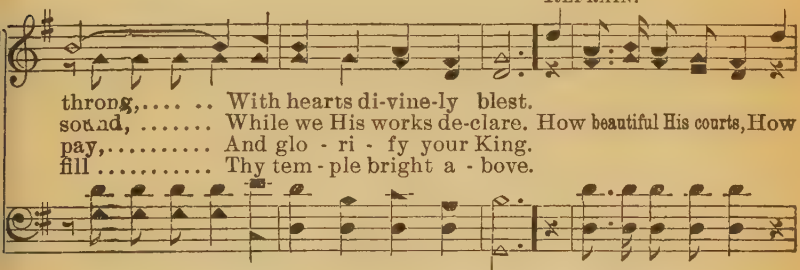
Moderato.


1. Oft as re- turns..... the ho - ly day,..... The
 2. The Lord is good,..... His mer - cy shines..... Through -
 3. Here, bless the Lord ;..... here, praise His name, And
 4. Lord, in Thy praise shall more and more Be

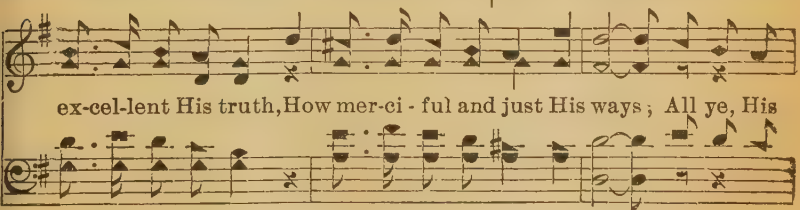


day of sa-cred rest, Thy house, O God,..... Thy peo-ple
 out all na-ture fair, His churches shall with joy re -
 here His triumphs sing; Here, ye His saints, your homage
 fixed our high-est love, Till with the blest our songs shall

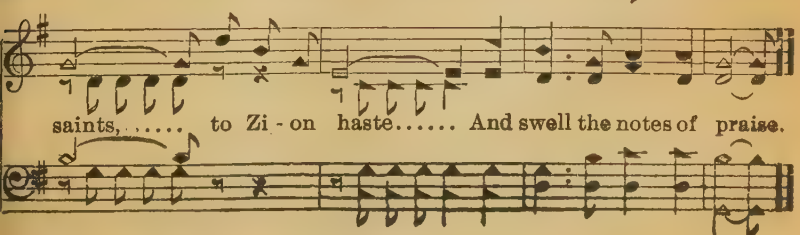
REFRAIN.



throng,.... With hearts di-vine-ly blest.
 sound, While we His works de-clare. How beautiful His courts, How
 pay,..... And glo - ri - fy your King.
 fill Thy tem-ple bright a - bove.



ex-cel-lent His truth, How mer-ci - ful and just His ways; All ye, His



saints, to Zi-on haste..... And swell the notes of praise.

No. 84. Why Should I Leave My Dear Saviour

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. M. HAGAN.



1. Why should I leave my dear Saviour? Why should I Je-sus for - sake?
2. Je - sus it was who redeemed me, Pardoned my guilt and my sin;
3. Dai - ly His love He re-new - eth; Moment by moment He's near,
4. No, I will nev - er forsake Him, Nev - er from Him turn a - way;



Why should I for-feit His fa - vor, And with Him cov-e-nant break?
Cleansed me from ev'ry defilement, And brought His kingdom within.
Strengthening, comforting, cheering, Banishing darkness and fear.
Life would be hopeless without Him, Never from Him will I stray.



CHORUS.



He has been good to me al-ways, He has been faithful and true;



No, I will nev - er forsake Him, But pledge Him devotion a - new.



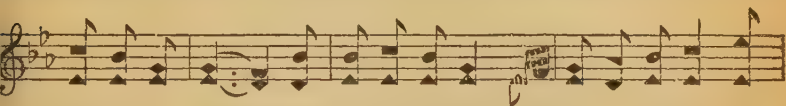
No. 85. How Glad I Shall Be to See Jesus.

REV. A. H. ACKLEY.

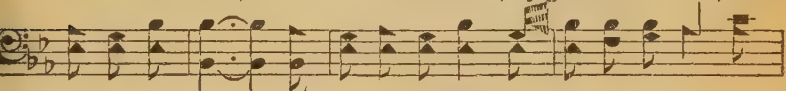
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. How glad I shall be to see Je - sus, To gaze on His
2. How glad I shall be to see Je - sus, For - ev - er to
3. How glad I shall be to see Je - sus, With those I have
4. How glad I shall be to see Je - sus, How glad He will



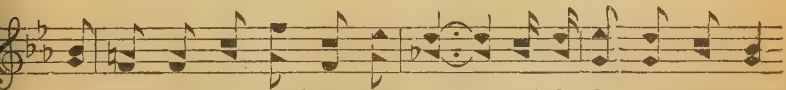
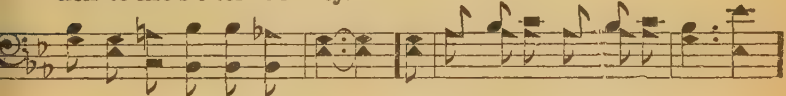
won - der - ful face; To kneel at His feet, con - tent to re - peat The
dwell at His side; I know that my soul, while a - ges shall roll, Se -
lost for a - while; To serve Him above, per - fect - ed by love, He'll
be to see me, For I am His child, by grace reconciled, And



CHORUS.



sto - ry of mer - cy and - grace.
sure in His love shall a - bide. How glad I shall be to see Je - sus,
welcome His own with a smile.
heir to life's e - ter - ni - ty.



My heav - en - ly Lead - er and Guide, Hal - le - lu - jah, His name



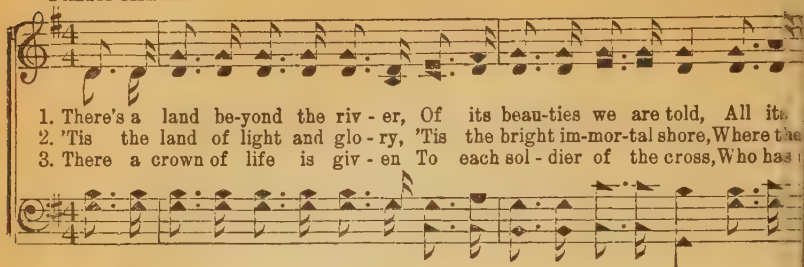
is for - ev - er the same, For sin - ners He suf - fered and died.



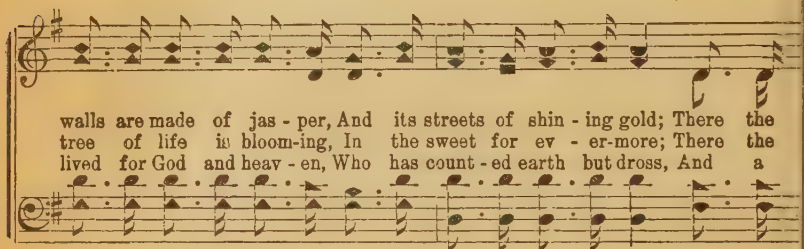
No. 86. The Land is Drawing Near.

FAITH MILMAN.

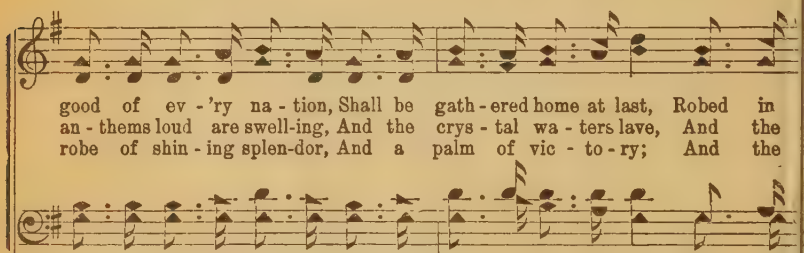
REV. L. WHITE.



1. There's a land be-yond the riv - er, Of its beau-ties we are told, All its
2. 'Tis the land of light and glo - ry, 'Tis the bright im-mor-tal shore, Where the
3. There a crown of life is giv - en To each sol - dier of the cross, Who has

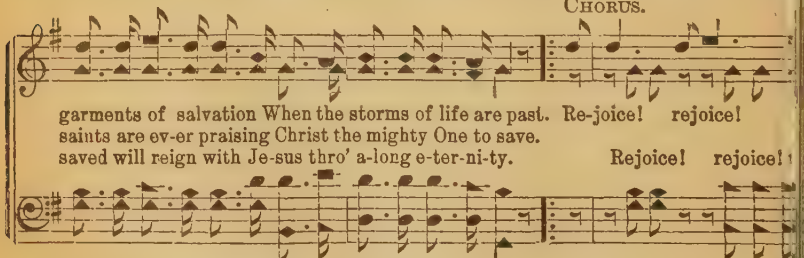


walls are made of jas - per, And its streets of shin - ing gold; There the
tree of life is bloom-ing, In the sweet for ev - er-more; There the
lived for God and heav - en, Who has count - ed earth but dross, And a

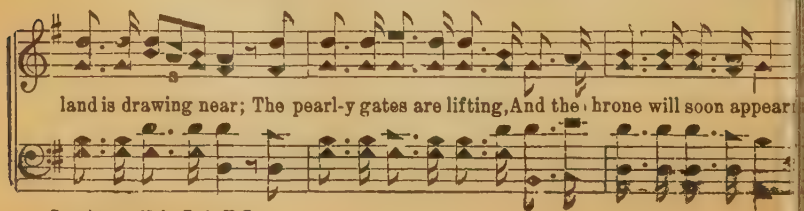


good of ev - 'ry na - tion, Shall be gath - ered home at last, Robed in
an - them's loud are swell-ing, And the crys - tal wa - ters lave, And the
robe of shin - ing splen-dor, And a palm of vic - to - ry; And the

CHORUS.



garments of salvation When the storms of life are past. Re-joice! rejoice!
saints are ev - er praising Christ the mighty One to save.
saved will reign with Je - sus thro' a-long e - ter - ni - ty. Rejoice! rejoice!



land is drawing near; The pearl-y gates are lifting, And the throne will soon appear

Come to Jesus.

J. F. M.

J. F. MATFIELD.



1. O hear ye the mes-sage, dear sinner, It comes from the Saviour a-bove,
2. Dear sinner, this message from Je-sus In mer-cy is of-fered to you;
3. O lin-ger no lon-ger, dear sinner, Your days are swift passing a-way;
4. To-mor-row may find you, dear sinner, Among the pale nations that sleep,



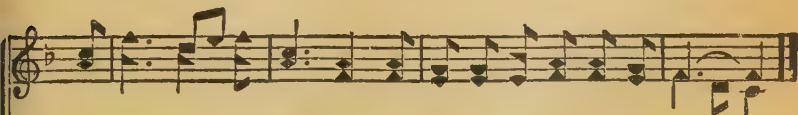
Who died on the cross to redeem thee; 'Twas all thro' His mercy and love.
 Re-ceive it, be-lieve it, o - bey it, And ev-er prove faithful and true.
 To - day is the day of sal - va - tion, Come, enter His service to - day.
 Who died in their sins and transgressions, Who'll rise in the judgment to weep.



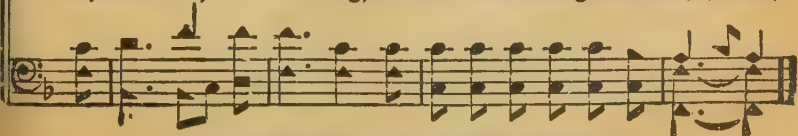
CHORUS.



Then come un - to Je - sus; Why will you now lon - ger de - lay?



Yes, come on, be - liev - ing, And en - ter His kingdom to-day (to-day).



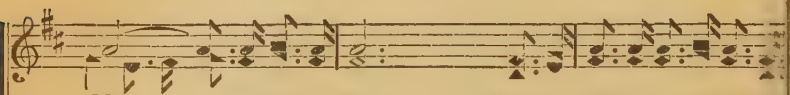
LAURA E. NEWELL.

MATT. 11: 28.

J. H. HALL.



1. Have you heard the in - vi - ta - tion? Je - sus says, Come un - to Me, Come to
2. There are bless - ed ma - ny man - sions Wait - ing for the pure and true; Come to
3. Heav - y la - den, or a - wea - ry, Je - sus says, In Me find rest, Come to
4. Time is short, and days are fleet - ing, Heed the mes - sage, Come to Me, Come to



Me,..... O, come to Me.

Me,..... O, come to Me.

Me,..... O, come to Me.

Me,..... O, come to Me.

'Tis the mes - sage of sal - va - tion

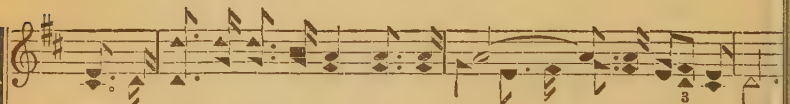
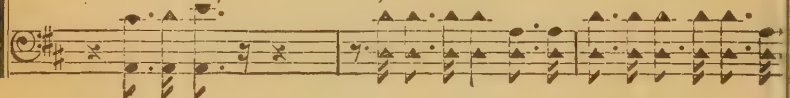
There in heav - en's green ex - pan - sion

Does your path in life seem drear - y

O, the joy of yon - der greet - ing

Come to Me,

O, come to Me.



That the Mas - ter brings to thee: Come to

Hear the Sav - iour call to you, Come to

By His love you may be blest, Come to

In the home be - yond the sea; Come to

Me,..... O, come to Me.

Me,..... O, come to Me.

Me,..... O, come to Me.

Me,..... O, come to Me.

Come to Me,



CHORUS.

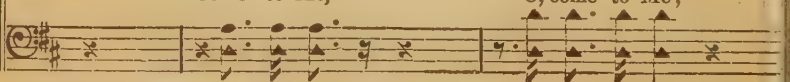


Come to Me,..... O, come to Me;

Je - sus

Come to Me,

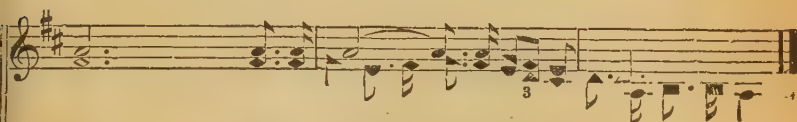
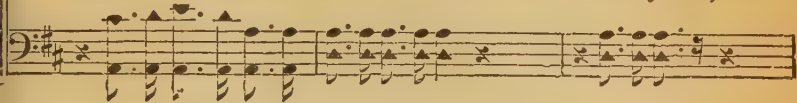
O, come to Me;



THE GOSPEL INVITATION. Concluded.



says,..... Come unto me, Wea - ry heart.... for ref-uge
Je-sus says, Come un-to me, come unto me, Weary heart,



flee Un-to Christ,..... who call-eth thee.
for refuge flee, Un-to Christ who calleth thee, who calleth thee.



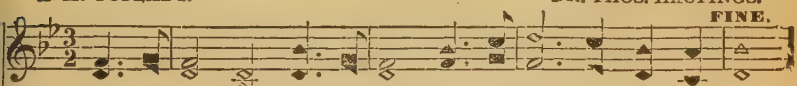
No. 89.

ROCK OF AGES.

The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of ages.—ISA. 26: 4.

A. M. TOPLADY.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands, Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,



D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
D. C.—All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and thou a - lone.
D. C.—Foul, I to the fount-ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
D. C.—Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress, Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to world's unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,



No. 63.

Jesus Is Calling.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—JOHN 11: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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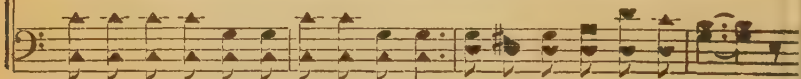
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly calling thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day.
3. Je-sus is wait-ing, O come to Him now—Waiting to-day, wait-ing to-day.
4. Je-sus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day.



Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and far-ther a-way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a-rise and a-way.



REFRAIN.



Call - - ing to-day,..... Call - - ing to-day;.....
Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day; Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day;



Je - - - sus is call - - - ing, Is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,



Jesus Is Calling. Concluded.

nigh,....."Turn ye, O turn ye, why will ye die?"
while He is nigh, "Turn ye, O turn ye,

No. 91. Jesus is Mighty to Save.

Copyright, 1913, by Firm Foundation Publishing House.

C. E. P.

"Mighty to save."—Isa. 63: 1. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Persuasively.

1. Christ died to save poor sin-ners lost, Je - sus is might-y to save;
2. By faith, He saves poor sin-ful man, Je - sus is might-y to save;
3. Sal - va - tion free He gives to all, Je - sus is might-y to save;
4. 'Tis sad to hear the bit - ter cry, — Je - sus is might-y to save;
5. Then, sin - ner, come with-out de - lay, Je - sus is might-y to save;

Their ran - som paid at wondrous cost, Je - sus is might-y to save.
Than this, there is no oth - er plan, Je - sus is might-y to save.
Who on His name by faith do call, Je - sus is might-y to save.
In sin I'm left a - lone to die, Je - sus is might-y to save.
No long - er wait, but come to-day, Je - sus is might-y to save.

CHORUS.

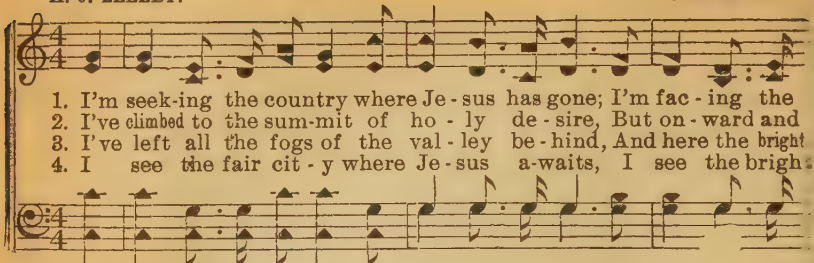
Je - sus is mighty to save,..... Je - sus is mighty to save,.....
is mighty to save, is mighty to save;

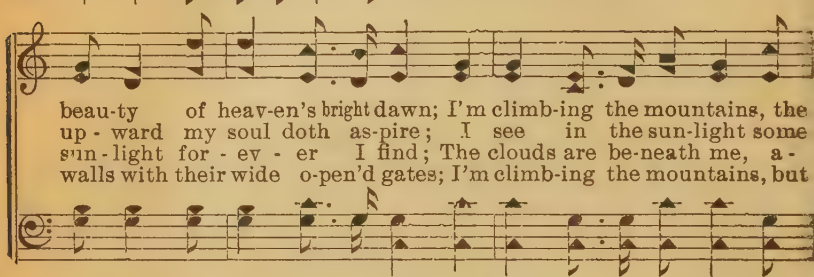
His pre-cious life as a ran-som He gave, Je - sus is mighty to save. (to save.)

No. 92. The Mountains of Faith.

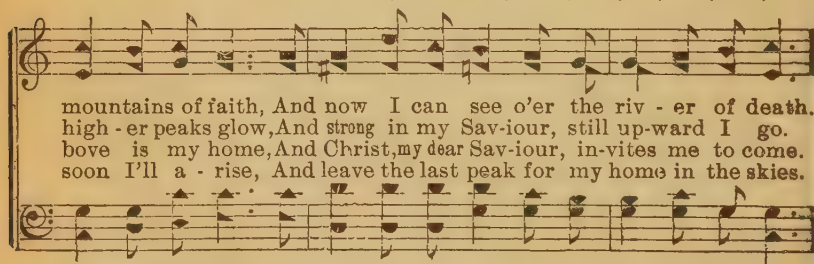
H. J. ZELLEY.

M. L. McPHAIL.

- 
1. I'm seek-ing the coun-try where Je-sus has gone; I'm fac-ing the
 2. I've climb-ed to the sum-mit of ho-ly de-sire, But on-ward and
 3. I've left all the fogs of the val-ley be-hind, And here the bright
 4. I see the fair cit-y where Je-sus a-waits, I see the bright

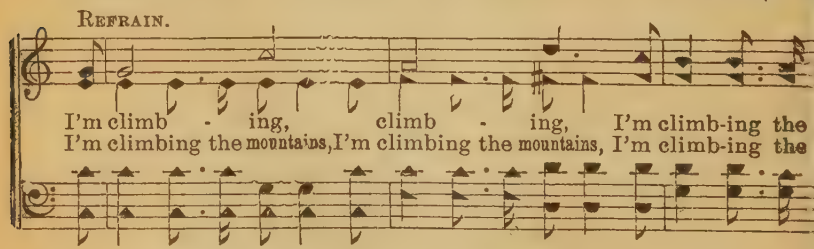


beau-ty of heav-en's bright dawn; I'm climb-ing the mountains, the
up-ward my soul doth as-pire; I see in the sun-light some
sun-light for-ev-er I find; The clouds are be-neath me, a-
walls with their wide o-pen'd gates; I'm climb-ing the mountains, but

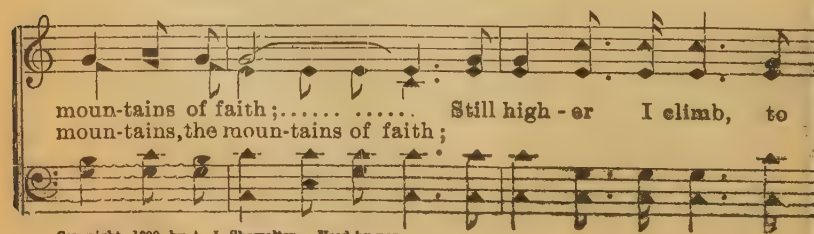


mountains of faith, And now I can see o'er the riv-er of death.
high-er peaks glow, And strong in my Sav-iour, still up-ward I go.
bove is my home, And Christ, my dear Sav-iour, in-vites me to come.
soon I'll a-rise, And leave the last peak for my home in the skies.

REFRAIN.

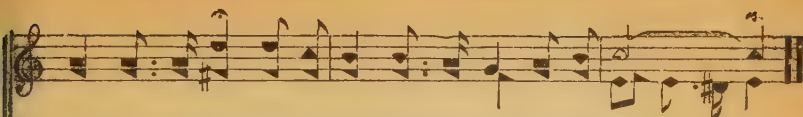


I'm climb-ing, climb-ing, I'm climb-ing the
I'm climbing the mountains, I'm climbing the mountains, I'm climb-ing the

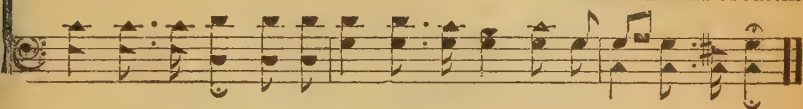


moun-tains of faith;..... Still high-er I climb, to
moun-tains, the moun-tains of faith;

The Mountains of Faith. Concluded.



re-gions sub-lime, On the peaks of the mountains of faith.
the mountains of faith.



93.

Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B.

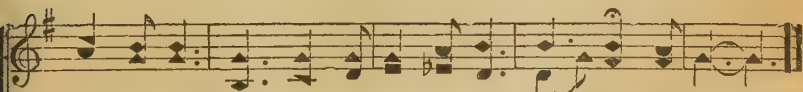
P. P. BLISS.



1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is passed; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"



Christ to re-ceive; Seems now my soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here; An-gels are
doom comes at last; "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is



go Thy way, Some more conven-ient day On Thee I'll eall."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan-d'rer, come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost."



Singing a Wonderful Song.

F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.

Slow and meditatively.

1. Out on the glad hills of God's glo - ry, Mov-ing in rap-tur-ous
2. The flow of life's stream they are viewing, Cours-ing its wa-ters a -
3. The fruit of the tree of God's heal-ing Giv-eth them ec-sta-sy
4. Shall I with the ransomed go thith-er, There to be one of that

throng; The saints are re-hears-ing their sto - ry, Sing-ing a
 long, In bliss that is ev - er ac-cru-ing, Sing-ing a
 strong; The joy of sal - va - tion ap - peal-ing, Sing-ing a
 throng; To try the great theme of re-demp-tion, Sing-ing a

REFRAIN.

won-der-ful song! Peace..... is the dream,....
 Peace is the dream, peace is the d

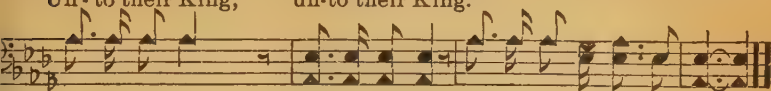
Glo - ry's the theme,..... Saved the re
 Glo - ry's the theme, glo - ry's the theme,

peat and pro - long,.... Crown - - ings they bring,.....
 Crownings they bring, crownings they bring

Singing a Wonderful Song. Concluded.



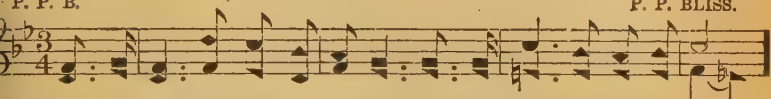
Un - - - to their King, Sing-ing a wonder-ful song.
Un-to their King, un-to their King.



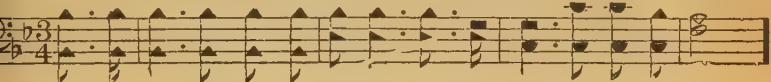
No. 95. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

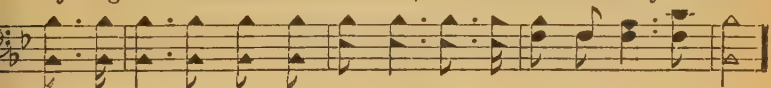
P. P. BLISS.



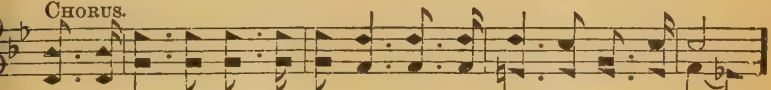
1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mercy From His lighthouse ev - er - more ;
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar ;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my brother, Some poor seaman tempest tossed,



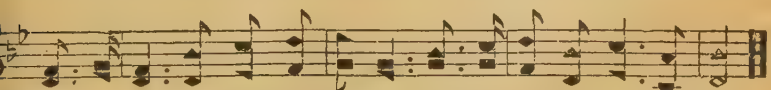
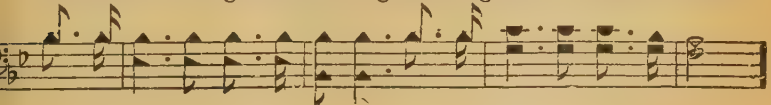
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long - ing For the lights a - long the shore
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the darkness may be lost.



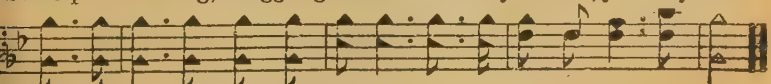
CHORUS.



Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!



Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save.



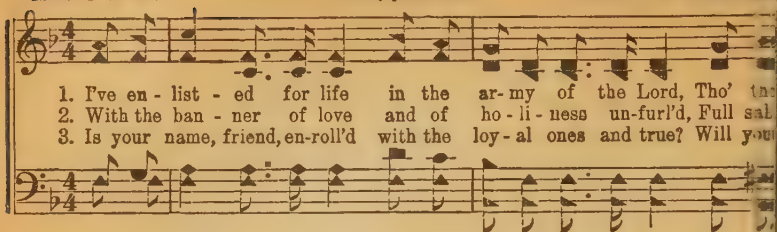
At the Battle's Front.

Copyright, 1906, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J.

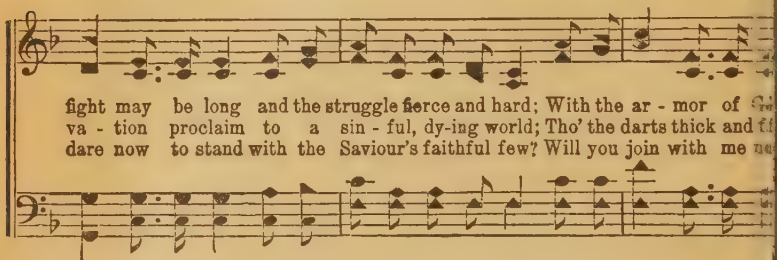
MRS. C. H. M.

Used by permission.

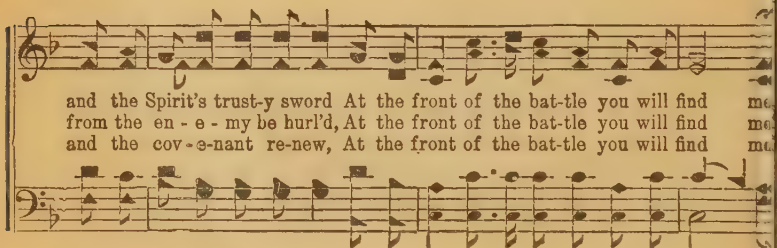
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the
 2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness un - fur'l'd, Full sal
 3. Is your name, friend, en - roll'd with the loy - al ones and true? Will you

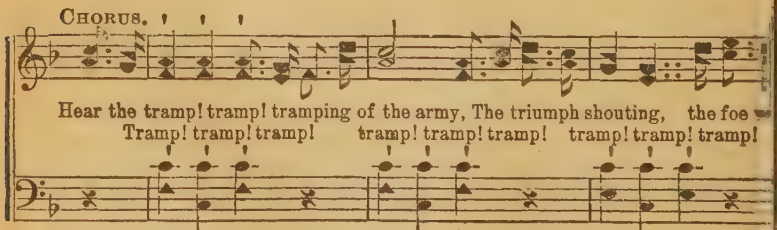


fight may be long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the ar - mor of
 va - tion proclaim to a sin - ful, dy - ing world; Tho' the darts thick and
 dare now to stand with the Saviour's faithful few? Will you join with me

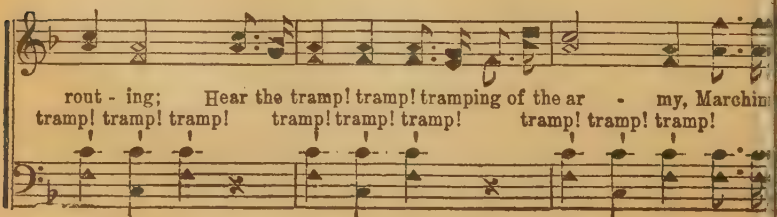


and the Spirit's trust-y sword At the front of the bat-tle you will find me
 from the en - e - my be hurl'd, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me
 and the cov - e - nant re - new, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me

CHORUS.



Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the army, The triumph shouting, the foe
 Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

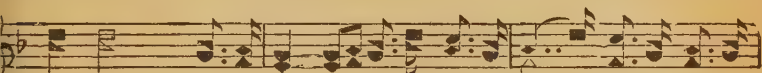
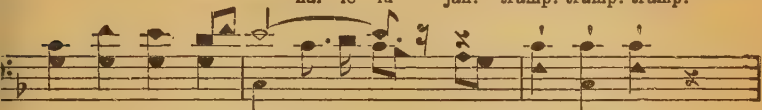


rout - ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, Marching
 tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

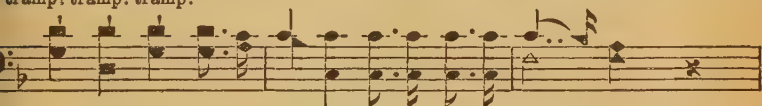
At the Battle's Front. Concluded.



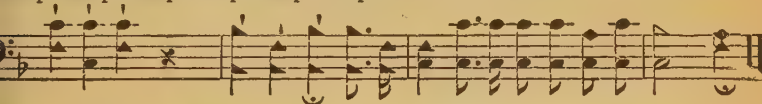
on to vic - to - ry, I'm in this ar - my, this glorious
hal - le - lu - jah! tramp! tramp! tramp!



ar - my, And the God of bat - tles will de - fend me, I'm in this
tramp! tramp! tramp!



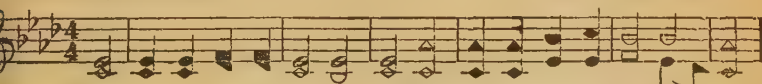
ar-my, this glorious army, At the front of the battle you will find me.
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!



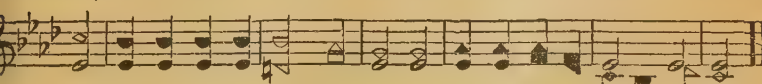
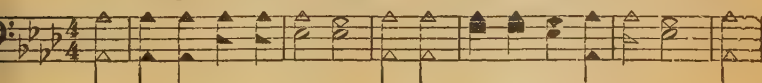
No. 97. 'Tis Midnight, and On Olive's Brow.

REV. WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN.

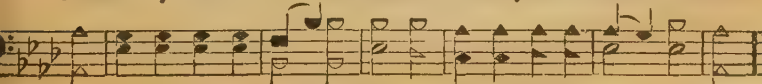
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow, The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone;
2. 'Tis midnight, and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt, The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight, and from ether-plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;



'Tis mid-night in the gar - den now, The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by His God.
Un-heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.



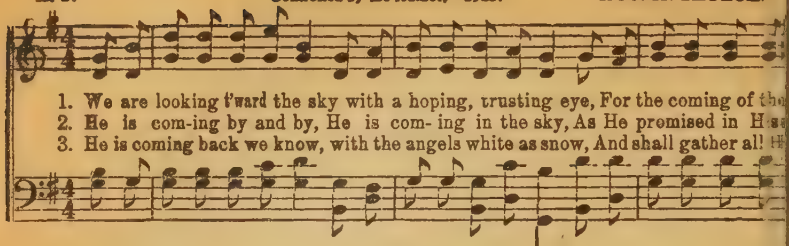
He is Coming Again.

II Tim. 4:8.

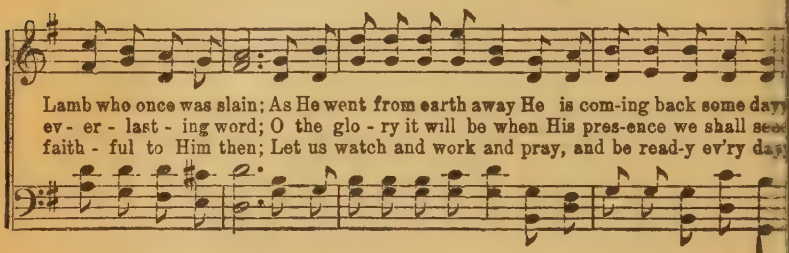
A. T.

Controlled by the Author, 1913.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

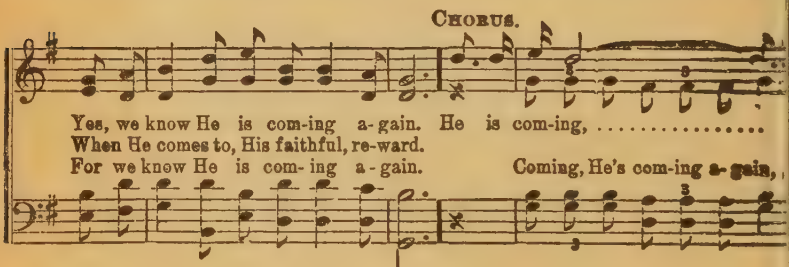


1. We are looking t'ward the sky with a hoping, trusting eye, For the coming of the
 2. He is com-ing by and by, He is com-ing in the sky, As He promised in His
 3. He is coming back we know, with the angels white as snow, And shall gather all

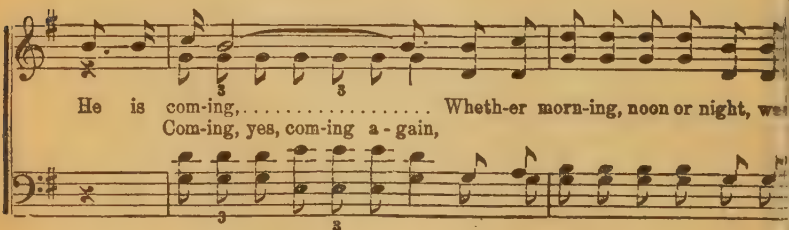


Lamb who once was slain; As He went from earth away He is com-ing back some day
 ev - er - last - ing word; O the glo - ry it will be when His pres-ence we shall see
 faith - ful to Him then; Let us watch and work and pray, and be read-y ev'ry day

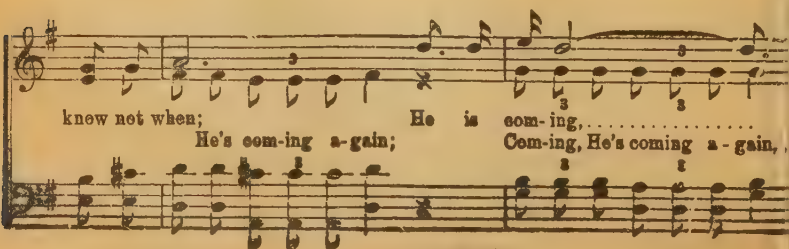
CHORUS.



Yes, we know He is com-ing a-gain. He is com-ing,
 When He comes to, His faithful, re-ward.
 For we know He is com-ing a-gain. Coming, He's com-ing a-gain,

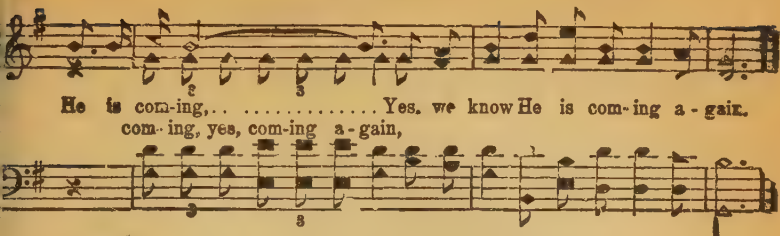


He is com-ing, Wheth-er morn-ing, noon or night, we
 Com-ing, yes, com-ing a - gain,



knew not when; He is com-ing,
 He's com-ing a-gain; Com-ing, He's coming a - gain,

He Is Coming Again. Concluded.

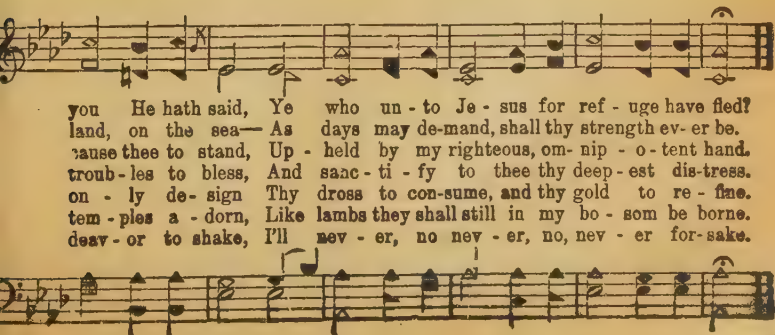
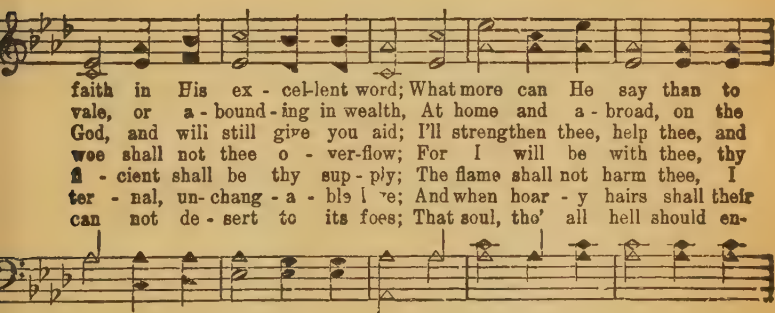
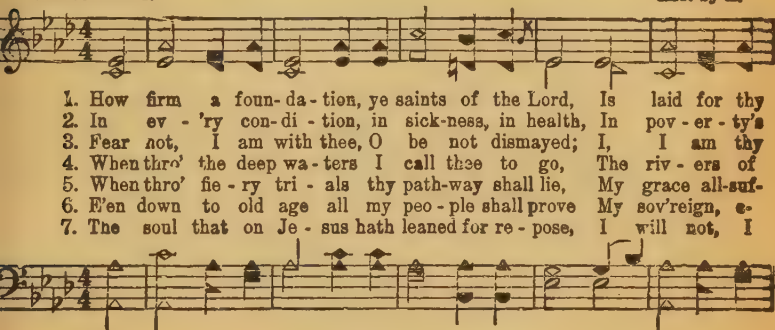


No. 99.

How Firm a Foundation.

GEO. KEITH.

Arr. by L.

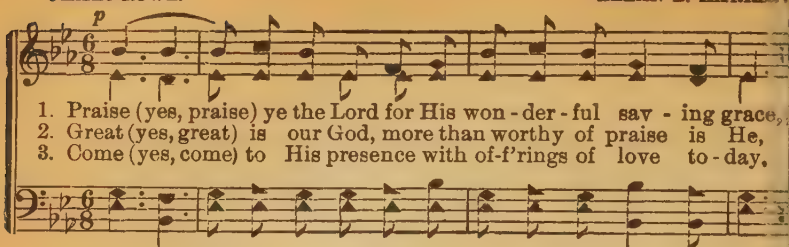


Praise the King of the Ages.

JAMES ROWE.

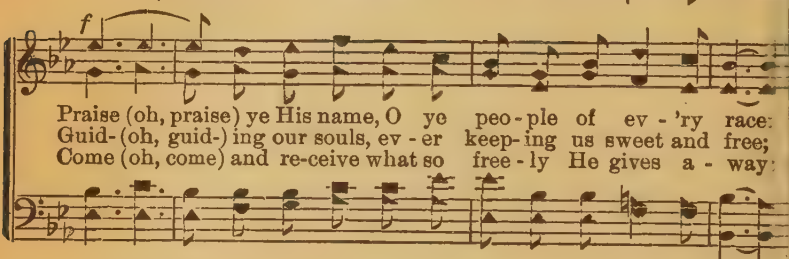
LELAN B. HARRIS.

p



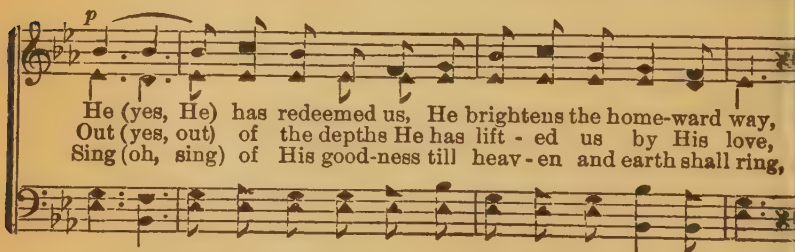
1. Praise (yes, praise) ye the Lord for His won - der - ful sav - ing grace,
 2. Great (yes, great) is our God, more than worthy of praise is He,
 3. Come (yes, come) to His presence with of-f-rings of love to-day.

f



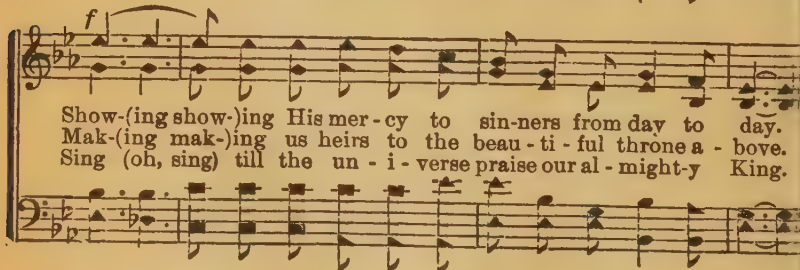
Praise (oh, praise) ye His name, O ye peo-ple of ev-'ry race:
 Guid-(oh, guid-)ing our souls, ev-er keep-ing us sweet and free;
 Come (oh, come) and re-ceive what so free-ly He gives a-way:

p



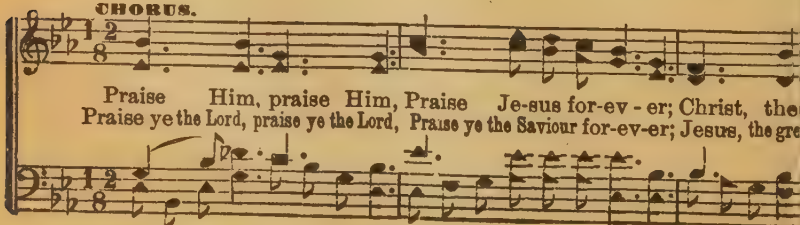
He (yes, He) has redeemed us, He brightens the home-ward way,
 Out (yes, out) of the depths He has lift-ed us by His love,
 Sing (oh, sing) of His good-ness till heav-en and earth shall ring,

f



Show-(ing show-)ing His mer-cy to sin-ners from day to day.
 Mak-(ing mak-)ing us heirs to the beau-ti-ful throne a-bove.
 Sing (oh, sing) till the un-i-verse praise our al-might-y King.

CHORUS.



Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Je-sus for-ev-er; Christ, the
 Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Saviour for-ev-er; Jesus, the great

Praise the King of the Ages. Concluded.

Sav - iour, praise and a - dore; Tribes and na - tions
 Say-iour of men, Sing, O ye tribes, nations give praise,
 sing of His glo-ri-ous love, Praise the King of the a-ges for ev - er - more.

No. 103.

Blessed Be the Name.


Arranged.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sound, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 3. It soothes the trou-bled sin-ner's breast, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 4. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 5. There's mu - sic in the Saviour's name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

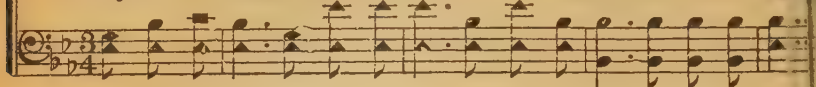

It soothes my sor-rows, heals my wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 It gives the wea - ry sweet-est rest, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 What a dear Sav-iour I have found, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 Let ev - 'ry heart His love pro-claim, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

CHORUS.


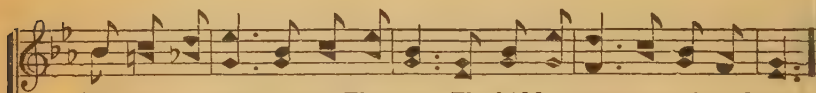
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord, of the Lord.




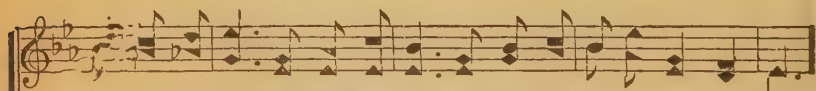
1. O God, my life I give to Thee, In ev-'ry-thing Thy child to be
 2. My voice of faithfulness proclaim The wonders of Thy blessed name
 3. My will to be conformed to Thine In ev-'ry good and wise design


My lips Thy sav-ing grace to tell, The prais-es of my King to swell
 My heart Thy love to always show Wher-ever I am called to go;
 My brain to plan, that ev-'ry tho't Un-to my Mas-ter to be brought

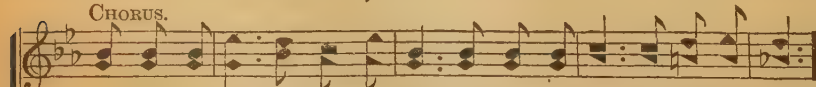
My eyes to see Thee as Thou art, The hidden treasures of my heart;
 My hands Thy bidding here to do, In earnest toil and serv-ice true;
 My wealth to on Thy al-tar lay In con-se-cra-tion there to stay;

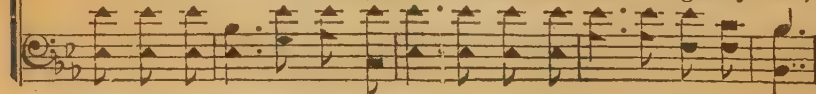
My ears to hear what Thou dost say, To guide me lest I go a-stray.
 My feet to walk where all have trod, Who found the way that leads to God.
 My fondest hope, my faith, my pray'r, In life, in death with Thee to share.



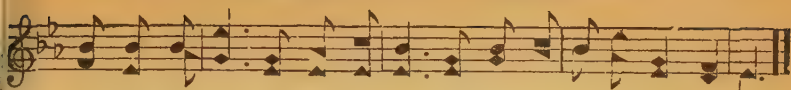
CHORUS.



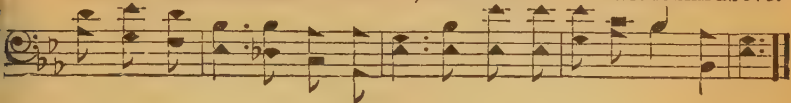
To live for Je-sus is my pray'r, His cross on earth to gladly bear,



My Consecration. Concluded.



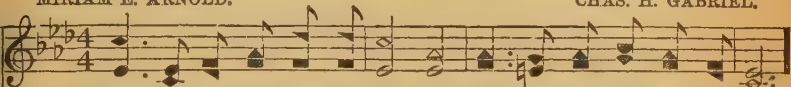
To know the full-ness of His love, And wear a crown with Him above.



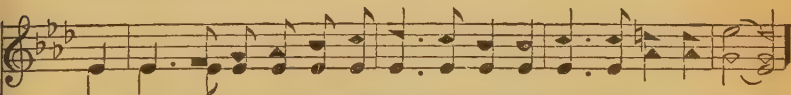
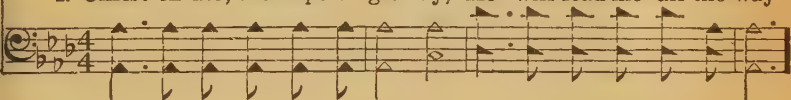
No. 105. Christ in Me, the Hope of Glory.

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD.

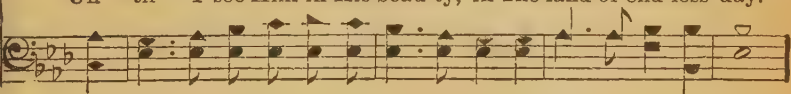
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Christ in me, the hope of glo - ry, Is the sum of all my dreams;
2. Christ in me, the hope of glo - ry, This a-lone.—all else is vain;
3. Christ in me, the hope of glo - ry, Strength in weakness will sup-ply,
4. Christ in me, the hope of glo - ry, He will lead me all the way



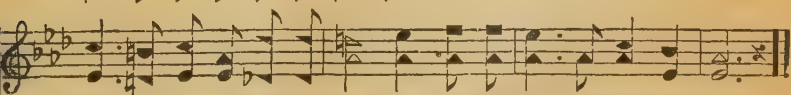
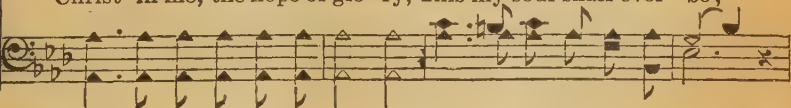
Each day my faith the stronger, brighter grows, And more abundant seems
It was for me He went to Cal - va - ry—The Lamb for sinners slain.
In my temptations give me vic - to - ry, In ev - 'ry need be nigh.
Un - til I see Him in His beau - ty, in The land of end-less day.



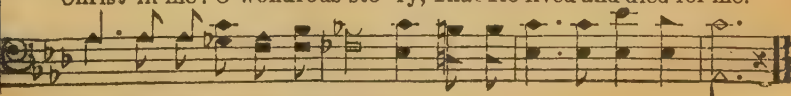
CHORUS.



Christ in me, the hope of glo - ry, This my soul shall ever be;



Christ in me! O wondrous sto - ry, That He lived and died for me.

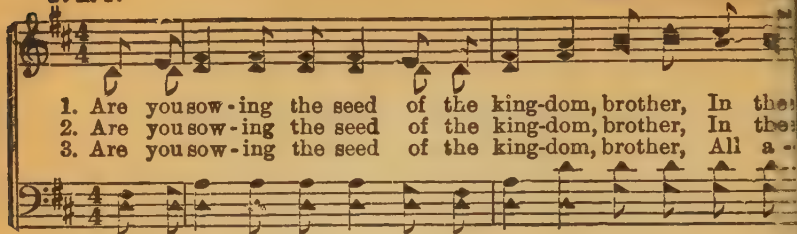


No. 166. Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

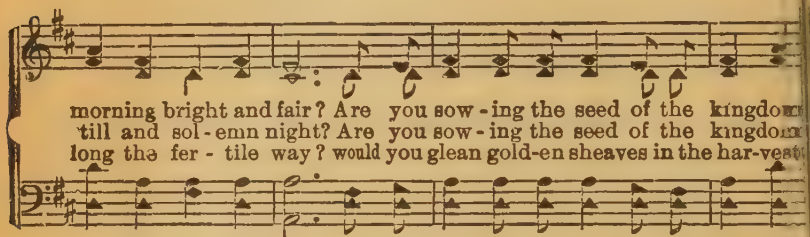
Used by per. of Fillmore Bros., owners of copyright.

F. A. F.

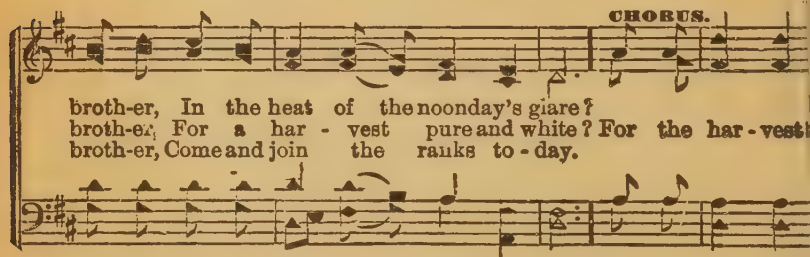
FRED A. FILLMORE



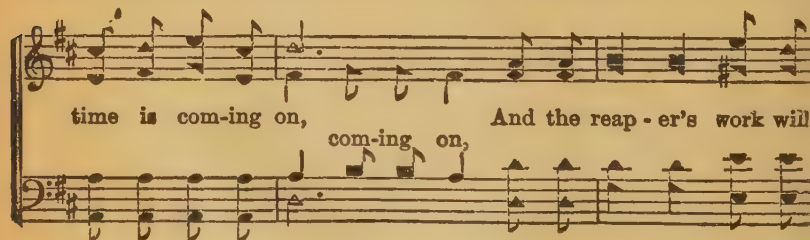
1. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, In the
2. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, In the
3. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, All a -



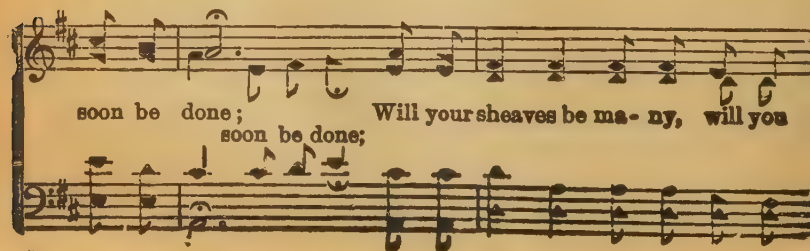
morning bright and fair? Are you sow - ing the seed of the kingdom
till and sol - emn night? Are you sow - ing the seed of the kingdom
long the fer - tile way? would you glean gold - en sheaves in the har - vest



CHORUS.
broth - er, In the heat of the noonday's glare?
broth - er, For a har - vest pure and white? For the har - vest
broth - er, Come and join the ranks to - day.



time is com - ing on, com - ing on, And the reap - er's work will

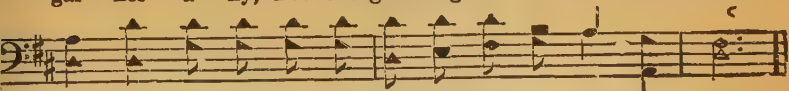


soon be done; Will your sheaves be ma - ny, will you
soon be done;

Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom. Concluded.



gar - ner a - ny, For the gath'ring at the har-vest home?



No. 107.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW.

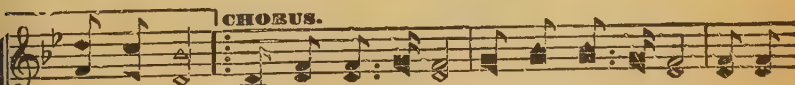
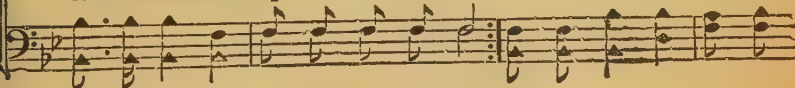
GEORGE A. MINOP



1. { Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing
Wai-ting for the harv-est, and the time of reap-ing, We shall
2. { Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing
By and by the har-vest and the la-bor end-ed We shall
3. { Go then, e-ven weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter; Tho' the
When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come, We shall

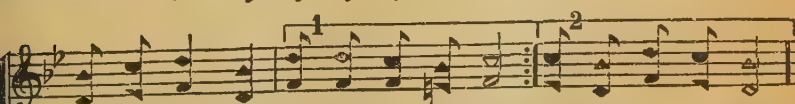


in the noontide and the dew-y eves; come re-joic-ing, bring-ing
neither clouds nor winter's chill-y breeze; come re-joic-ing, bring-ing
loss sustained our spir-it oft-en grieves; come re-joic-ing, bring-ing

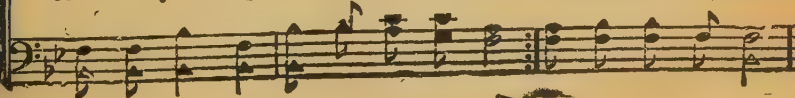


CHORUS.

in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall



come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves.

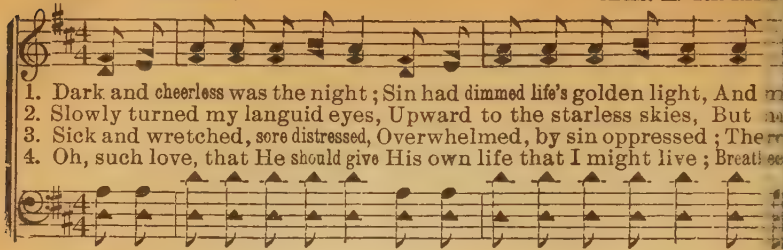


No. 108.

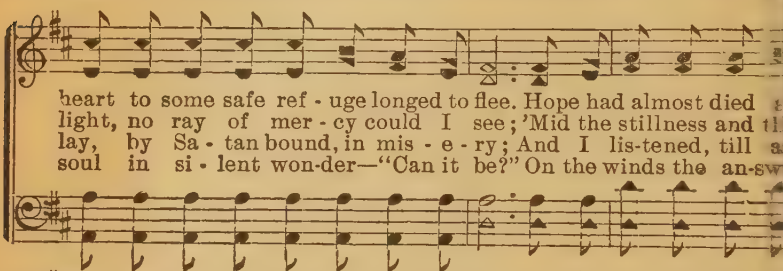
The Saviour's Dying Cry.

DAVID J. BEATTIE.

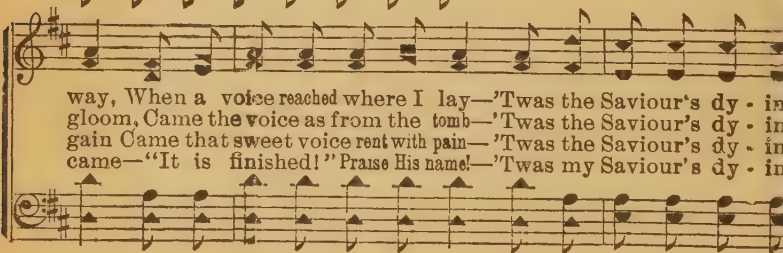
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



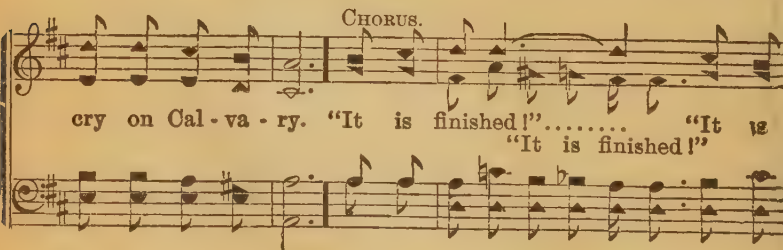
1. Dark and cheerless was the night ; Sin had dimmed life's golden light, And m
2. Slowly turned my languid eyes, Upward to the starless skies, But no
3. Sick and wretched, sore distressed, Overwhelmed, by sin oppressed : Ther
4. Oh, such love, that He should give His own life that I might live ; Breathe



heart to some safe ref - uge longed to flee. Hope had almost died
light, no ray of mer - cy could I see; 'Mid the stillness and the
lay, by Sa - tan bound, in mis - e - ry; And I lis - tened, till
soul in si - lent won - der—"Can it be?" On the winds the an - swer

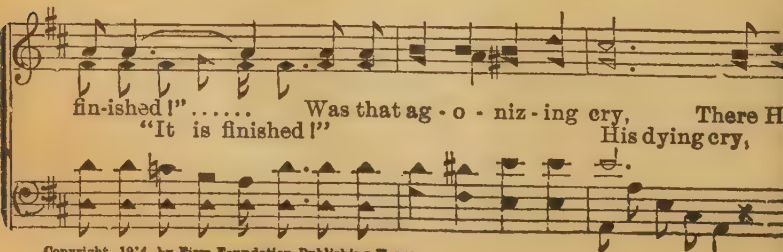


way, When a voice reached where I lay—'Twas the Saviour's dy-ing
gloom, Came the voice as from the tomb—'Twas the Saviour's dy-ing
gain Came that sweet voice rent with pain—'Twas the Saviour's dy-ing
came—"It is finished!" Praise His name!—'Twas my Saviour's dy-ing



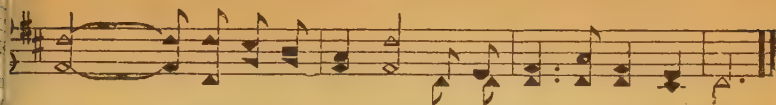
CHORUS.

cry on Cal - va - ry. "It is finished!"..... "It is finished!"

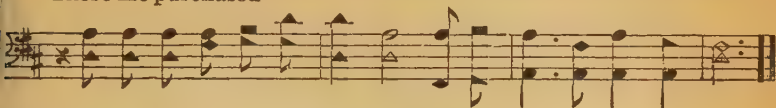


fin-ished!" Was that ag - o - niz - ing cry, There He
"It is finished!" His dying cry,

The Saviour's Dying Cry. Concluded.



pur chased my sal-va-tion, On the cross up-lift-ed high.
There He purchased



No. 109.

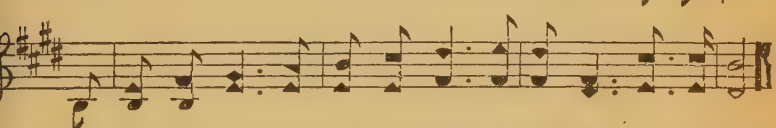
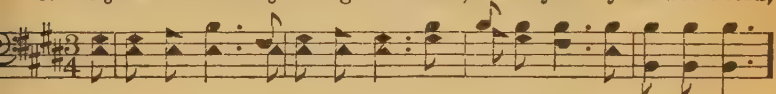
Always Happy.

JAMES ROWE.

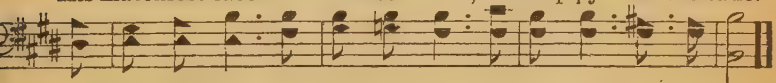
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. My hand is in the hand divine, For I am His and He is mine;
2. He leads my soul in pastures new And Canaan's land, by faith I view;
3. He guides me t'ward the gates of gold Where, when my sto-ry has been told,



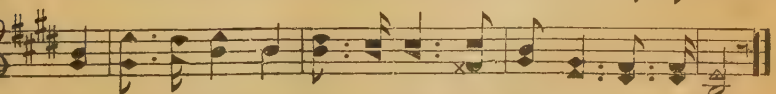
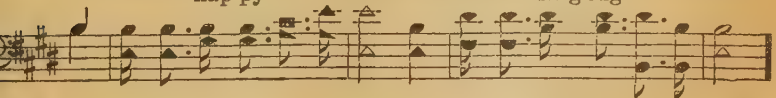
His glo-ries o'er my pathway shine; I'm hap-py all the while.
With this dear Friend, so kind, so true, I'm hap-py all the while.
His matchless face I shall be-hold; I'm hap-py all the time.



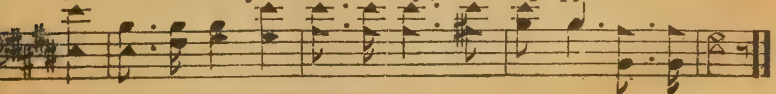
CHORUS.



I'm hap-py all the while, I'm sing-ing free from guile;
hap-py sing-ing



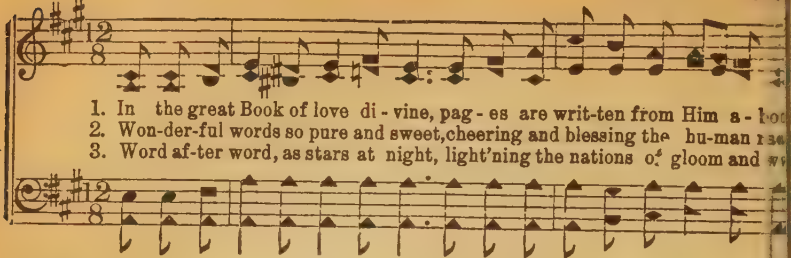
In life's true way I walk to-day; I'm hap-py all the while.



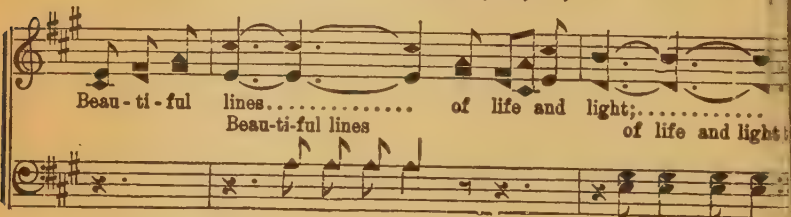
No. 110. Beautiful Lines of Life and Light.

A T.

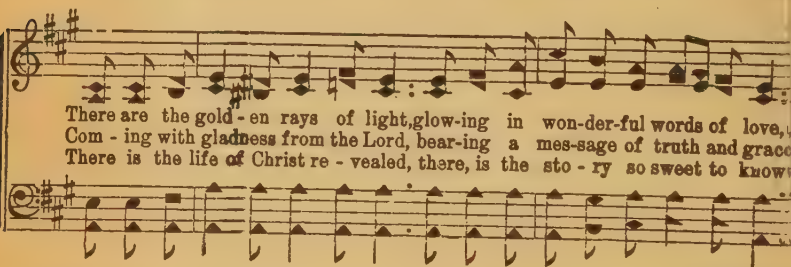
AUSTIN TAYLOR



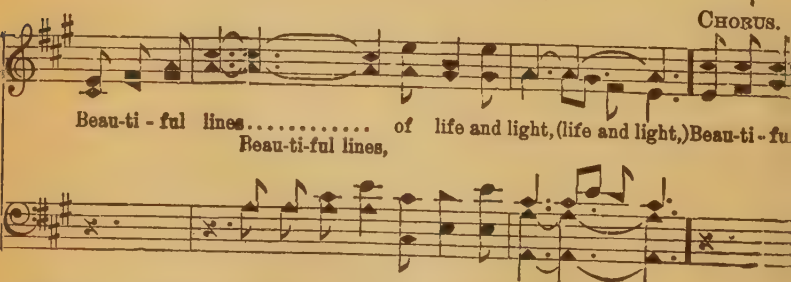
1. In the great Book of love di - vine, pag - es are writ - ten from Him a - bo
 2. Won - der - ful words so pure and sweet, cheer - ing and bless - ing the hu - man race
 3. Word af - ter word, as stars at night, light'ning the na - tions of gloom and woe



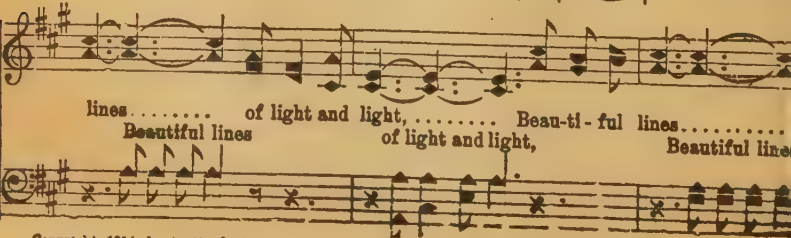
Beau - ti - ful lines..... of life and light;.....
 Beau - ti - ful lines of life and light



There are the gold - en rays of light, glow - ing in won - der - ful words of love,
 Com - ing with glad - ness from the Lord, bear - ing a mes - sage of truth and grace
 There is the life of Christ re - vealed, there, is the sto - ry so sweet to know

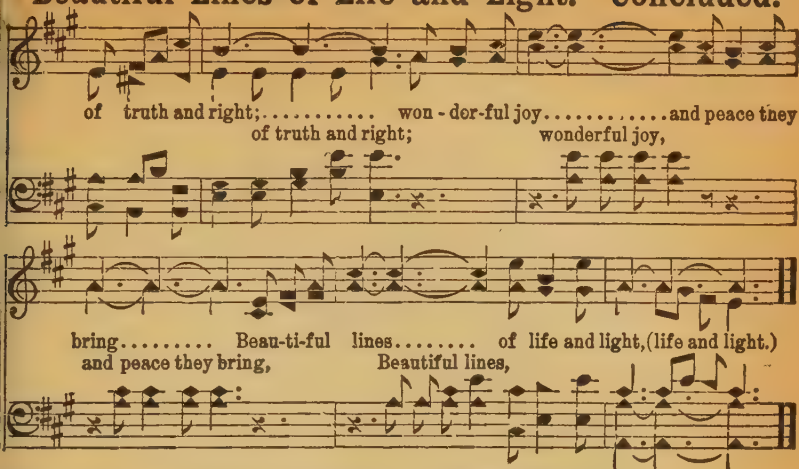


CHORUS.
 Beau - ti - ful lines..... of life and light, (life and light,) Beau - ti - ful
 Beau - ti - ful lines,



lines..... of light and light,..... Beau - ti - ful lines.....
 Beautiful lines of light and light, Beautiful lines

Beautiful Lines of Life and Light. Concluded.



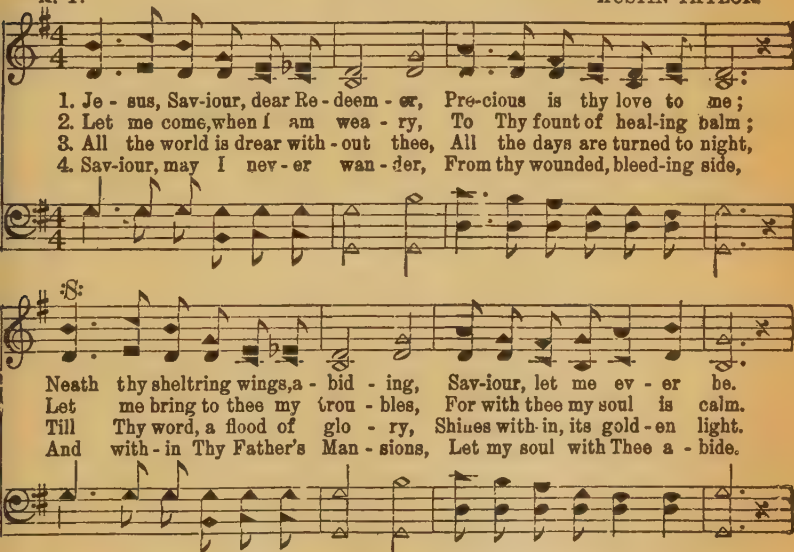
of truth and right;..... won - der - ful joy..... and peace they
of truth and right; wonderful joy,

bring..... Beau - ti - ful lines..... of life and light, (life and light.)
and peace they bring, Beautiful lines,

No. 111. Jesus, Saviour, Keep Me Holy.

A. T.

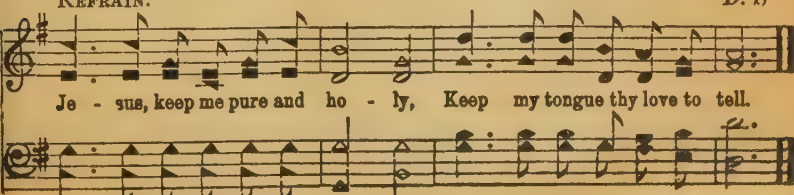
AUSTIN TAYLOR.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, dear Re - deem - er, Pre - cious is thy love to me;
2. Let me come, when I am wea - ry, To Thy fount of heal - ing balm;
3. All the world is drear with - out thee, All the days are turned to night,
4. Sav - iour, may I nev - er wan - der, From thy wounded, bleed - ing side,

Neath thy sheltring wings, a - bid - ing, Sav - iour, let me ev - er be.
Let me bring to thee my trou - bles, For with thee my soul is calm.
Till Thy word, a flood of glo - ry, Shines with - in, its gold - en light.
And with - in Thy Father's Man - sions, Let my soul with Thee a - bide.

D. S.—When this life of toil is end - ed, Take me home with Thee to dwell.
REFRAIN. D. S



Je - sus, keep me pure and ho - ly, Keep my tongue thy love to tell.

No. 112.

Singing As We Go.

E. M. BANGS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. We are marching on-ward, Joining hand in hand, Guid-ed by our
2. Tho' the path is sometimes Rough beneath our feet, And our courage
3. On-ward, ev - er on-ward, Then from day to day, Look ing to our



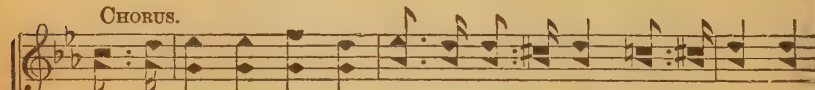
Cap-tain, All a hap-py band : In the summer sun-shine, Or the
fal - ters As the foe we meet; Tho' the way is dark - er Where the
Cap-tain, He will lead the way ; So with hap-py voic - es, Meet we



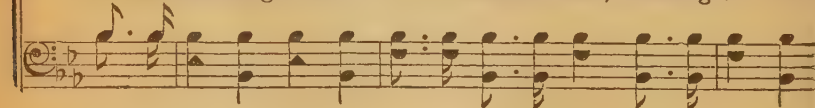
win-ter snow, We are march-ing on - ward, Singing as we go.
shadows grow, Still we're marching on - ward, Singing as we go.
friend or foe, We are march-ing on - ward, Singing as we go.



CHORUS.



We are marching onward To our home a-bove, Trusting in our



Lead-er, Liv - ing in His love ; He will guide us safe - ly, Well His



Singing As We Go. Concluded.

care we know, We are march-ing on - ward, Sing-ing as we go.

No. 113. Alone With Jesus.

REV. A. H. ACKLEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O to be a-lone with Je - sus! In His presence I would be,
2. O to be a-lone with Je - sus! Is to bid my foes de-part,
3. O to be a-lone with Je - sus! Is to live on high-er ground,

When I hear the tramp of heav-en Ush-er in e - ter - ni - ty.
While the o - ver-flow-ing ful-ness Of His spir-it fills my heart.
Bur-dened with a love for sinners, Which alone in Christ is found.

CHORUS.

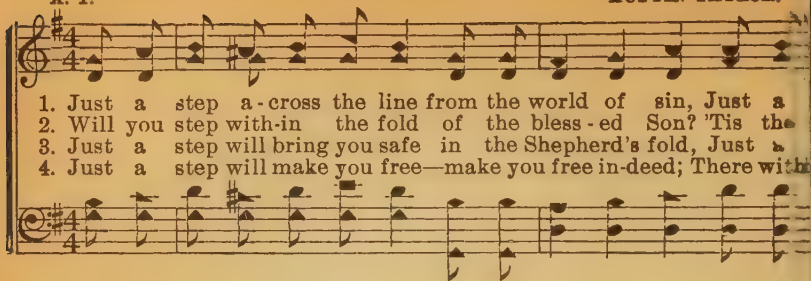
O to be a-lone with Je - sus, From all sin and care set free,

There is where His love is sweetest, There is where He's near-est me.

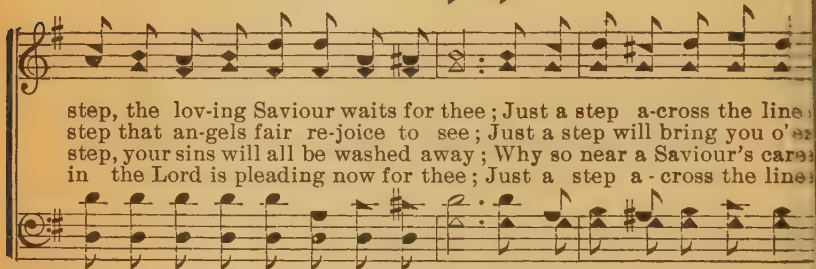
No. 114. Just a Step Across the Line.

A. T.

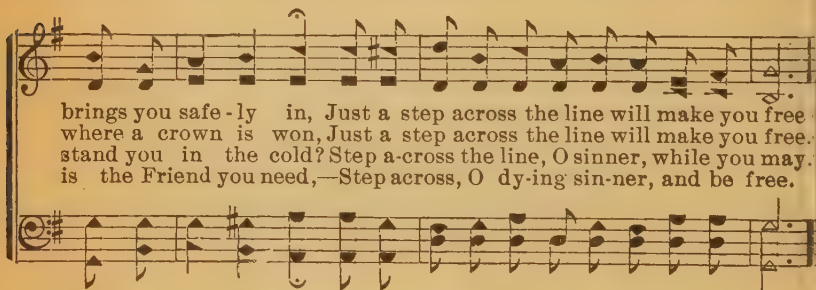
AUSTIN TAYLOR.



1. Just a step a-cross the line from the world of sin, Just a
 2. Will you step with-in the fold of the bless-ed Son? 'Tis the
 3. Just a step will bring you safe in the Shepherd's fold, Just a
 4. Just a step will make you free—make you free in-deed; There with

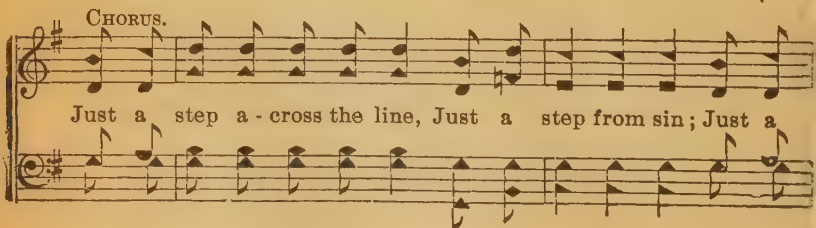


step, the lov-ing Saviour waits for thee; Just a step a-cross the line
 step that an-gels fair re-joice to see; Just a step will bring you o'er
 step, your sins will all be washed away; Why so near a Saviour's care
 in the Lord is pleading now for thee; Just a step a-cross the line

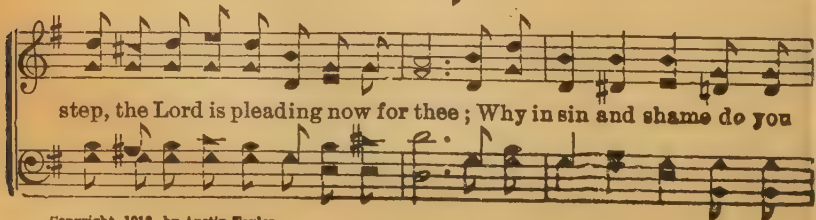


brings you safe-ly in, Just a step across the line will make you free
 where a crown is won, Just a step across the line will make you free.
 stand you in the cold? Step a-cross the line, O sinner, while you may.
 is the Friend you need,—Step across, O dy-ing sin-ner, and be free.

CHORUS.



Just a step a-cross the line, Just a step from sin; Just a



step, the Lord is pleading now for thee; Why in sin and shame do you

Just a Step Across the Line. Concluded.

there re-main? Just a step a - cross the line will make you free.

No. 115.

Full Salvation.

F. L. EILAND. Author of Chorus unknown.

J. L. MOORE.

1. I have found a full sal - va - tion, Trusting in my Saviour's blood,
 2. My redemption He has purchased, Without money; O how free.
 3. I will sing it to the na-tions, Blessed sto - ry, O how sweet!

And my joy's beyond ex-press-ing, Walking with the Lamb of God.
 Yes, He paid it all on Cal-v'ry, And the gift bestowed on me.
 And the joy of full sal - va - tion, Let my tongue this song repeat.

CHORUS.

O the joy of full sal - va - tion! How it thrills my inmost soul!

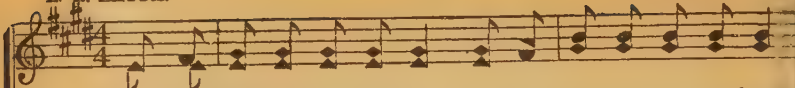
Spread the news to ev - 'ry na-tion,—Je-sus' love has made me whole!

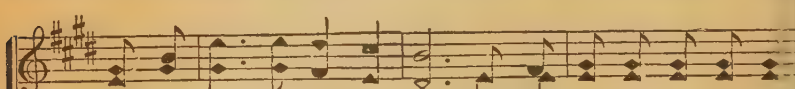
No. 116.

Jesus Pleads.

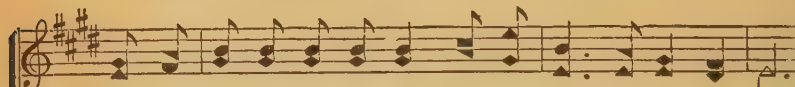
E. R. LATTA.

J. M. HAGAN.

- 
1. Je - sus pleads with ev'-ry one, By the guilt of sin un-done,
 2. Je - sus pleads with young and old, To be mem-bers of His fold,
 3. Je - sus pleads with griefs He bore, That He might the lost re-store

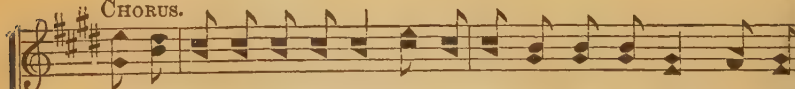


To be rec - on-ciled to God; Sin - ner, hark-en to His plea
And to share His wondrous love; Sin - ner, turn Him not a - way
To their first and blest es - tate; Shall we slight His love and pain



While He waits to par-don thee, Thro' His precious cleansing blood
But ac-cept of Him to-day, And His ten - der mer - cy prove
Shall we make His death in vain? Shall we bid Him in to re-ate?

CHORUS.



Jesus pleads with you and me, His dis - ci-ples here to be, Or be



lost..... e - ter-nal-ly!..... E - ter-nal-ly,.....
Or be lost e - ter-nal-ly! E - ter-nal-ly

Jesus Pleads. Concluded.

rit.

e - ter - nal - ly, e - ter - nal - ly, Or be lost e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 117. In the Shadow of the Cross.

REV. J. W. WAYLAND.

HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. Near to Je - sus I'm a - bid - ing, I will fear no harm or loss,
 2. On the land or on the o - cean, Storms may rage and billows toss,
 3. If there come a time of sor - row, And I seem to suf - fer loss,
 4. 'Tis by tri - als we are test - ed, Fire but frees the gold from dross,

For my soul is safe - ly hid - ing In the shad - ow of the cross.
 Knows my heart but faith's e - mo - tion In the shad - ow of the cross.
 I will think how Je - sus suf - fer - ed In the shad - ow of the cross.
 Je - sus wrought us life and glo - ry In the shad - ow of the cross.

REFRAIN.

In the Sav - iour's love a - bid - ing, I am free from harm and loss.

O my soul is safe - ly hid - ing In the shadow of the cross.

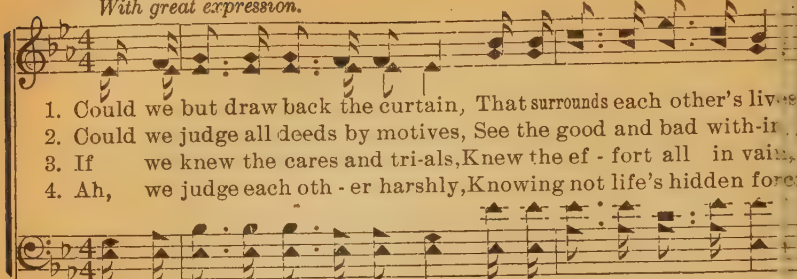
No. 118.

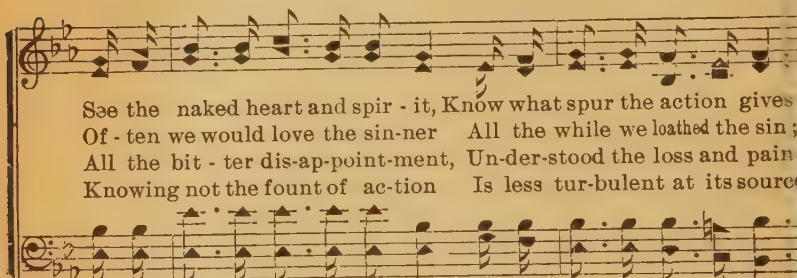
If We Only Understood.

Words anonymous.

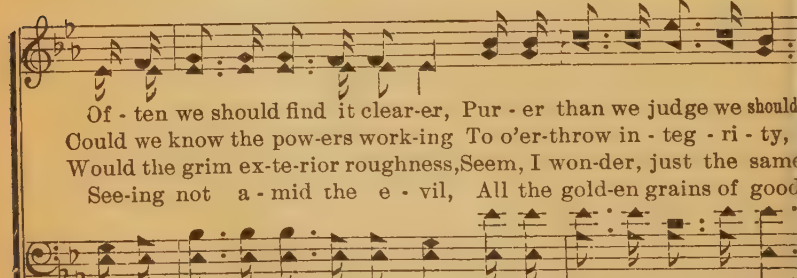
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With great expression.

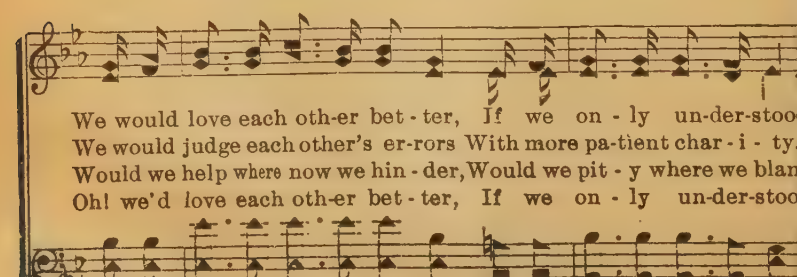
- 
1. Could we but draw back the curtain, That surrounds each other's lives
 2. Could we judge all deeds by motives, See the good and bad with-in
 3. If we knew the cares and tri-als, Knew the ef - fort all in vain,
 4. Ah, we judge each oth - er harshly, Knowing not life's hidden force



See the naked heart and spir - it, Know what spur the action gives
 Of - ten we would love the sin - ner All the while we loathed the sin;
 All the bit - ter dis-ap-point-ment, Un-der-stood the loss and pain
 Knowing not the fount of ac-tion Is less tur-bulent at its source



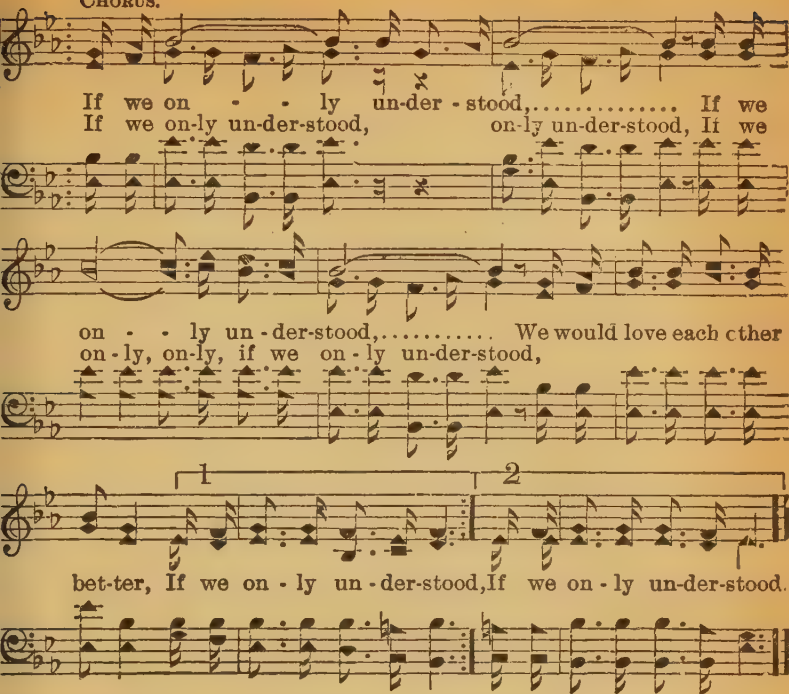
Of - ten we should find it clear-er, Pur - er than we judge we should
 Could we know the pow-ers work-ing To o'er-throw in - teg - ri - ty,
 Would the grim ex-te-rior roughness, Seem, I won-der, just the same
 See-ing not a - mid the e - vil, All the gold-en grains of good



We would love each oth-er bet - ter, If we on - ly un-der-stood
 We would judge each other's er-rors With more pa-tient char - i - ty.
 Would we help where now we hin - der, Would we pit - y where we blame
 Oh! we'd love each oth-er bet - ter, If we on - ly un-der-stood

If We Only Understood. Concluded.

CHORUS.

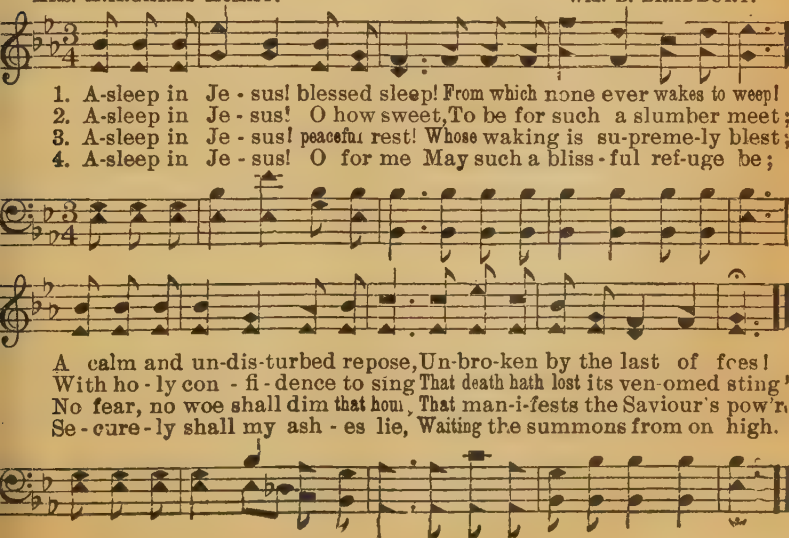


If we on - - ly un - der - stood,..... If we
 If we on - ly un - der - stood, on - ly un - der - stood, If we
 on - - ly un - der - stood,..... We would love each other
 on - ly, on - ly, if we on - ly un - der - stood,
 bet - ter, If we on - ly un - der - stood, If we on - ly un - der - stood.

No. 119. Asleep In Jesus.

MRS. MARGARET MCKAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wakes to weep!
 2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet, To be for such a slumber meet;
 3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest;
 4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be;
 A calm and un-dis-turbed repose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes!
 With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing That death hath lost its ven-omed sting,
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour, That man-i-fests the Saviour's pow'r,
 Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 120. Numberless as the Sands.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. Who can count the mer-cies that our God be-stows Dai-ly on H
2. Who can count His mer-cies? as the stars of heav'n Blessings are H
3. Who can count His mer-cies, man-i-fold and great? He who, with com
4. Who can count His mer-cies to the sons of men Whom His own wi

peo - ple who in Him re-pose? Trust, in faith, be liev-ing
sends us, He who hath for-giv'n All of our transgression
pas - sion, viewed man's lost es - tate, Gra-cious-ly re-called us
suc - cor till He comes a - gain? Great His lov-ing kind-ness

on His ho - ly name, Sov'reign Lord and mighty, evermore the same
and our souls set free From sin's grievous bondage, to His liber - ty.
who were lost in sin, To His fold of safe-ty bade us en - ter in.
whose re-ward is sure, And His ten-der mercies ev-er-more en-dure.

CHORUS.

Num - - ber-less, Num - ber-less, Num-ber-less as the
Numberless as the sands, as the sands by the sea, Num-ber-less as the

sands by the sea (by the sea); His mer - cies free, for

Numberless as the Sands. Concluded.

you and me, Are num-ber-less as the sands by the sea.

No. 121. I Am Kept By Him Alone.

E. R. LATTA.

WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. In this world of sin and trouble, Where so ma-n-y ills are known,
2. If by faith, in Him con-fid-ing, I will fol-low day by day,
3. What if some should try to tempt me, And my name and home de-stroy;
4. When my pilgrimage is o-ver, I shall see Him on His throne,

If I shun the way of e-vil, I am kept by Him a-lone.
 In pur-su-ance of His guid-ing, He'll go with me all the way.
 By His grace 'tis mine to con-quer, What-so-ev-er may an-noy.
 And I'll sing thro'endless a-ges, I am kept by Him a-lone.

REFRAIN.

On the cross He died to save me, And He ev-er is my own.

From the sins that would enslave me, I am kept by Him a-lone.

No. 122. There's a Home for the Soul.

WILL W. SLATER.

1. There's a home for the soul where no sorrow can come, 'Tis the land where the
2. Let us la - bor and pray for the cause of the Lord, Tho' the way oft is
3. Some bright day we shall meet with the Saviour so dear, If we'll on - ly live
4. Brave-ly onward we'll go, tho' the clouds may appear, And our burdens may

Sav-iour doth reign; O what joy waiting there for the children of God!
seems dark and drear; If we're faithful to Him He will give us a crown
faith - ful and true; 'Tis the home for the soul He has gone to pre-pare
seem hard to bear; Blessed hope, O how sweet, we will meet loved ones gone

CHORUS.

When they meet on that bright, golden plain. O that home.....
In that home for the soul o - ver there.
And it's wait-ing for me and for you.
In that home for the soul o - ver there. Blessed, heav'nly home

for the soul,..... Where we'll rest by and
home so bright and fair, In that home of rest,

by;..... O what joy..... it will be.....
yes, we'll sweetly rest; O what joy so sweet, when we all shall meet

There's a Home for the Soul. Concluded.

Bless-ed Lord,..... there with Thee.
 Bless-ed Sav-iour, there with Thee, bless-ed Sav-iour, there with Thee.

No. 123. Prepare To Meet Thy God.

"Prepare to meet thy God."—AMOS 4: 12.

J. MADISON WRIGHT.

PREPARATION.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1. "Pre - pare to meet thy God." The call rings down the years:
 2. "Pre - pare to meet thy God." His plead - ing soon is o'er,
 3. "Pre - pare to meet thy God." Still speaks the voice of love,
 4. "Pre - pare to meet thy God." Is God's last call to thee;

For brief on earth is thine a-bode, And swift its end - ing nears.
 Rich of - fers thro' the Sav-iour's blood Shall charm thy ears no more.
 Which hedged with fears thy pathway trod, To raise thy thoughts a-bove.
 His mer - cy long has spared the rod, The judgment hour must be.

REFRAIN.

Pre-prepare (pre-prepare), pre-prepare (prepare), Pre-prepare to meet thy God;

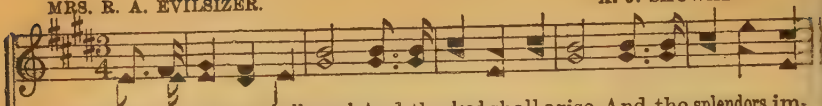
O hear the Spir-it's sol - emn call, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

No. 124.


In the Morning of Joy.

MRS. R. A. EVILSIZER.

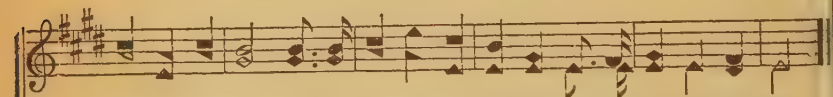
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. When the trumpet shall sound, And the dead shall arise, And the splendors im-
 2. When the King shall appear In His beau-ty on high, And shall summon His
 3. O the bliss of that morn When our loved ones we meet, With the songs of the

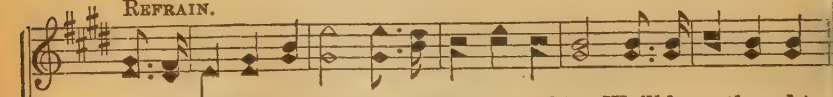


mor - tal Shall en-vel - op the skies, When the angel of death Shall no
 chil-dren To the courts of the sky, Shall the cause of the Lord Have been
 ransom'd We each other shall greet, Singing praise to the Lamb, Thro'e-

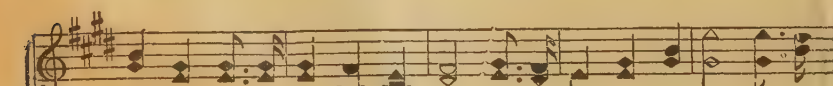


long-er destroy, And the dead shall a-wak-en In the morning of joy.
 all your em-ploy, That your soul may be spotless In the morning of joy.
 ter-ni-ty's years, With the past all forgotten With its sorrows and tears.

REFRAIN.



In the morning of joy, In the morning of joy, We'll be gathered to



glo-ry, In the morning of joy; In the morning of joy, In the

In the Morning of Joy. Concluded.

morning of joy, We'll be gathered to glo-ry, In the morning of joy.

No. 125. Shall We Meet?

HORACE L. HASTINGS.

ELIHU S. RICE.

Moderato.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voy-age is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce-les-tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?
 Shall we know His blessed fav-or, And sit down up-on His throne?

CHORUS.

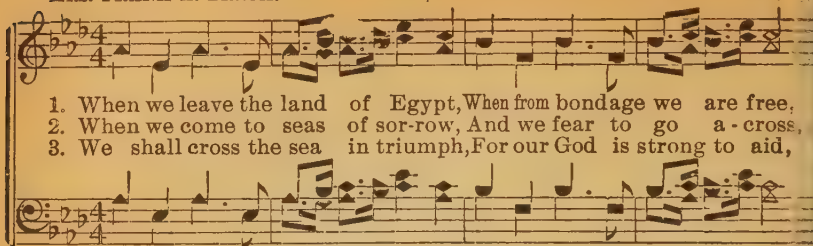
Shall we meet, shall we meet Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

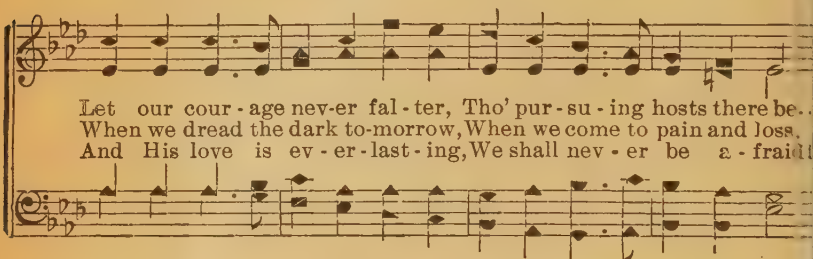
No. 126. We Shall Cross the Sea in Triumph.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

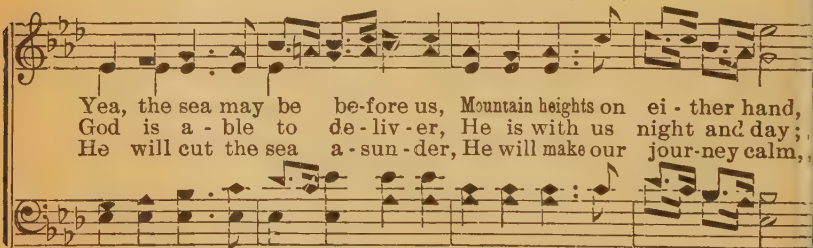
J. M. HAGAN.



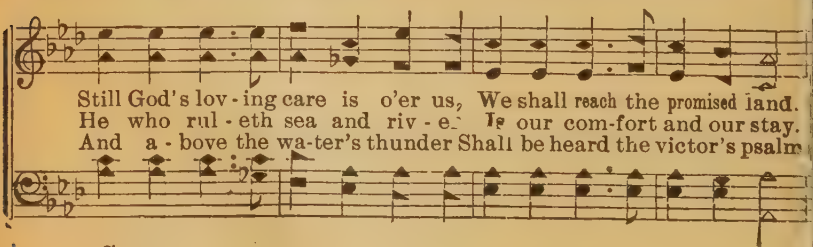
1. When we leave the land of Egypt, When from bondage we are free,
 2. When we come to seas of sor-row, And we fear to go a-cross,
 3. We shall cross the sea in triumph, For our God is strong to aid,



Let our cour-age nev-er fal-ter, Tho' pur-su-ing hosts there be.
 When we dread the dark to-morrow, When we come to pain and loss,
 And His love is ev-er-last-ing, We shall nev-er be a-fraid.

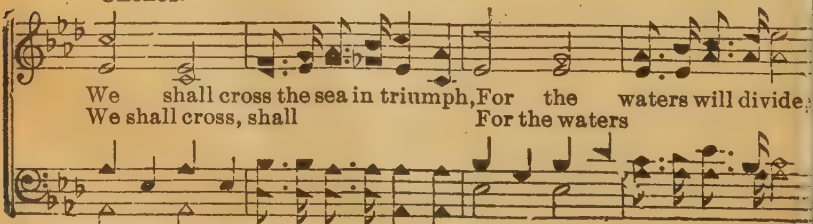


Yea, the sea may be be-fore us, Mountain heights on ei-ther hand,
 God is a-ble to de-liv-er, He is with us night and day;
 He will cut the sea a-sun-der, He will make our jour-ney calm,



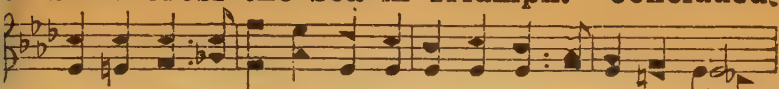
Still God's lov-ing care is o'er us, We shall reach the promised land.
 He who rul-eth sea and riv-er, Is our com-fort and our stay.
 And a-bove the wa-ter's thunder Shall be heard the victor's psalm.

CHORUS.

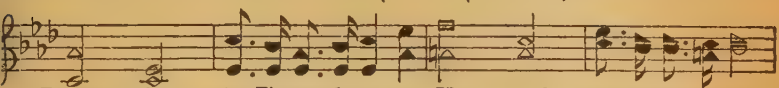
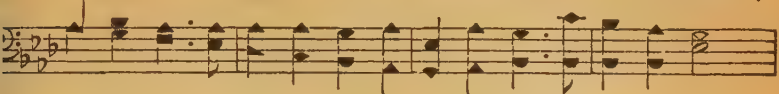


We shall cross the sea in triumph, For the waters will divide;
 We shall cross, shall For the waters

We Shall Cross the Sea in Triumph. Concluded.



And the Lord will go be-fore us, Our Commander and our Guide,



Praise, oh, praise His name for-ev-er, He will triumph gloriously;
Praise, oh, praise, yes, He will triumph



Pha-raoh's host shall not a-larm us, Christ will give us vic-to-ry!



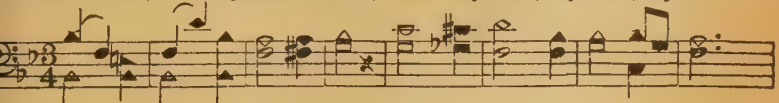
No. 127. Prince of Peace, Control My Will.

MARY BARBER.

LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK.



1. Prince of peace, control my will, Bid this struggling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, O-pened wide the gate of God;
3. May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one;
4. Sav-iour, at Thy feet I fall; Thou my Life, my God, my All!



Bid my fears and doubtings cease, Hush my spir-it in-to peace.
Peace I ask, but peace must be, Lord, in being one with Thee.
Chase these doubtings from my heart, Now Thy perfect peace im-part.
Let Thy hap-py serv-ant be One for ev-er-more with Thee. A-men

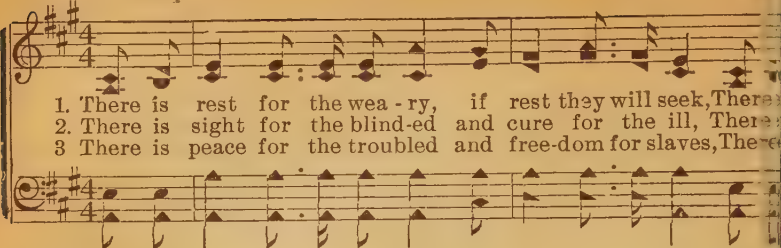


No. 128.

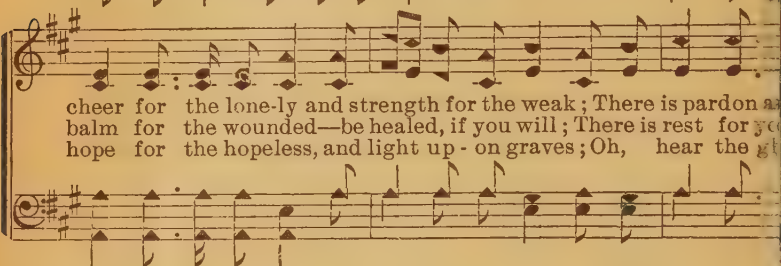
Will You Come?

JESSIE H. BROWN.

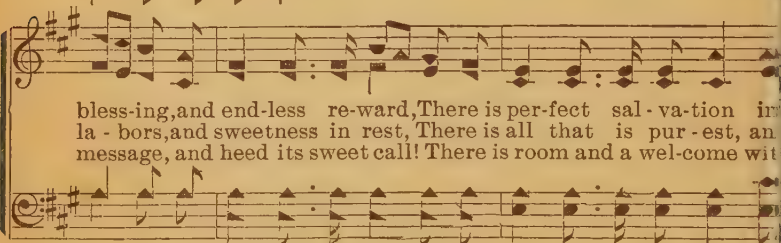
J. H. FILLMORE.



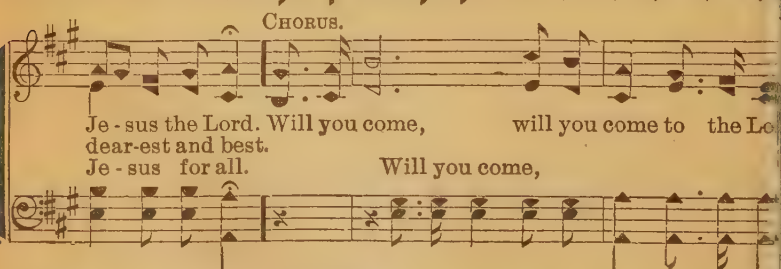
1. There is rest for the wea - ry, if rest they will seek, There
 2. There is sight for the blind - ed and cure for the ill, There
 3. There is peace for the troubled and free - dom for slaves, There



cheer for the lone - ly and strength for the weak ; There is pardon and
 balm for the wounded—be healed, if you will ; There is rest for you
 hope for the hopeless, and light up - on graves ; Oh, hear the

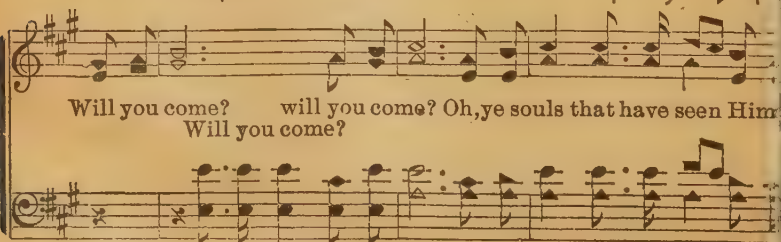


bles - sing, and end - less re - ward, There is per - fect sal - va - tion in
 la - bors, and sweetness in rest, There is all that is pur - est, and
 message, and heed its sweet call ! There is room and a wel - come with



CHORUS.

Je - sus the Lord. Will you come, will you come to the Lo
 dear - est and best.
 Je - sus for all. Will you come,



Will you come? will you come? Oh, ye souls that have seen Him
 Will you come?

Will You Come? Concluded.

vealed in His Word! Will you come? will you come?
will you come? will you come?

No. 129. We Are Waiting.

GRACE GLENN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We are wait-ing by the riv-er, Strong and weak and young and old,
2. We are wait-ing by the riv-er, And we may not know how near
3. We are wait-ing by the riv-er, And at most 'twill not be long

Till the boat-man comes to bear us To the far-off streets of gold.
Are our footsteps, glad or wea-ry, To its wa-ters still and clear.
Till we cross the si-lent wa-ters, Till we hear the an-gels' song.

CHORUS.

We are wait-ing by the riv-er, we are wait-ing, you and I;
wait-ing, you and I;

One by one our friends are crossing, We shall join them by and by.

No. 130. O, the Grand Old Book!

F. H.

FLAVIL HALL.

With vigor.

1. O, the grand old Book has stood the tri - als of the a - ges
2. Ev - 'ry creed that's made by men will per - ish in e - ter - nal
3. Back, then, from the wars of par - ties, and the con - flicts of the

past! Tho' the bat - tles have been strong, Tho' the battles have been strong
night, Heaven's Book a - lone shall stand, Heaven's Book a - lone shall stand
creeds, To the Word of God a - lone, To the Word of God a - lone

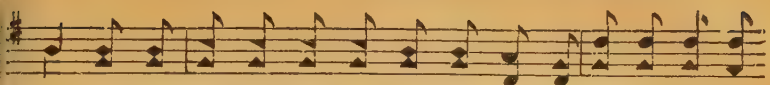
And 'twill stand the storms un - til e - ter - nal day shall dawn at
'Tis the on - ly light to guide us in the way of truth and
To the blood - bought Church of God, yes, to the way our Cap - tai

last, And God's love shall be our song, And God's love shall be our song
right, And to that bright happy land, And to that bright happy land
leads, Thus in Him we may "be one," Thus in Him we may "be one."

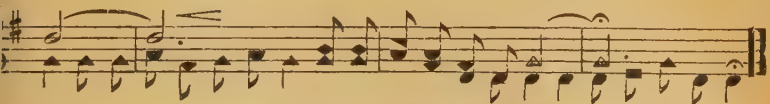
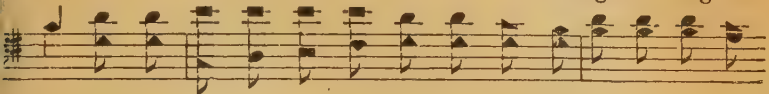
CHORUS.

O, the grand old Book!..... Send it forth to ev - 'ry
the grand old Book!

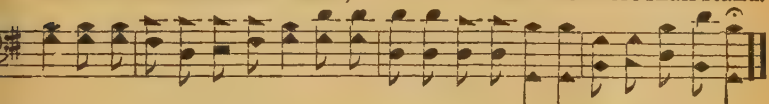
O, the Grand Old Book! Concluded.



land, For'twill lead the souls in darkness to the light of brightest



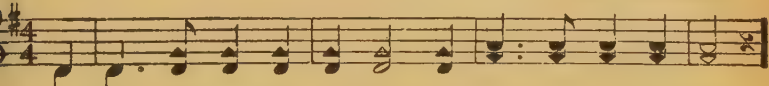
day,..... And for evermore shall stand....
And for evermore shall stand, for evermore shall stand.



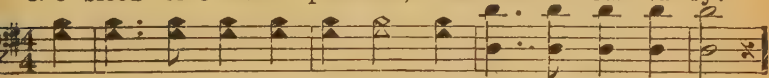
No. 131. O Love, Surpassing Knowledge!

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. O love, sur-pass-ing knowl-edge! O grace, so full and free!
2. O won - der - ful sal - va - tion! From sin He makes me free!
3. O blood of Christ so pre-cious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry!



- I know that Je - sus loves me, And that's e-nough for me.
I feel the sweet as - sur-ance, And that's e-nough for me.
I feel its cleans ing pow - er, And that's e-nough for me.



S.—I know that Je - sus loves me, And that's e-nough for me!

REFRAIN.

D. S.



And that's e-nough for me! And that's e-nough for me!



No. 132. Will the Angels Come For Me?

J. S. T.

J. S. TORBETT

1. When my work on earth is end - ed, Will the an - gels come for me
2. When life's sun is slow - ly sink - ing, And the soul will soon be free
3. Will the an - gels bear me up - ward To that home so bright and free

Will they bear me on their pin - ions O'er the dark and stormy sea?
Will the gates of heav - en o - pen, And the an - gels come for me
There to be with Christ my Saviour, And the ran - somed gath - ered there

CHORUS.

Will the an - gels come for me,
Will the an - gels come for me, oh, will the an - gels come for me

When I cross..... the storm - y sea?
When I cross the storm - y sea, yes, when I cross the storm - y sea

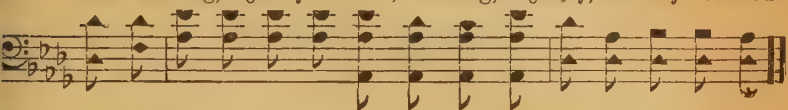
Will they take me home to God,
Will they take me home to God, oh, will they take me home to God,

Will the Angels Come For Me? Concluded.



When the long,..... rough way I've trod?

When the long, rough way I've trod, the long, rough way, the way I've trod?



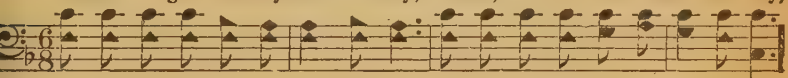
No. 133. What Will You Do With Jesus?

Anon.

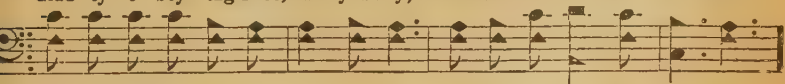
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Je - sus is stand-ing in Pi - late's Hall, Friendless, for-sak-en, betrayed by all;
2. Je - sus is stand-ing on tri - al still, You can be false to Him if you will;
3. Will you e - vade Him as Pi - late tried, Or will you choose Him whate'er betide;
4. Will you, like Pe - ter, your Lord de - ny? Or will you scorn from His foes to fly,
5. "Je-sus. I give Thee my heart to - day; Je-sus, I fol - low Thee all the way,



Hearken! what meaneth the sud - den call; What will you do with Je - sus?
 You can be faith-ful thro' good or ill; What will you do with Je - sus?
 Vain - ly you strug-gle from Him to hide; What will you do with Je - sus?
 Dar-ing for Je - sus to live or die; What will you do with Je - sus?
 Glad - ly o - bey - ing Thee," will you say; "This will I do with Je - sus?"



After 5th verse only.

Glad-ly I'll fol - low Him all the way, This will I do with Je - sus.



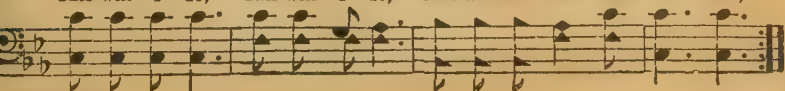
CHORUS.

D. S.

What will you do? What will you do? What will you do with Je - sus?

After 5th verse only.

This will I do, This will I do, This will I do with Je - sus;



By permission.

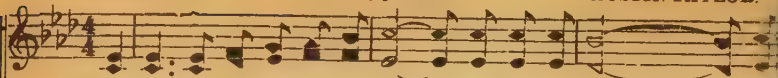
No. 134.

Trusting the Lord.

A. W. YOUNG.

Used by permission.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.



1. The prom-ise of the Might-y One Hath come to me..... th
 2. He gave His life up - on the tree, His blood was shed..... that
 3. I now re-joice in love di - vine, For I am His..... and
- Hath come to me

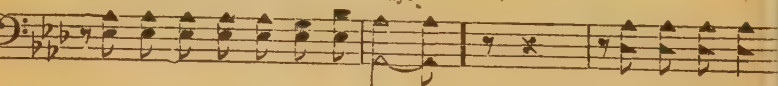


Christ, the Son,
I might be
He is mine,
Thro' Christ, the Son,
In Him I have a per-fect way, That leads to
Redeemed on earth from sin and strife, And have in
And soon He'll take me to the skies, To dwell with



CHORUS.

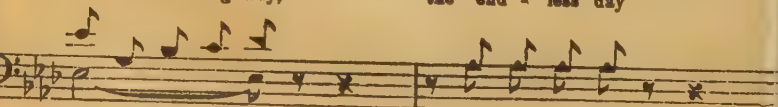
life..... and end-less day. I'll trust the Lord
Him..... e - ter-nal life.
Him..... in Par-a - dise. I'll trust the Lord
That leads to life and end-less day.



day by day, He leads me in the liv - ing
day by day, He leads me in



way,..... The end-less day..... by faith I
the liv - ing way, the end - less day



Trusting the Lord. Concluded.

see, When I'll with Him for-ev-er be.
by faith I see, When I'll with Him for-ev-er be.

No. 135. We Shall All Be Gathered Home.

(Words written for me soon after the death of my wife.—F. H.)

Firm Foundation Publishing House, owners.

MRS. BETTIE J. HINTON, Barnesville, O.

Arr. and har. by FLAVIL HALL.

1. In that land of light and glo - ry, Where no shad-ows ev - er come,
2. When we cross the Jor-dan riv - er, And be- hold the gold - en shore,
3. Oh, the hap - py, hap - py meet - ing On that ev - er bliss - ful shore,
3, Hap - py in that heav'nly man - sion We shall dwell for-ev - er - more,

We shall sweetly rest with Je - sus,
There we'll sing with an - gel voices,
Where no storm-clouds ev-er gath-er,
With our loved ones gone be-fore us,

When our work on earth is done.
Songs of praise unknown be - fore.
And where partings come no more.
Safe at home on Ca - naan's shore.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We shall all be gath-ered home,

And with the glad im - mor - tals O - ver there for - ev - er roam.

On To Victory.

KATHARYN BACON.

J. W. WEST.

1. Hark! the bu-gle sounds "To arms!" To the bat-tle field now speed you
 2. "To the front!" O hear the call, Fiercely now the bat-tle rag-es,
 3. Fal-ter not, but bravely fight Till the world is peace pos-sess-ing,

On to vic - - t'ry, soldiers, on! Fear you not de-feat or harms,
 In God's name the foe must fall,
 On to vic-t'ry, Then at last in heav'n so bright

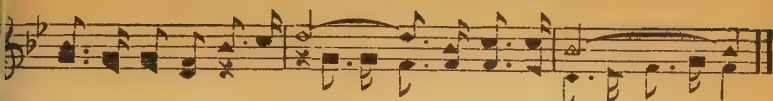
Christ Himself will ev - er lead you, On to vic - - - t'ry, soldiers, on!
 He's the conqu'ror of all a-ges,
 You'll re-ceive e - ter-nal blessing, On to vic-t'ry,

CHORUS.

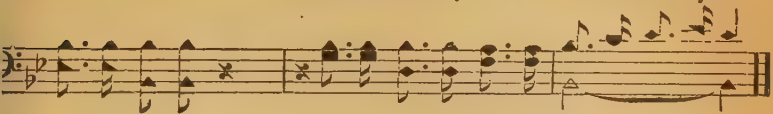
On to vic - - - - t'ry, soldiers, on!..... Soon the
 On to vic-t'ry, soldiers, on! yes, on to vic-t'ry, soldiers, on!

morn of peace will dawn, Wave on high the flag that frees us Till the world is

On to Victory. Concluded.



won for Je-sus, On to vic - - - t'ry, soldiers, on!.....
On to vic-t'ry, to vic-t'ry on!



No. 137. Jesus, the Light of the World.

J. V. C.

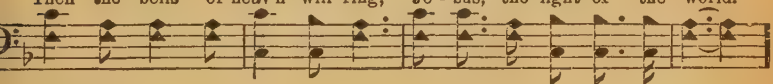
Arr.



1. All ye saints of light pro-claim, Je-sus, the light of the world;
2. Hear the Sav-iour's ear-nest call, Je-sus, the light of the world;
3. Why not seek Him then to-day, Je-sus, the light of the world;
4. Come, con-fess Him as your King, Je-sus, the light of the world;



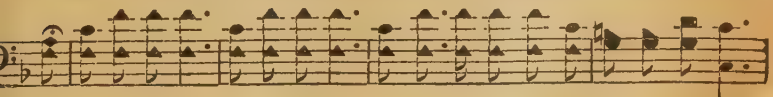
Life and mer-cy in His name, Je-sus, the light of the world.
Send the Gos-pel truth to all, Je-sus, the light of the world.
Go with truth the nar-row way, Je-sus, the light of the world.
Then the bells of heav'n will ring, Je-sus, the light of the world.



CHORUS.



We'll walk in the light, beau-ti-ful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright,



Shine all a-round us by day and by night, Je-sus, the light of the world.



No. 138.

He Saved Me.

GRACE MAYNARD.

JAS. B. FRANKLIN

1. O sing the song of sal - va - tion, Proclaim to ev - er - y na - ti - on
 2. He's promised ever to lead me, With heav'nly manna to feed me
 3. I'll nev - er cease to a - dore Him, For when my spirit be - fore Him

That Je - sus is waiting, is will - ing and ready To save their souls.
 His coun - cil directs me, His presence consoles me, The whole day long
 At judg - ment is standing, if He is my counsel Then all is well.

CHORUS.

He saved me,..... made me
 Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, Je - sus saved me, purchased sal - va - tion, saved me

free;..... What He has done for me, sin - ner, He'll do for you
 full and so free;

None but He! He saved me,.....
 Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, Je - sus saved me,

He Saves Me. Concluded.

Soon Sweet is the prom-ise that soon I shall be Sing-ing in
Slower.
 glo-ry the beau-ti-ful sto-ry, That "He saved me!"

No. 139.

Little Ones Like Me.

Anon.

(For the Infant Class.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sprightly.

1. Je-sus when He left the sky, And for sinners came to die, In His
 2. Mother's then the Saviour sought, In the places where He taught, Un-to
 3. Did the Saviour say them nay? No, He kindly bade them stay; Suffered
 4. Children, then, should love Him now, Strive His ho-ly will to do; Pray to

REFRAIN.

mer-cy passed not by, Little ones like me. Lit-tle ones like me,
 Him their children bro't, Little ones like me.
 none to turn a-way, Little ones like me.
 Him and praise Him, too, Little ones like me.

Little ones like me,

In His mer-cy pass not by, Little ones like me.

Un-to Him their children bro't,

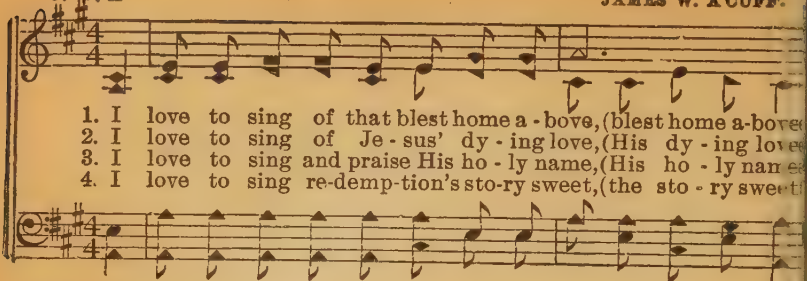
Suffered none to turn away,

like me, Pray to Him and praise Him, too,

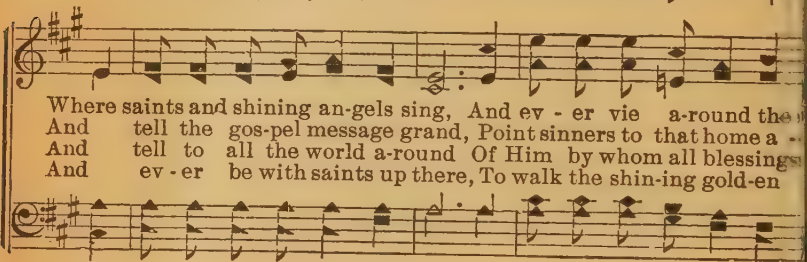
No. 140: That Heavenly Home.

J. W. A

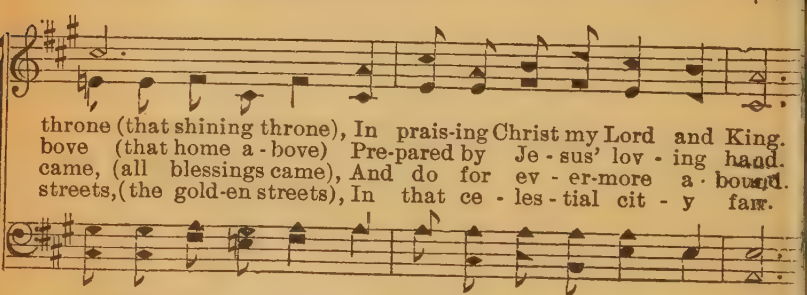
JAMES W. A CUFF.



1. I love to sing of that blest home a - bove, (blest home a - bove)
 2. I love to sing of Je - sus' dy - ing love, (His dy - ing love)
 3. I love to sing and praise His ho - ly name, (His ho - ly name)
 4. I love to sing re - demp - tion's sto - ry sweet, (the sto - ry sweet)

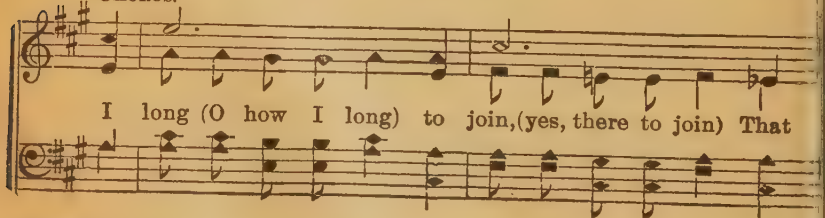


Where saints and shining an - gels sing, And ev - er vie a - round the
 And tell the gos - pel message grand, Points sinners to that home a -
 And tell to all the world a - round Of Him by whom all blessings
 And ev - er be with saints up there, To walk the shin - ing gold - en

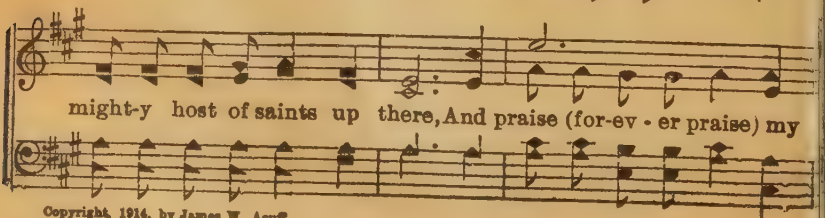


throne (that shining throne), In prais - ing Christ my Lord and King.
 bove (that home a - bove) Pre - pared by Je - sus' lov - ing hand.
 came, (all blessings came), And do for ev - er - more a - bound.
 streets, (the gold - en streets), In that ce - les - tial cit - y fair.

CHORUS.

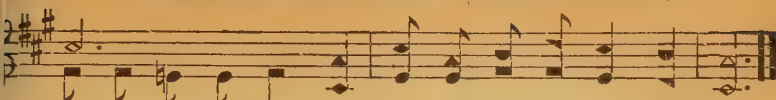


I long (O how I long) to join, (yes, there to join) That

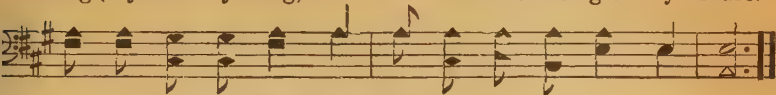


might - y host of saints up there, And praise (for - ev - er praise) my

That Heavenly Home. Concluded.



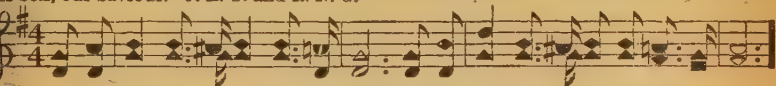
King (my heav'nly King) And ev - er-more his glo - ry share.



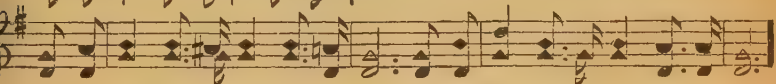
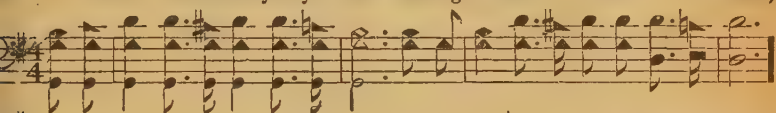
No. 141. I Will Never Turn Back.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me."—JESUS (John 10: 27).

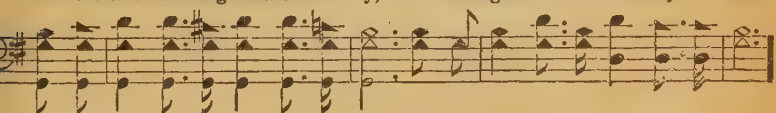
NOTE.—This little hymn is free to all publishers who will use it to the glory of God and His Son, our Saviour.—J. E. T. and R. N. G.



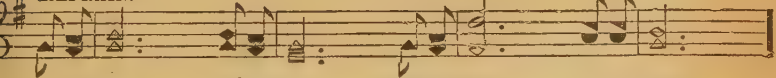
1. Once I wandered in darkness unsaved, Till the Sav-iour came knocking at my heart;
2. Of His love I will sing ev - 'ry day, Yes, I'll sing of His wondrous pow'r to save,
3. In His serv-ice each day may I be Lead-ing sin-ners to Je-sus to be healed,



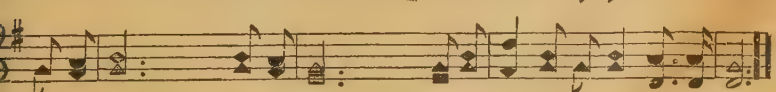
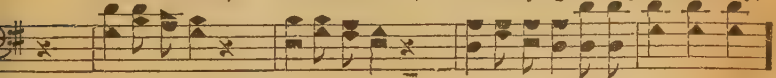
And I o - pened the door, let Him in, Now rich blessings to me He im-parts.
For my Sav - iour is lead - ing the way To those man-sions of glo - ry a - bove.
Thro' the blood flow-ing from Cal - va - ry, Till the light of His love they be-hold.



REFRAIN.



I will nev - er turn back, He's my light ev - 'ry day;
Never turn back, never turn back, He is my light ev - 'ry hour and day;



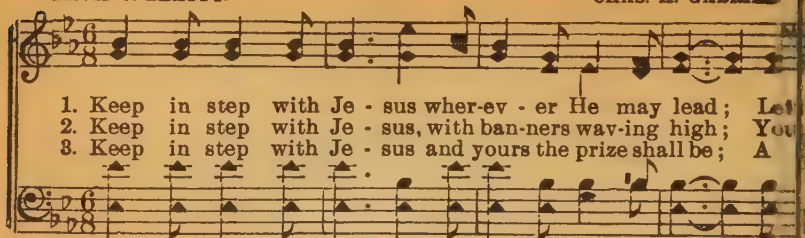
No, I'll nev - er turn back, For my Sav-iour is lead-ing the way.
Never turn back, never turn back,



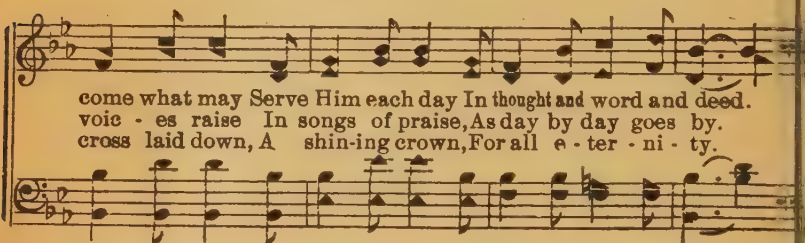
No. 142. Keep In Step With Jesus.

DAVID J. BEATTY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

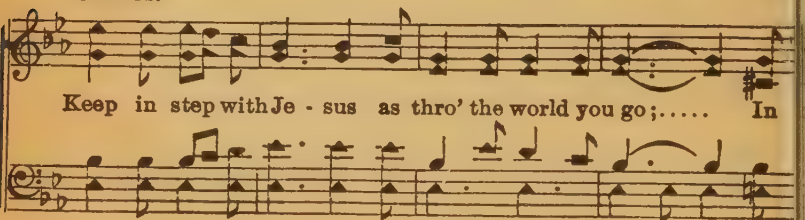


1. Keep in step with Je - sus wher-ev - er He may lead; Let
 2. Keep in step with Je - sus, with ban-ners wav-ing high; You
 3. Keep in step with Je - sus and yours the prize shall be; A



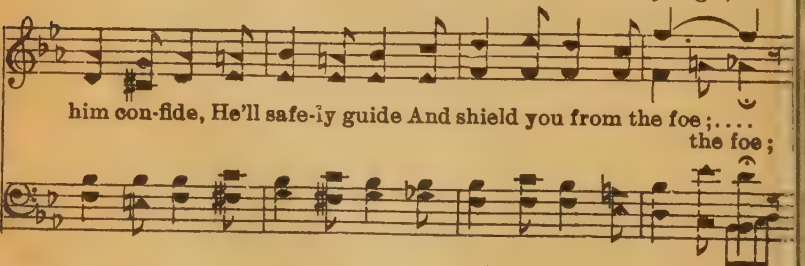
come what may Serve Him each day In thought and word and deed.
 voic - es raise In songs of praise, As day by day goes by.
 cross laid down, A shin-ing crown, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

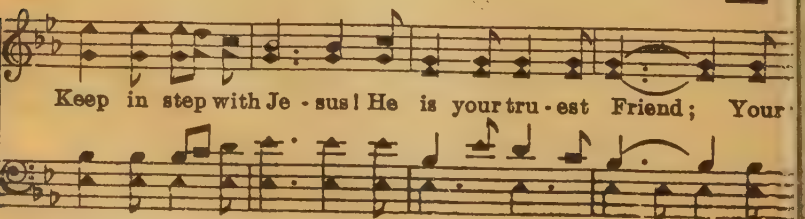


Keep in step with Je - sus as thro' the world you go;..... In

through the world you go;

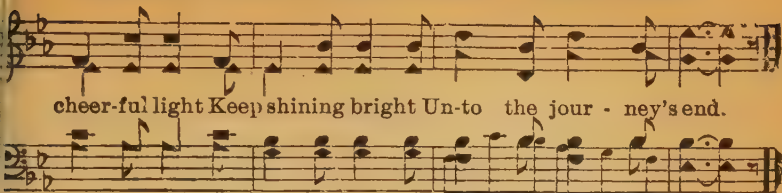


him con-fide, He'll safe-ly guide And shield you from the foe;....
 the foe;



Keep in step with Je - sus! He is your tru - est Friend; Your

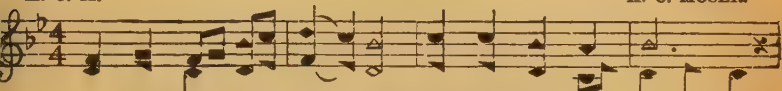
Keep In Step With Jesus. Concluded.



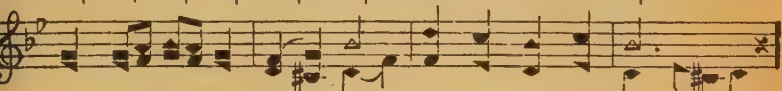
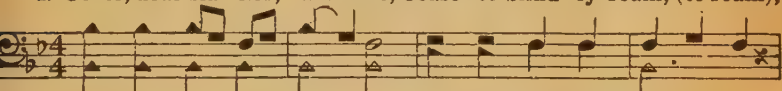
No. 143. I Would Work For Jesus.

K. C. M.

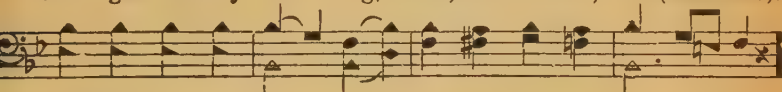
K. C. MOSER.



1. I would do Thy serv-ice, Lord, while here be-low, (be-low),
2. Ma-n-y tho' the pit-falls 'Neath my path-way lie, (may lie),
3. Brighten up my path-way, Lord, that I may see, (may see),
4. Come, dear sin-ner, with me, Cease to blind-ly roam, (to roam),



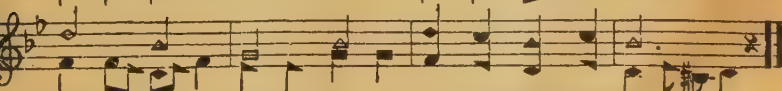
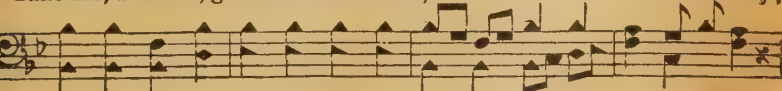
Point-ing oth-ers home-ward As I on-ward go (I go).
 Je-sus safe-ly leads me To my home on high (on high).
 Clear the way to Heav-en, Work-ing, Lord, for Thee (for Thee).
 An-gels hail thy com-ing, Come, dear sin-ner, come (come home).



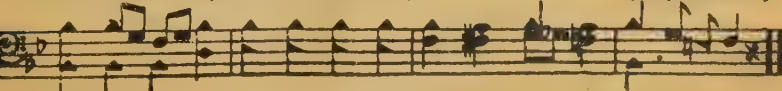
CHORUS.



Take me, guide me, In the nar-row way;
 Take me, Saviour, guide me homeward, nar-row way;



Crown me, Own me at the judgment day.
 Crown me vic-tor, Own me, Sav-iour, judgment day.



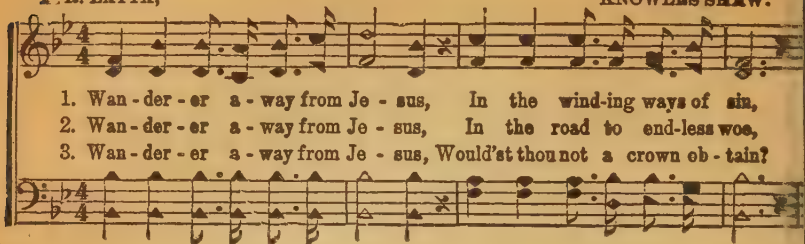
Wandering Away.

Resist the devil and he will flee from thee."—JAS. 4:7.

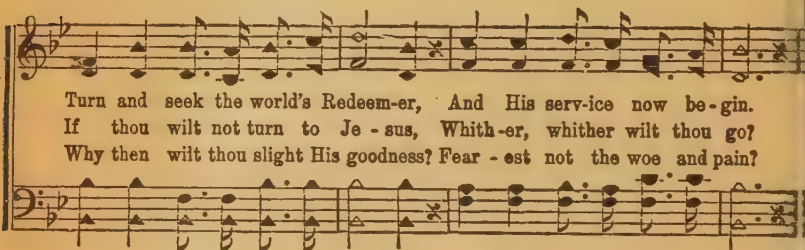
Copyright, 1903, by J. C. F. Kyger. Southern Music Co., Ft. Worth, Texas, owners.

F. R. LATTA,

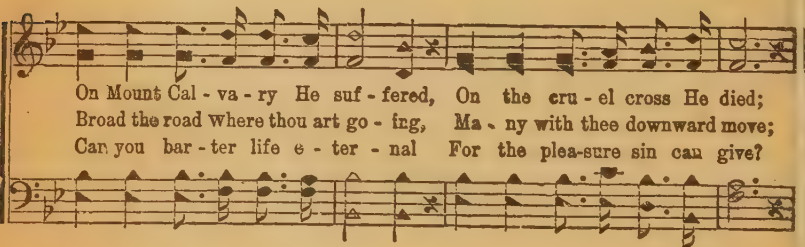
KNOWLES SHAW.



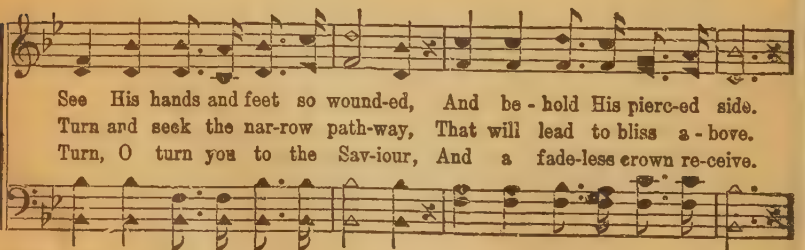
1. Wan-der-er a-way from Je-sus, In the wind-ing ways of sin,
 2. Wan-der-er a-way from Je-sus, In the road to end-less woe,
 3. Wan-der-er a-way from Je-sus, Would'st thou not a crown ob-tain?



Turn and seek the world's Redeem-er, And His serv-ice now be-gin.
 If thou wilt not turn to Je-sus, Whith-er, whither wilt thou go?
 Why then wilt thou slight His goodness? Fear-est not the woe and pain?

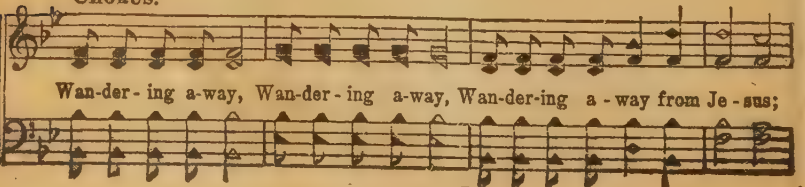


On Mount Cal-va-ry He suf-fered, On the cru-el cross He died;
 Broad the road Where thou art go-ing, Ma-n'y with thee downward move;
 Can you bar-ter life e-ter-nal For the plea-sure sin can give?



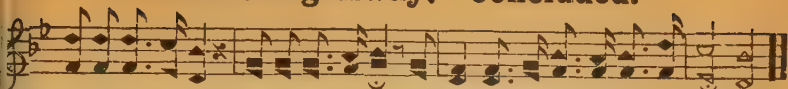
See His hands and feet so wound-ed, And be-hold His pierc-ed side.
 Turn and seek the nar-row path-way, That will lead to bliss a-bove.
 Turn, O turn you to the Sav-iour, And a fade-less crown re-ceive.

CHORUS.

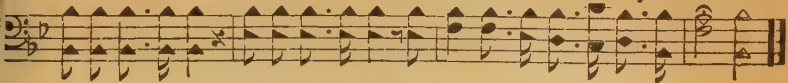


Wan-der-ing a-way, Wan-der-ing a-way, Wan-der-ing a-way from Je-sus;

Wandering Away. Concluded.



Hear His gentle voice calling you to-day, And wander no more away from Jesus.



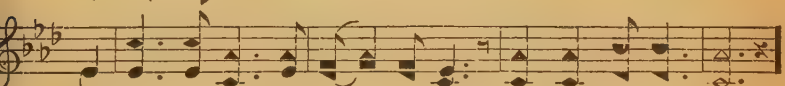
No. 145. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

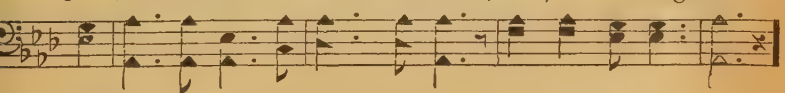
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast-ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need his cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;



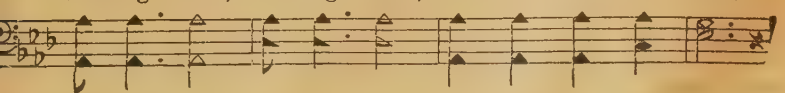
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy Word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



CHORUS.



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;



O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



ALWAYS PRAY.

Men ought always to pray."—Luke 18: 1.

E. 2.

KNOWLES

1. Pray when the morning light is dawn-ing; Pray when the noon is
 2. Pray for the world in sin and dark-ness; Pray for the Church, th
 3. Pray for the Spir-it's ho-ly guid-ance; Pray for the grace of

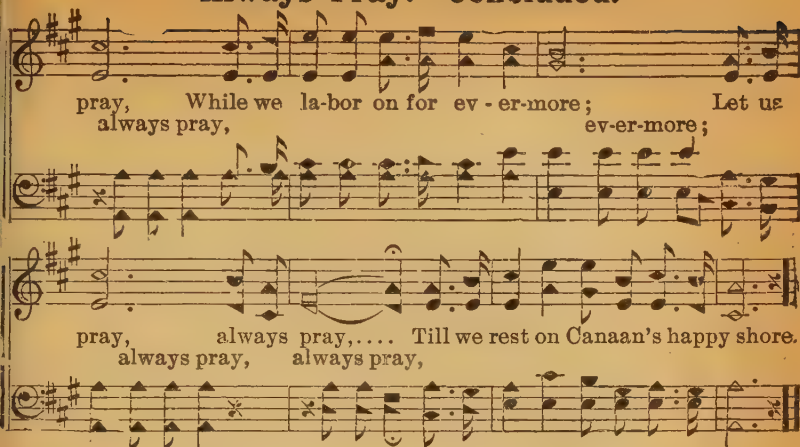
shin-ing bright; Pray when the ev-'ning shadows darken; Pray in th
 bless-ed bride; Pray for thy-self in humble meekness; Pray, liv - in
 Je - sus, too; Pray for a ho - ly zeal to la - bor; Pray for a

dark and sol-emn night; Pray when the storm-clouds thickly gather;
 near the Saviour's side; Pray for the sick and all in sor - row;
 life de - vot - ed, true; Pray for the lov-ing lambs en-fold - ed;

Pray when the sky is bright and clear; Pray in the name of Je - sus
 Pray for the "watchmen on the wall;" Pray that a bright and golden
 Pray for the wand'ring ones a-stray; Pray that the feet of all be

CHORUS.
 ev - er, Ad-vo-cate and friend so dear. Let us pray, al-way
 mor - row Waiteth for us, one and all.
 guid - ed Straight in-to the nar - row way. Let us pray,

Always Pray. Concluded.



pray, While we la-bor on for ev - er-more; Let us
 always pray, ev-er-more;

pray, always pray,.... Till we rest on Canaan's happy shore.
 always pray, always pray,

No. 147. Why Keep Jesus Waiting?

C. C. CLINE.



1. Why keep Je - sus wait - ing, Wait - ing in the cold?
 2. Why keep Je - sus wait - ing, Wait - ing at the door?
 3. Why keep Je - sus plead - ing, Plead - ing at the door?
 4. Why keep Je - sus wait - ing, Knock - ing at the door?

He will bear you gen - tly, Gen - tly to His fold;
 Oft He knock-eth soft - ly, Soft 'y o'er and o'er;
 He would be your Sav - iour Ev - er ev - er - more;
 Soon He'll cease His plead - ing, Yes, for ev - er - more;

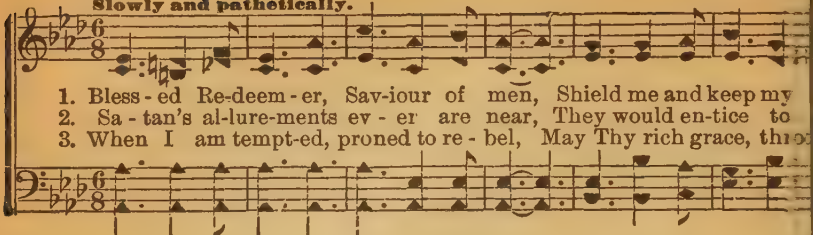
rit. I im - plore.

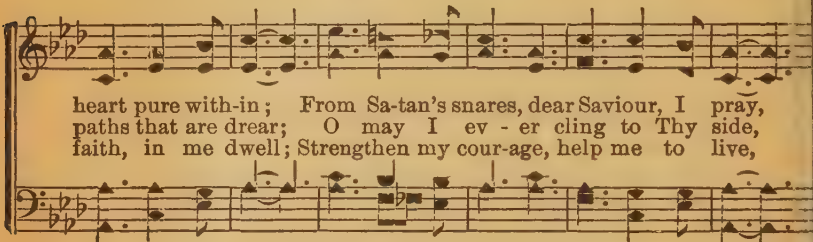
See Him, soul, and o - pen, O - pen, I im - plore.
 Hear Him, soul, and o - pen, O - pen, I im - plore.
 Love Him, soul, and o - pen, O - pen, I im - plore.
 Come, poor soul, o - BEY Him, O - pen, I im - plore.

J. W. G.

J. W. GAINES.

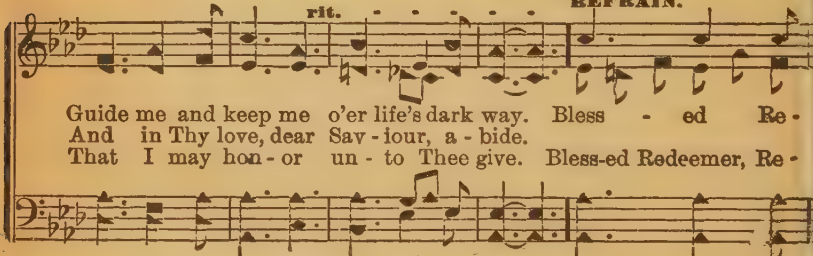
Slowly and pathetically.

- 
1. Bless - ed Re-deem - er, Sav-iour of men, Shield me and keep my
 2. Sa - tan's al-lure-ments ev - er are near, They would en-tice to
 3. When I am tempt-ed, prone to re - bel, May Thy rich grace, thro'

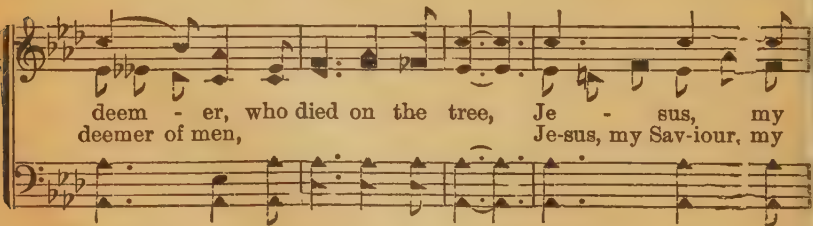


heart pure with-in; From Sa-tan's snares, dear Saviour, I pray,
paths that are drear; O may I ev - er cling to Thy side,
faith, in me dwell; Strengthen my cour-age, help me to live,

REFRAIN.



Guide me and keep me o'er life's dark way. Bless - ed Re -
And in Thy love, dear Sav - iour, a - bide.
That I may hon - or un - to Thee give. Bless-ed Redeemer, Re -

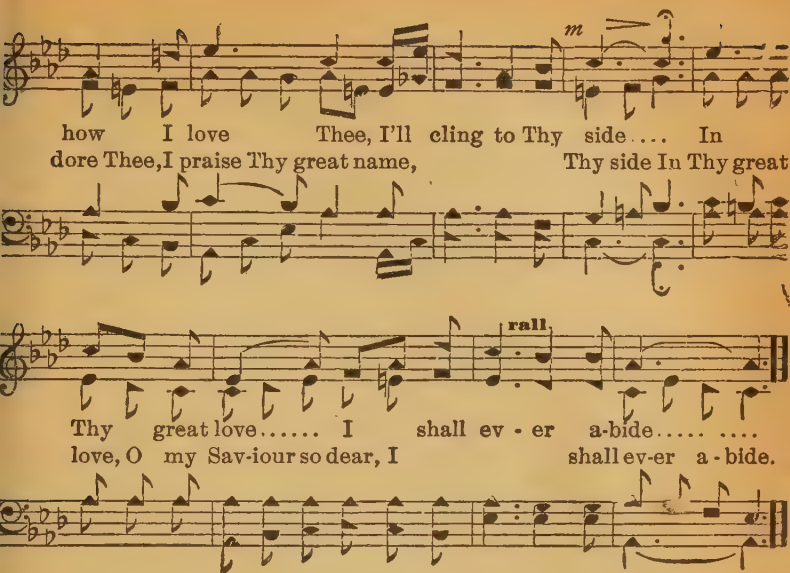


deem - er, who died on the tree, Je - sus, my
deemer of men, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, my



Sav - iour, Thy blood made me free;.....
Sav-iour and Friend, O glo - ry, I love and a -

Blessed Redeemer. Concluded.



how I love Thee, I'll cling to Thy side.... In
dore Thee, I praise Thy great name, Thy side In Thy great

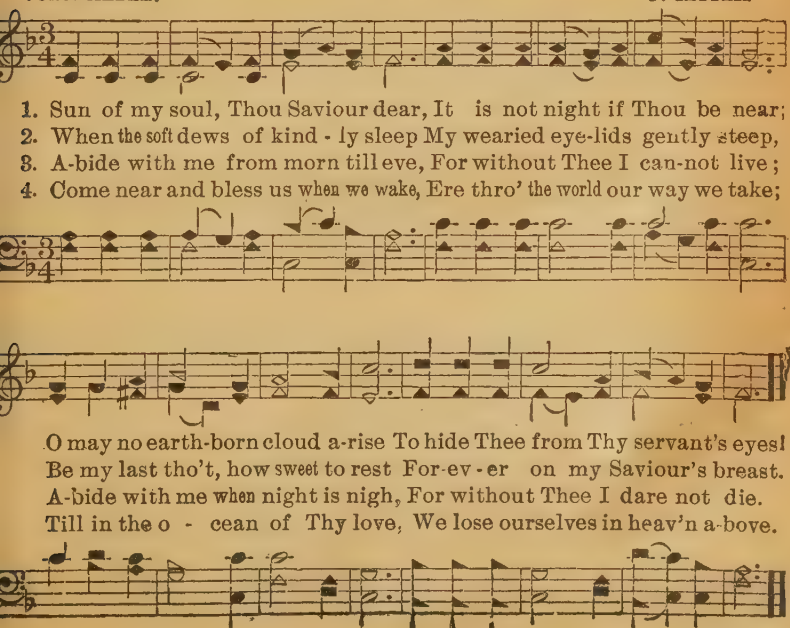
Thy great love..... I shall ev - er a-bide.....
love, O my Sav-iour so dear, I shall ev-er a-bide.

rall

No. 149. Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

P. RITTER.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

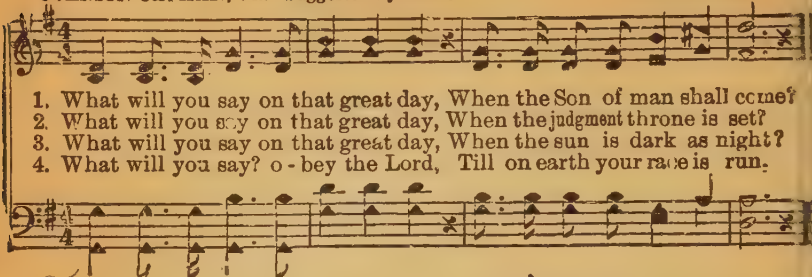
O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Till in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose ourselves in heav'n a-bove.

No. 150. What Will You Say?

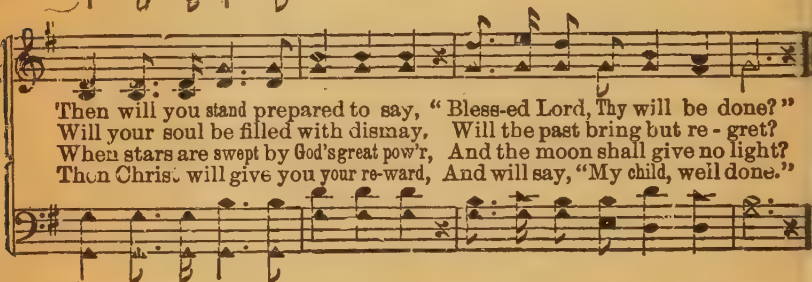
JER. 13: 21.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. Suggested by W. M. Y.

W. M. YOWELL.

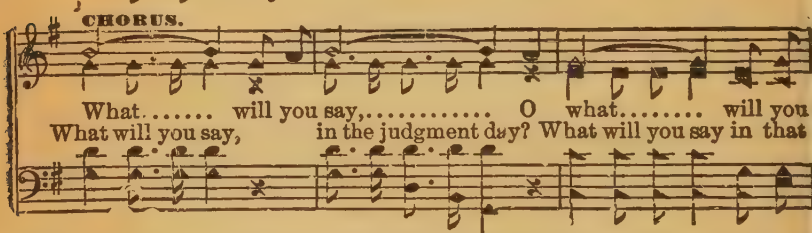


1. What will you say on that great day, When the Son of man shall come?
2. What will you say on that great day, When the judgment throne is set?
3. What will you say on that great day, When the sun is dark as night?
4. What will you say? o - bey the Lord, Till on earth your race is run.

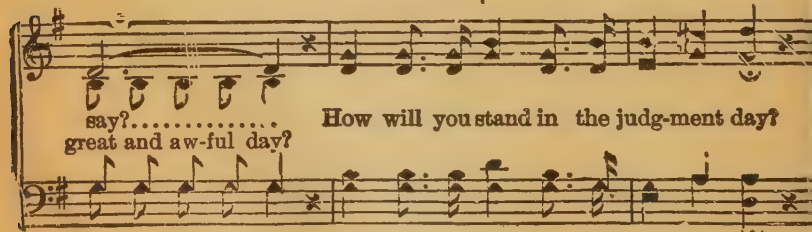


Then will you stand prepared to say, "Bless-ed Lord, Thy will be done?"
 Will your soul be filled with dismay. Will the past bring but re - gret?
 When stars are swept by God's great pow'r, And the moon shall give no light?
 Then Christ will give you your re-ward, And will say, "My child, well done."

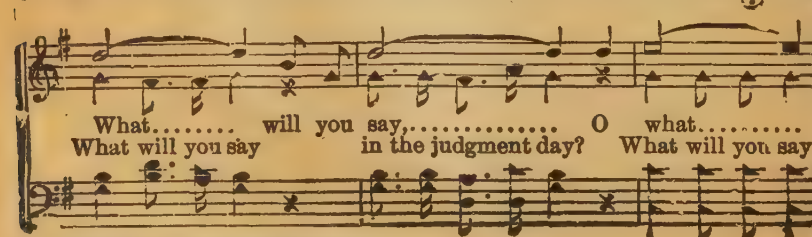
CHORUS.



What..... will you say,..... O what..... will you
 What will you say, in the judgment day? What will you say in that

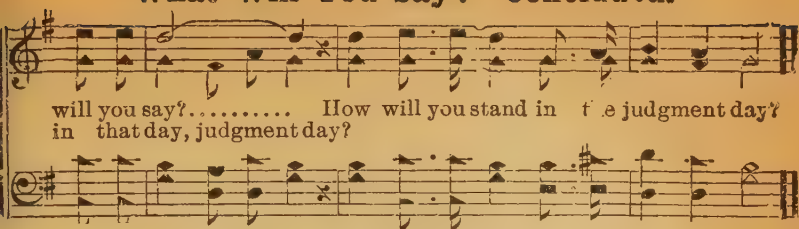


say?..... How will you stand in the judgment day?
 great and aw-ful day?



What..... will you say,..... O what.....
 What will you say in the judgment day? What will you say

What Will You Say? Concluded.

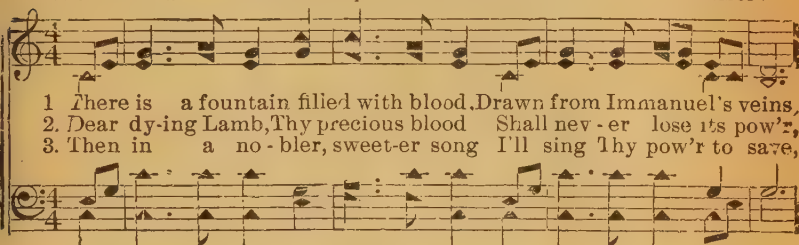


No. 151.

There Is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER.

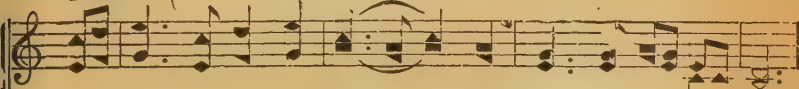
"A fountain open for sin."—ZECH. 13: 1. LOWELL MASON.



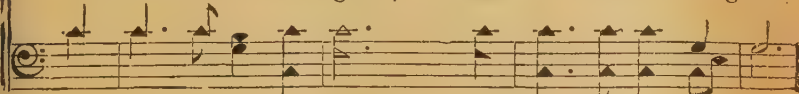
And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Till all the ransomed Church of God, Be saved to sin no more.
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave



REFRAIN.



Lose all their guilt-y stains,	Lose all your guilt-y stains,
Be saved to sin no more,	Be saved to sin no more,
Lies si-lent in the grave,	Lies si-lent in the grave.



And sinners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Till all the ransomed church of God, Be saved to sin no more.
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue, Lies si-lent in the grave.

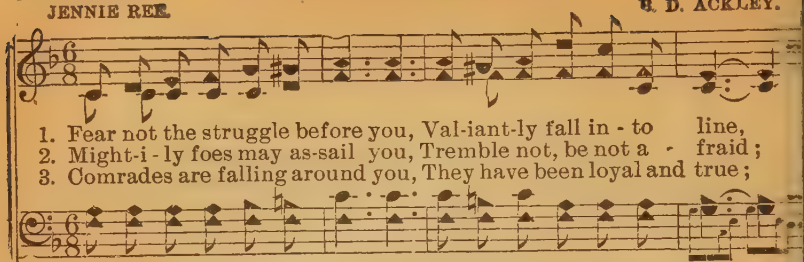


No. 152.

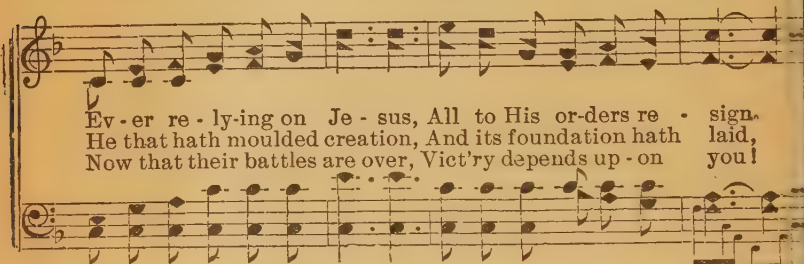
He That Endureth.

JENNIE REE

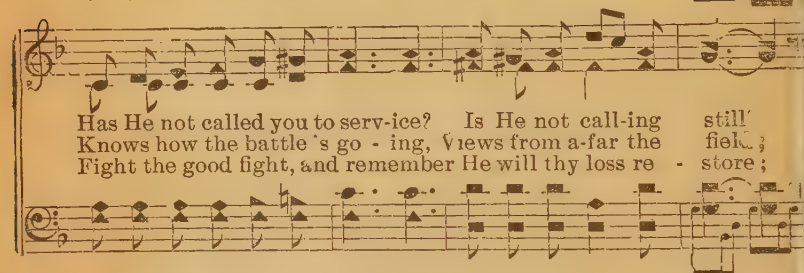
B. D. ACKLEY.



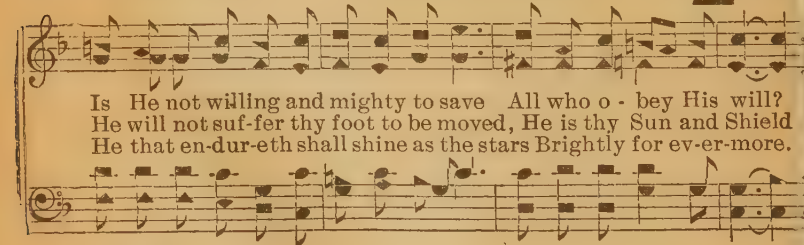
1. Fear not the struggle before you, Val-iant-ly fall in - to line,
 2. Might-i-ly foes may as-sail you, Tremble not, be not a - fraid;
 3. Comrades are falling around you, They have been loyal and true;



Ev-er re-ly-ing on Je-sus, All to His or-ders re - sign.
 He that hath moulded creation, And its foundation hath laid,
 Now that their battles are over, Vict'ry depends up-on you!

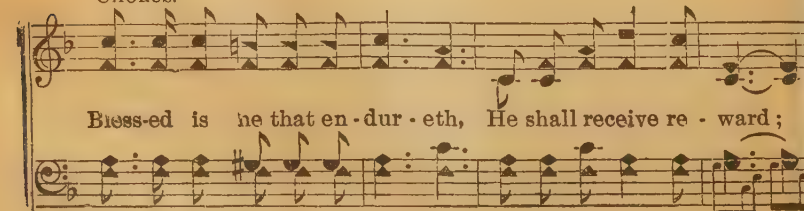


Has He not called you to serv-ice? Is He not call-ing still
 Knows how the battle's go-ing, Views from a-far the field;
 Fight the good fight, and remember He will thy loss re - store;



Is He not willing and mighty to save All who o-bey His will?
 He will not suf-fer thy foot to be moved, He is thy Sun and Shield
 He that en-dur-eth shall shine as the stars Brightly for ever-more.

CHORUS.

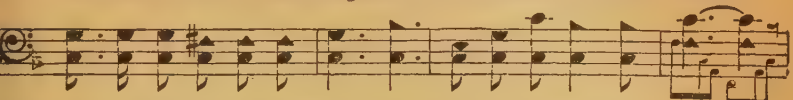


Bless-ed is he that en-dur-eth, He shall receive re - ward;

He That Endureth. Concluded.



He shail in-her-it the king-dom—Promise of God's own Word.



Strong in the Mighty One ev - er, Foes from His path shall flee,



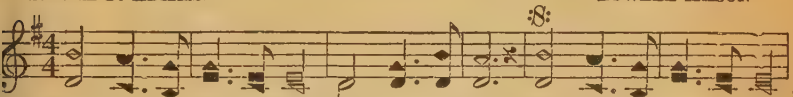
Un-til the war-fare chang-es To glo-ri-ous vic-to - ry.



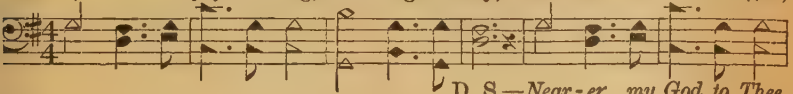
153. Nearer, My God, To Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

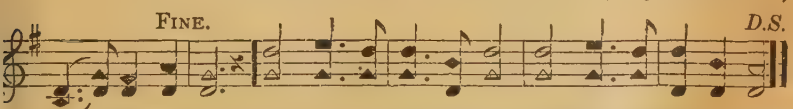
LOWELL MASON



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heav'n, All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waiting tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs
5. Or, if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot,



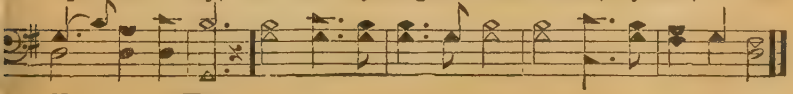
D. S.—Near-er, my God to Thee,



FINE.

D.S.

That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee!
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee!
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me, Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee!



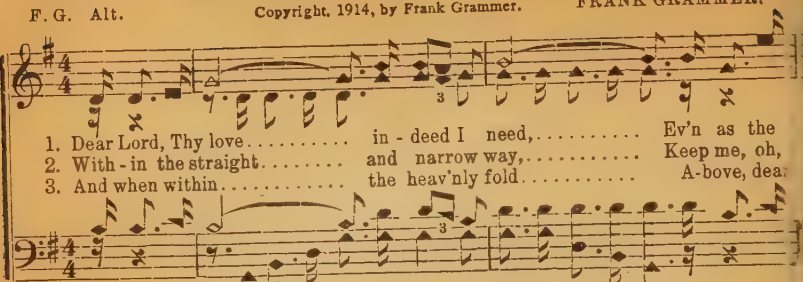
Near - er to Thee.

No. 154. Believing In My Saviour's Word.

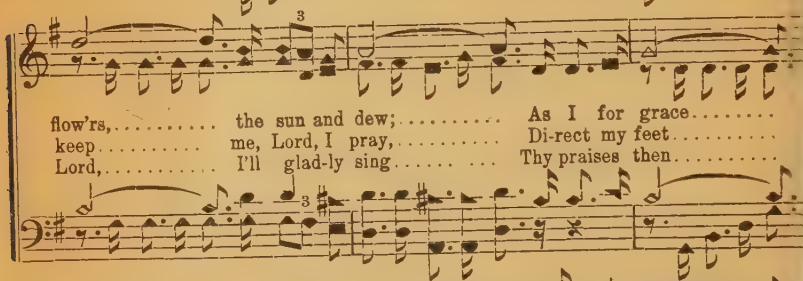
F. G. Alt.

Copyright, 1914, by Frank Grammer.

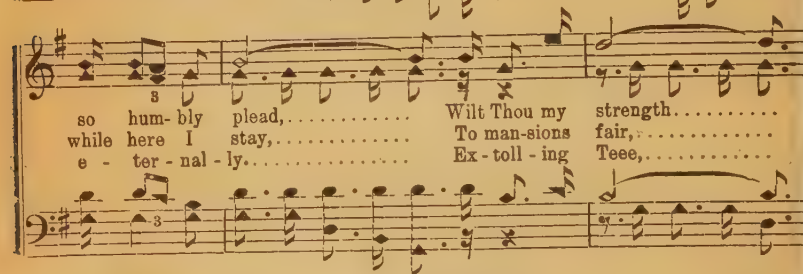
FRANK GRAMMER.



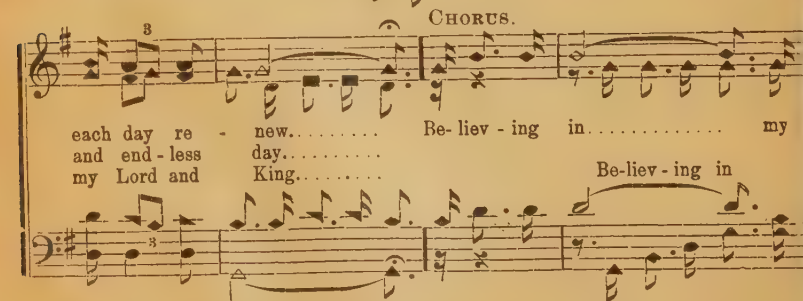
1. Dear Lord, Thy love..... in - deed I need,..... Ev'n as the
 2. With - in the straight..... and narrow way,..... Keep me, oh,
 3. And when within..... the heav'nly fold..... A - bove, dear



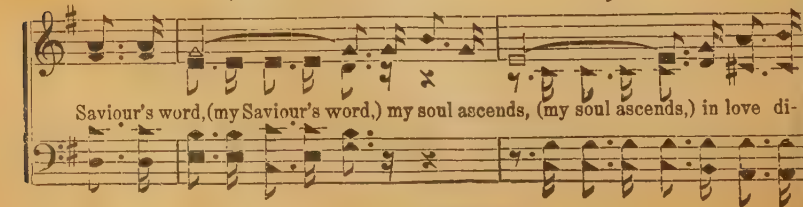
flow'rs,..... the sun and dew;..... As I for grace.....
 keep..... me, Lord, I pray,..... Di - rect my feet.....
 Lord,..... I'll glad - ly sing..... Thy praises then.....



so hum - bly plead,..... Wilt Thou my strength.....
 while here I stay,..... To man - sions fair,.....
 e - ter - nal - ly..... Ex - toll - ing Teee,.....



CHORUS.
 each day re - new..... Be - liev - ing in..... my
 and end - less day.....
 my Lord and King..... Be - liev - ing in



Saviour's word, (my Saviour's word,) my soul ascends, (my soul ascends,) in love di -

Believing In My Saviour's Word. Concluded.

vine; Each day and hour. I hum-bly
in love di-vine; Each day and hour,
pray, Keep Thou, dear Lord, this soul of mine.
I humbly pray, Keep Thou, dear Lord, this soul of mine.

No. 155.

He Leadeth Me.

T. P. B.

Property of Firm Foundation Publishing House. 1913.

T. P. BURT.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He lead-eth me; Be-
2. He guides me to rest, in pastures of green, He lead-eth me; Be-
3. Yea, goodness and mer-cy shall fol-low each day, He lead-eth me; I'll

REFRAIN.

side the still waters, the liv-ing fount, He lead-eth me. He lead-eth me,
side the still waters, the living stream, He lead-eth me.
dwell in the house of the Lord for aye, He lead-eth me.

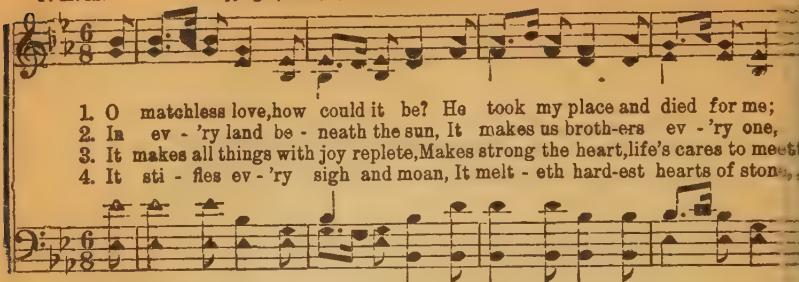
He lead-eth me; yea, tho' I walk thro' the dark valley of death, He leadeth me.

No. 156.

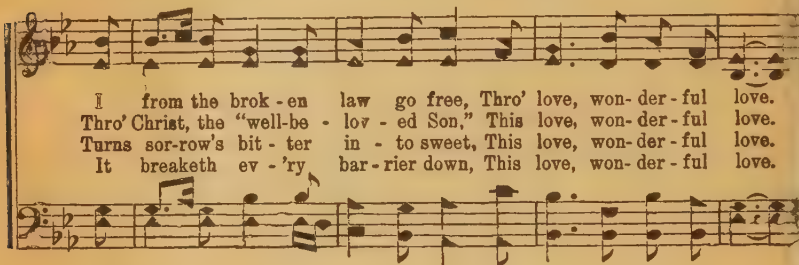
The Greatest Thing is Love.

C. H. M.

Copyright, 1903, by H. L. Gilmour. Used by per. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

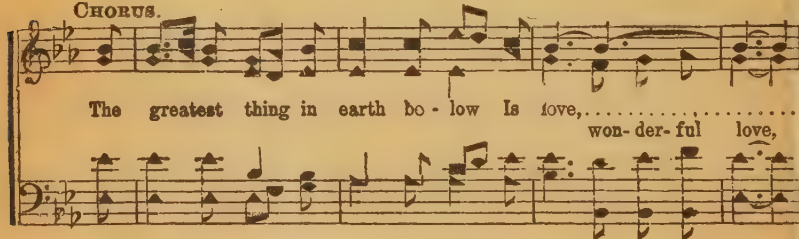


1. O matchless love, how could it be? He took my place and died for me;
 2. In ev - 'ry land be - neath the sun, It makes us broth - ers ev - 'ry one,
 3. It makes all things with joy replete, Makes strong the heart, life's cares to meet
 4. It sti - fles ev - 'ry sigh and moan, It melt - eth hard - est hearts of stone.

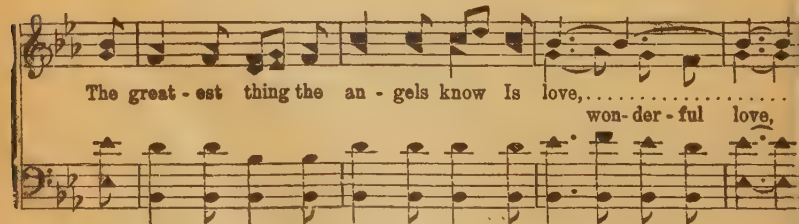


I from the brok - en law go free, Thro' love, won - der - ful love.
 Thro' Christ, the "well - be - lov - ed Son," This love, won - der - ful love.
 Turns sor - row's bit - ter in - to sweet, This love, won - der - ful love.
 It breaketh ev - 'ry bar - rier down, This love, won - der - ful love.

CHORUS.



The greatest thing in earth be - low Is love,
 won - der - ful love,

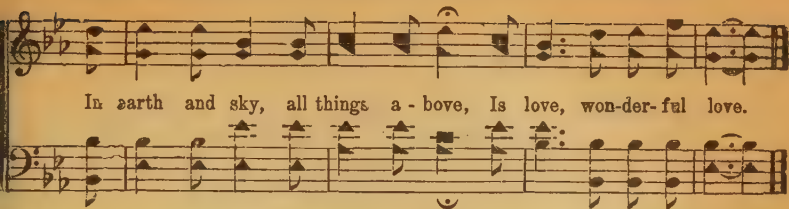


The great - est thing the an - gels know Is love,
 won - der - ful love,



The great - est grace in God's own heart Is love,
 won - der - ful love,

The Greatest Thing is Love. Concluded.



In earth and sky, all things a - bove, Is love, won - der - ful love.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. The stripes that should on me be laid,
He bore and suffered in my stead,
Like as the lamb to slaughter led,
Through love, wonderful love.</p> | <p>6 Where souls in sin and sadness droop,
We go with Him and gladly stoop
To lift a fallen brother up,
Through love, wonderful love.</p> |
|---|---|

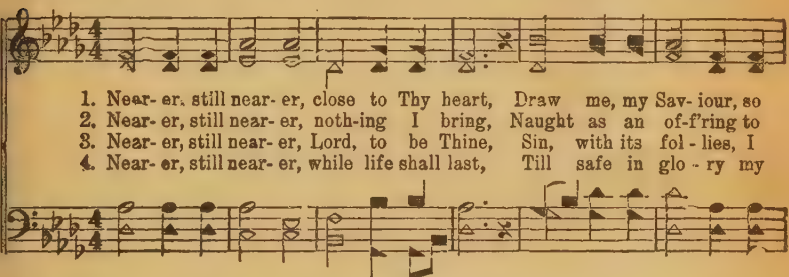
No. 157.

Nearer, Still Nearer.

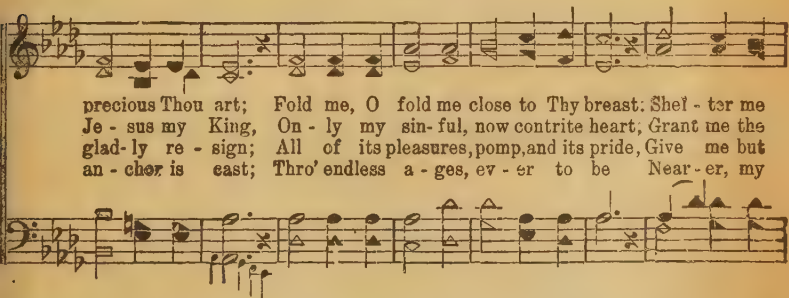
Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour. Used by per.

MRS. C. H. M.

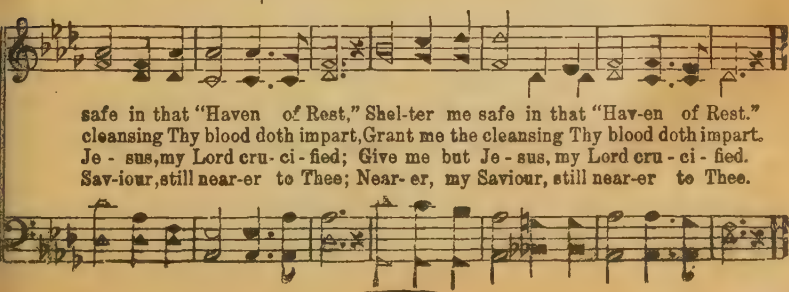
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart,
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring,
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine,
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last,</p> | <p>Draw me, my Sav - iour, so
Naught as an of - f'ring to
Sin, with its fol - lies, I
Till safe in glo - ry my</p> |
|--|--|



precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast: Shel - ter me
Je - sus my King, On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart; Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp, and its pride, Give me but
an - cher is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be Near - er, my



safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Hav - en of Rest."
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied; Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
Sav - iour, still near - er to Thee; Near - er, my Saviour, still near - er to Thee.

No. 158.

Victory Must Be Won.

Owned by Vaughan and Proffitt. Used by per.

N. W. P.

Arr. by JAMES D. VAUGHAN. N. W. PROFFITT.

1. We will spread the gospel light, We will bat-tle for the right, In the
 2. We will la - bor in the field, Un - til Satan's hosts shall yield, To the
 3. With our ar - mor shining bright, We will ev - er brave-ly fight, In the

king-dom of God and His Son; We will conquer ev - 'ry foe, On this
 king-dom of God and His Son; We will press the bat-tle tide, Fight-ing
 king-dom of God and His Son; With our Cap-tain we will stand, Till we

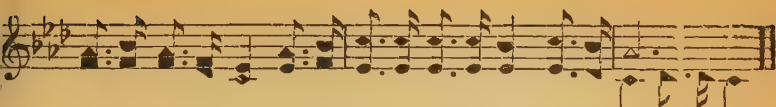
bat - tle-field be-low, For the vic - to - ry for Christ must be won.
 sin on ev - ry side, For the vic - to - ry for Christ must be won.
 - con-quer-ed ev - 'ry land, For the vic - to - ry for Christ must be won.

REFRAIN.

Vic - to - ry must be won, For the king-dom of
 O the vic'try must be won, Yes, the vic'try must be won,

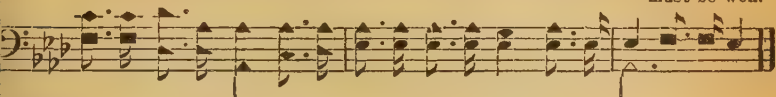
God and His Son; His bless-ed Son; Press the bat-tle for the right, Spread the

Victory Must Be Won. Concluded.



glo-rious gos-pel light, For the vic - to-ry for Christ must be won.

must be won.



. 159.

Asleep.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—Rev. 14: 13.

Used by per. of the author.

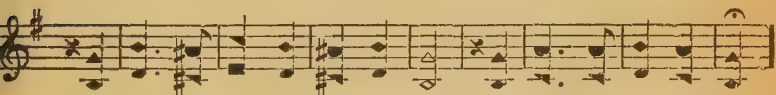
A. T.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

DUET.

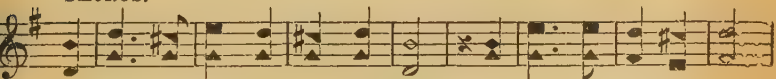


1. Our dear one now has gone to rest, From pain and sor - row free;
2. With tear - ful eyes and ach - ing hearts We speak the last good-by;
3. Sleep on, sleep on thy peace-ful sleep, No sleep hath earth so sweet;

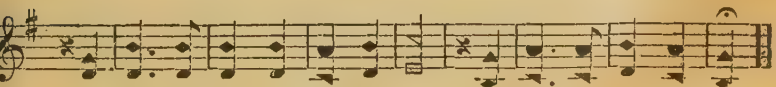


The sleep - ing form so much we love No more on earth we'll see.
But soon we'll meet to nev - er part, Where pleas-ures nev - er die.
Tho' here 'mid gloom we moan and weep, In heav'n a - gain we'll meet.

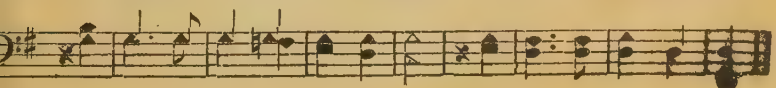
CHORUS.

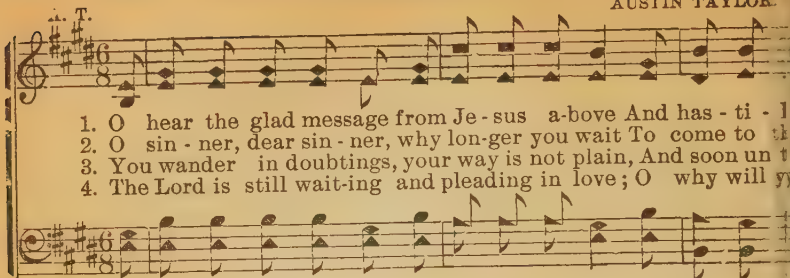


A - sleep, a - sleep on Je - sus' breast, All cares and tri - als o'er;

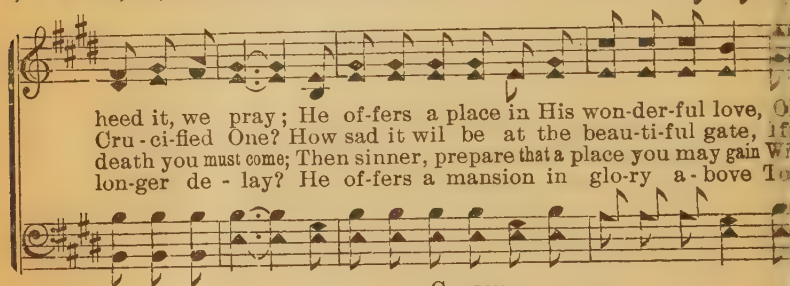


A - sleep, a - sleep un - til the blest A - wake on Ca-naan's shore.



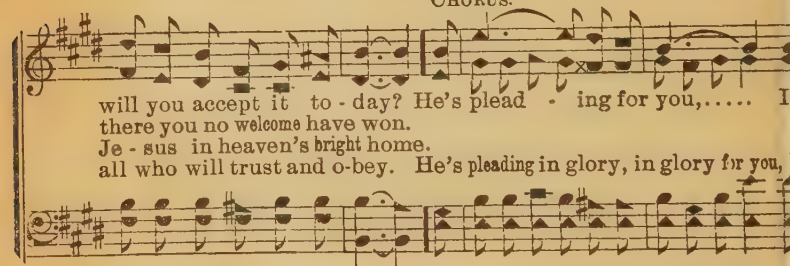


1. O hear the glad message from Je - sus a - bove And has - ti - l
 2. O sin - ner, dear sin - ner, why lon - ger you wait To come to th
 3. You wander in doubtings, your way is not plain, And soon un t
 4. The Lord is still wait - ing and pleading in love; O why will y

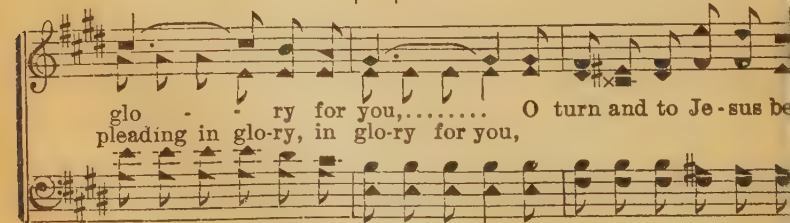


heed it, we pray; He of - fers a place in His won - der - ful love, O
 Cru - ci - fied One? How sad it will be at the beau - ti - ful gate, if I
 death you must come; Then sinner, prepare that a place you may gain W
 lon - ger de - lay? He of - fers a mansion in glo - ry a - bove To

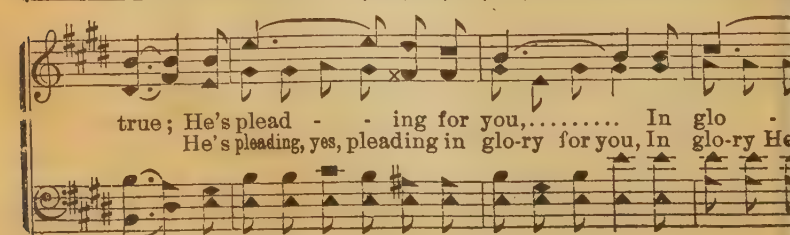
CHORUS.



will you accept it to - day? He's plead - ing for you,..... If
 there you no welcome have won.
 Je - sus in heaven's bright home.
 all who will trust and o - bey. He's pleading in glory, in glory for you,

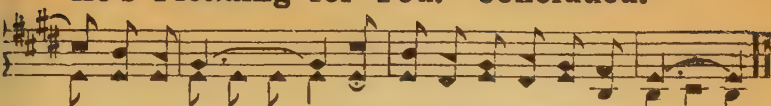


glo - ry for you,..... O turn and to Je - sus be
 pleading in glo - ry, in glo - ry for you,

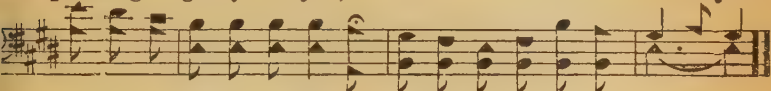


true; He's plead - ing for you,..... In glo
 He's pleading, yes, pleading in glo - ry for you, In glo - ry He's

He's Pleading for You. Concluded.



..... ry for you,..... Yes, Je-sus is pleading for you....
pleading in glo-ry for you, for you.



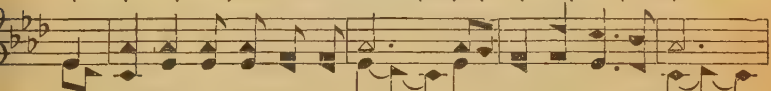
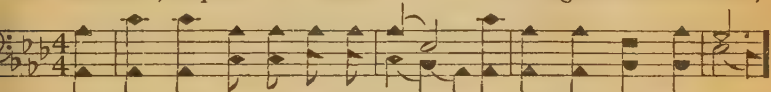
No. 161. Be a Toiler for the Lord.

R. L. L.

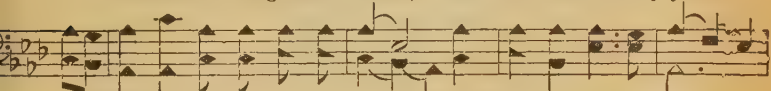
R. L. LEFTWICH.



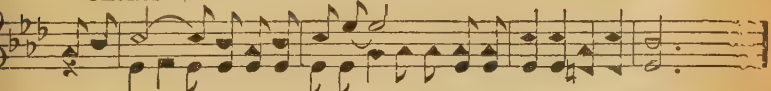
1. Dear Lord, why should we lin-ger here, And with the i - dler stand,
2. The grain is wav-ing to and fro, O hear the tempest sweep,
3. Far down the val-ley i-dlers stand, Not knowing what to do,
4. Dear Lord, help us to la-bor on In life's great harvest field,



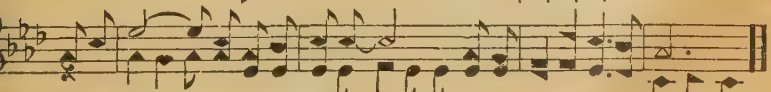
With sic-kle dull, the harvest fair, And reapers in de-mand.
As thro' the harvest field it goes, Haste, brother, let us reap.
O give to them a help-ing hand, That they may labor too.
That when our toiling here is done, A - bun-dant be Thy yield.



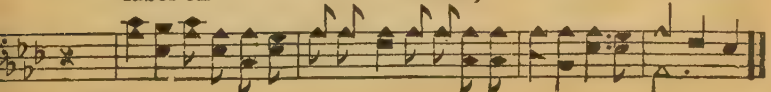
CHORUS.



Brother, go....and work for Jesus, Be a toiler for the Lord,
Brother, go for Jesus, for the Lord.



Labor on.... and be a winner, And receive the great reward.
labor on a winner, reward.



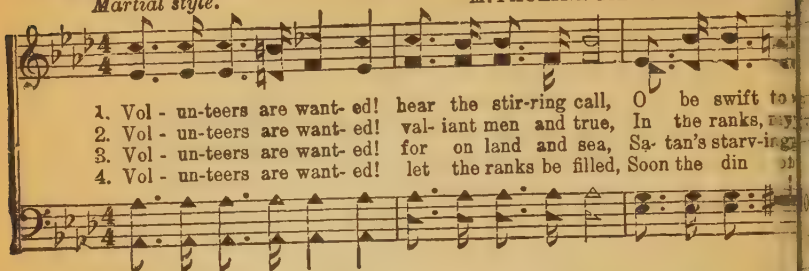
No. 162. Volunteers to the Front!

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J.

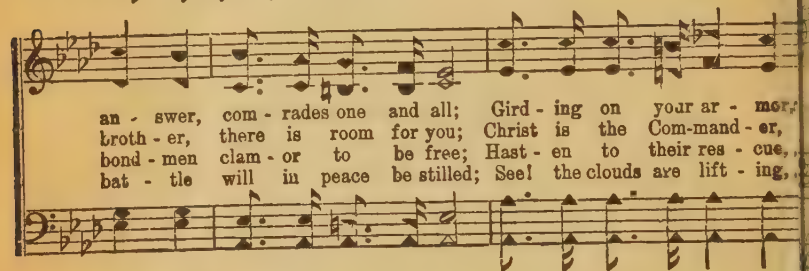
MRS. E. E. WILLIAMS.
Marital style.

Used by Per.

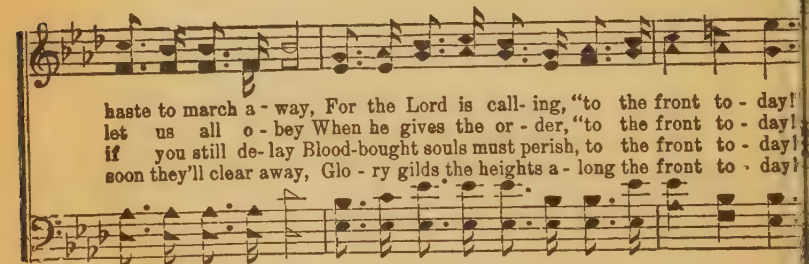
M. PAULINE GILMOUR HATCH.



1. Vol - un-teers are want-ed! hear the stir-ring call, O be swift to
 2. Vol - un-teers are want-ed! val-iant men and true, In the ranks, my
 3. Vol - un-teers are want-ed! for on land and sea, Sa-tan's starv-ing
 4. Vol - un-teers are want-ed! let the ranks be filled, Soon the din

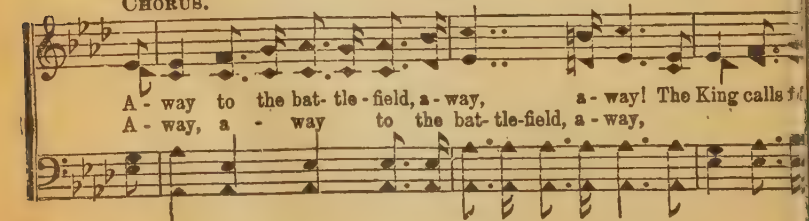


an - swer, com - rades one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor,
 broth - er, there is room for you; Christ is the Com-mand - er,
 bond - men clam - or to be free; Hast - en to their res - cue,
 bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift - ing,

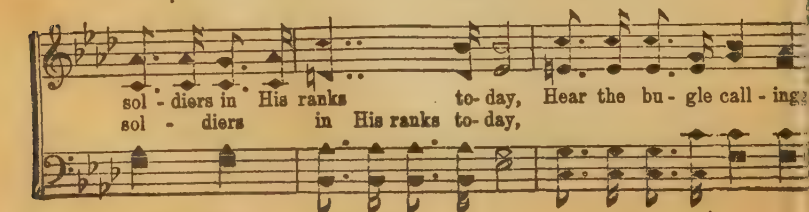


haste to march a - way, For the Lord is call-ing, "to the front to - day!
 let us all o - bey When he gives the or - der, "to the front to - day!
 if you still de-lay Blood-bought souls must perish, to the front to - day!
 soon they'll clear away, Glo - ry gilds the heights a - long the front to - day!

CHORUS.

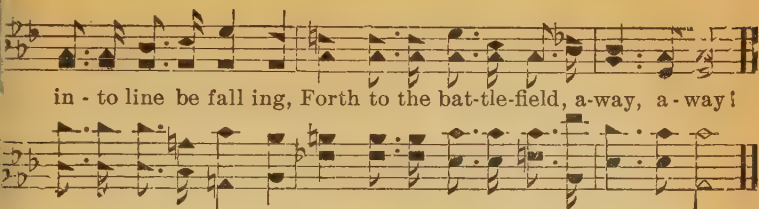


A - way to the bat-tle-field, a - way, a - way! The King calls to
 A - way, a - way to the bat-tle-field, a - way,



sol - diers in His ranks to-day, Hear the bu - gle call - ing
 sol - diers in His ranks to-day,

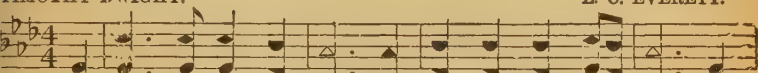
Volunteers to the Front. Concluded.



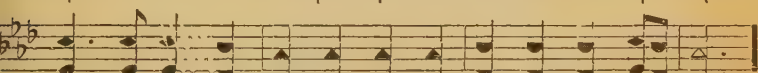
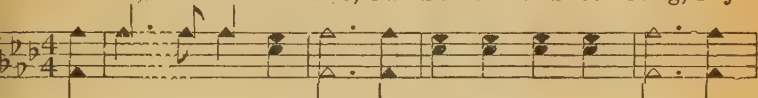
No. 163. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

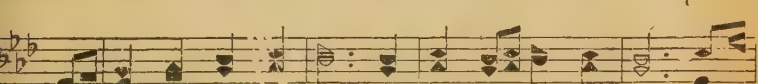
L. C. EVERETT.



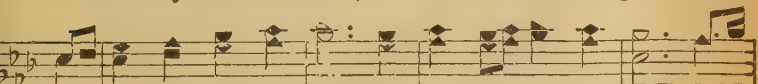
1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The
2. For her my tears shall fail, For her my pray'r as - cend; To
3. Je - sus, Thou Friend di - vine, Our Sav - iour and our King, Thy



Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood,
her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toil and cares shall end
hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe Shall great de - liv' - rance bring



I love Thy Church, O God, Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear
Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'nly ways, Her
Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n The



as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.



No. 164. ROUND THE HILLS IN GALILEE.

"And Jesus went about all Galilee, . . . preaching the gospel of the kingdom, healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people."—MATTHEW 9:35.

T. E. T.

TILLET S. TEDDLIE.

1. Thro' the gleam-ing dis-tant a - ges, comes a vi-sion light to
2. Tho' a man of ma - ny sor - rows and a rug - ged path to
3. Hear Him call - ing, gent-ly call - ing, like a shep-herd to his sho-

And I see my Sav - iour teaching by the sea ;
Yet He nev - er failed to an - swer ev - 'ry plea ;
"All ye wea - ry, faint - ing hearts come un - to me," Thro' the

pre - ci - ous words there spoken, come like clar - ion tones to me,
mul - ti - tudes He's feed - ing, of His boundless mer - cy free,
words, the in - vi - ta - tion still re - sounds to you and me,

Tho' He spoke them round the hills in Gal - i - lee
While they gath - ered round the hills in Gal - i - lee
Tho' He spoke them round the hills in Gal - i - lee

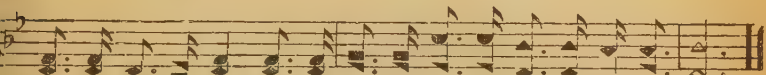
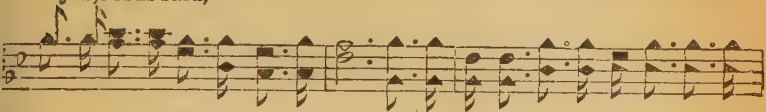
REFRAIN.

Round the hills..... in Gal-i-lee, Je-su
ma-jes-tic hills in Gal-i-lee.

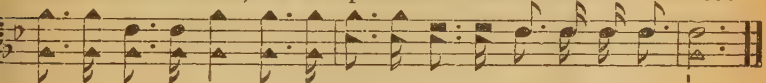
Round The Hills In Galilee. Concluded.



said,....."Come unto me;" And with touching, thrilling pathos come these
yes, Jesus said,



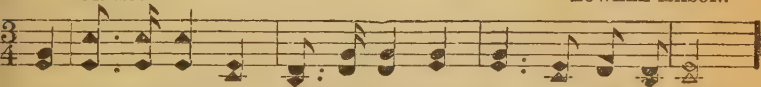
bless-ed words to me, Tho' He spoke them round the hills in Galilee!



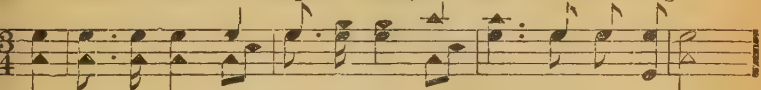
No. 165. To Us a Child of Hope Is Born.

JOHN MORRISON.

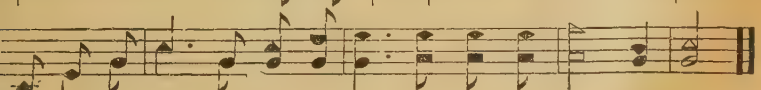
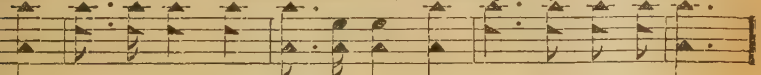
LOWELL MASON.



1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n.
2. His name shall be the Prince of peace, For ev - er - more a - dored,
3. His pow'r, increasing, still shall spread, His reign no end shall know;
4. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n:



Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey; Him, all the hosts of heav'n:
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The great and might - y Lord!
Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, And peace a - bound be - low.
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The might - y Lord of heav'n!

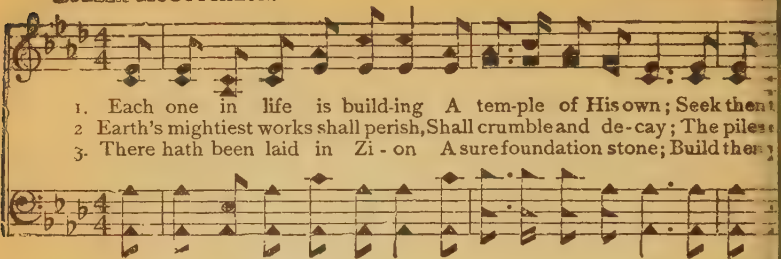


Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey; Him, all the hosts of heav'n.
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The great and might - y Lord!
Jus - tice shall guard His throne above, And peace a - bound be - low.
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The might - y Lord of heav'n!

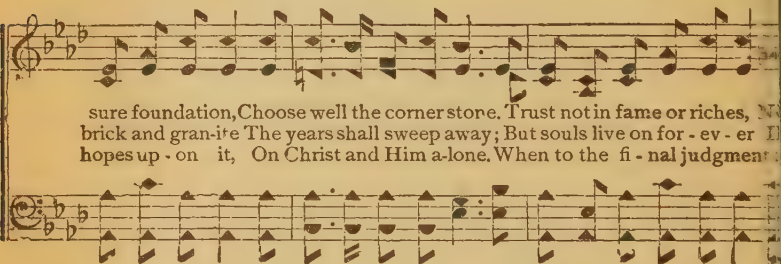


LUELLA McCUTCHEON.

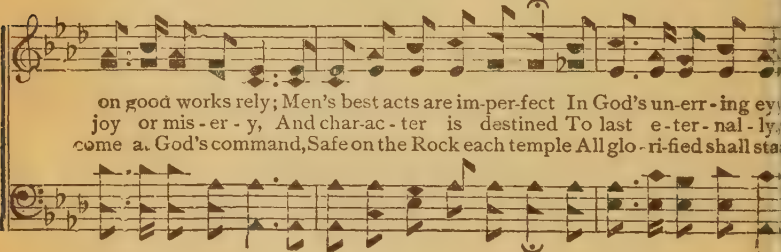
C. L. CHAMBERLAIN.



1. Each one in life is build-ing A tem-ple of His own; Seek then
 2. Earth's mightiest works shall perish, Shall crumble and de-cay; The pile
 3. There hath been laid in Zi-on A sure foundation stone; Build then

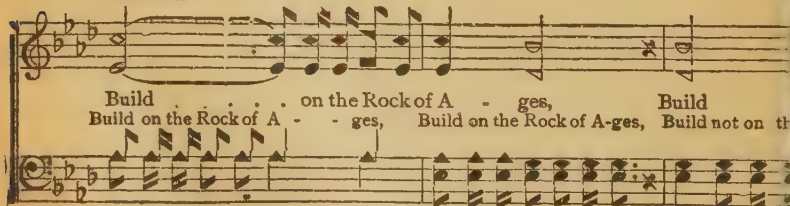


sure foundation, Choose well the corner store. Trust not in fame or riches,
 brick and gran-ite The years shall sweep away; But souls live on for - ev - er
 hopes up - on it, On Christ and Him a-lone. When to the fi-nal judgment

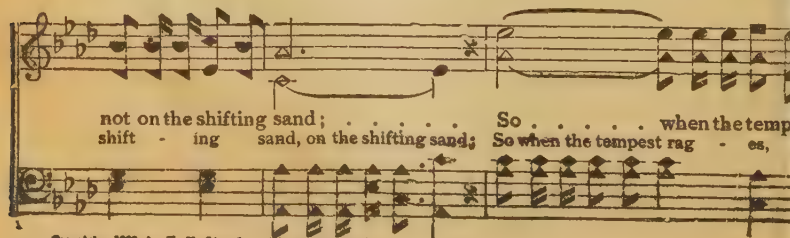


on good works rely; Men's best acts are im-per-fect In God's un-err-ing eye
 joy or mis-er-y, And char-ac-ter is destined To last e-ter-nal-ly.
 come a. God's command, Safe on the Rock each temple All glo-ri-fied shall sta

CHORUS.



Build on the Rock of A - ges, Build on the Rock of A - ges, Build not on the



not on the shifting sand; So when the tempest
 shift - ing sand, on the shifting sand; So when the tempest rag - es,

The Sure Foundation. Concluded.



ra - ges Safe - ly thy work shall stand.
So when the tempest ra-ges shall surely stand.



No. 167 The Lord is My Shepherd.

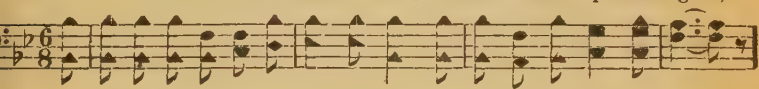
Used by per. Quartet Music Co.

E. W. ELLIOTT. Arr. by F. L. E.

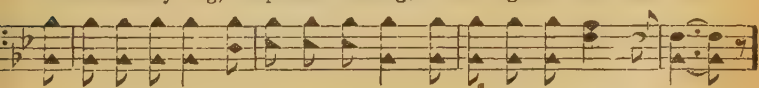
H. W. ELLIOTT. Arr. by J. E. T.



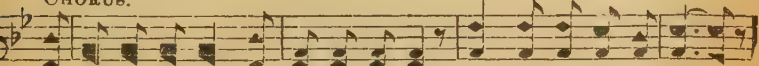
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He lead-eth me night and day;
2. When to the dark valley of death I come, No e - vil then will I fear;
3. The table is spread and my soul shall feast, And nev-er know want or care;
4. For - ev - er to dwell in the house of God, The shad-ows all past and gone;



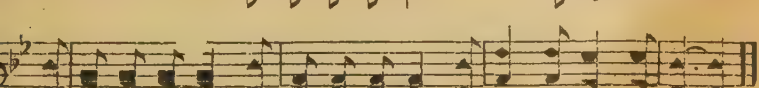
In pastures of green, by wa-ters so sweet, He guides me in wis-dom's way.
Thy rod and Thy staff will comfort me there, And make my way bright and clear.
A-noint-ed with oil, my head it shall be, My cup filled with pleasure there.
With Jesus my king, His praises to sing, While a - ges roll on and on.



CHORUS.




O Shepherd di - vine, sweet Shepherd of mine; Lead me in the right way;


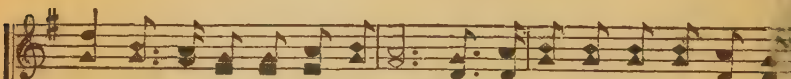


To heav-en a - bove, where Thee I can love, Thro' one e - ter - nal day.

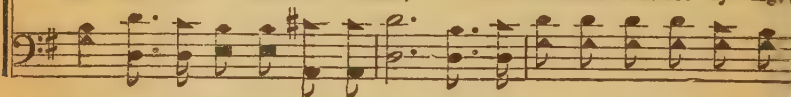





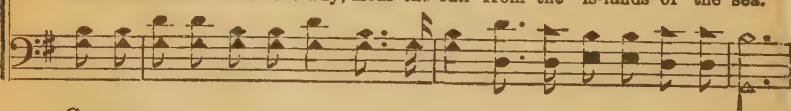
1. In the lands of ev-'ry nation, There are souls that we should save, Hear the
 2. While the days are full of glo-ry, And the soul with vig-or thrills, Hear the
 3. There's a work the Lord has giv-en, There's a work for ev-'ry day, Hear the

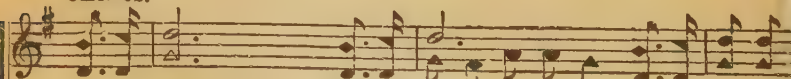
call from the is-lands of the sea; Ma-ny yet in dark-ness wan-der,
 call from the is-lands of the sea; Let the light of truth be shin-ing,
 call from the is-lands of the sea; O the mil-lions that are dy-ing.


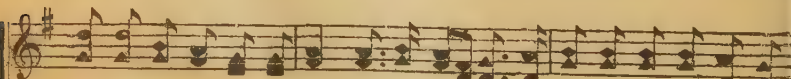
wending to an endless grave, Hear the call from the is-lands of the sea.
 till the dens of sin it fills, Hear the call from the is-lands of the sea.
 that have never known the way, Hear the call from the is-lands of the sea.




CHORUS.



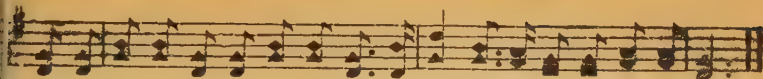
Hear the call, hear the call, Come and help us,
 Hear the call, hear the call, hear the call, the dy-ing call,

come and help us ere we die, is the cry; From the ends of ev-'ry na-tion,



The Call From the Islands. Concluded.



Hear the weep-ing and the wail-ing, Hear the call from the is-lands of the sea.



No. 169. Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

G. J. WEBB.



1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own;
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song;



1. S.-Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
2. S.-Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
3. S.-He with the King of glo - ry, Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watch-ing un - to pray'r,
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

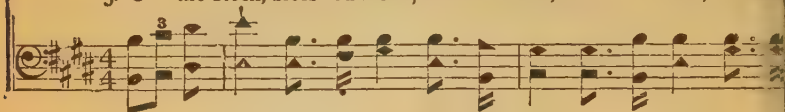


Words arr. by J. P. L.

J. P. LANE.



1. O the Rock! 'tis a cleft and a strong, sure de-fense From
2. O the Rock safe - ly shields from the foes that sui - and, Tho'
3. O the Rock, bless - ed Rock, what a calm, blest re - treat, We



dark gath'ring tempest so threat'ning and dense; In the Rock we are sare, we
per - ils are ma - ny, and tempters abound; In the Rock, all secure, from a
rest in the Shade all secure from the heat; In the Rock we're contented, we



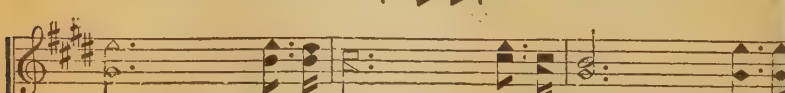
suf - fer no fear, But in peace that is changeless, we rest sweet - ly here
harm we a - bide; Since He shields us and keeps us, no ill can be - tide
hap - py and free; Sin - ner, flee for thy life, O to this Re - fuge flee



CHORUS.



For the Lord is our Rock and is might - y and
For the Lord is our Rock, for the Lord is our Rock, and is might - y and strong, and



strong, And in Him we are safe — He's our
might - y and strong, And in Him we are safe, and in Him we are safe, He's our



THE LORD OUR ROCK.



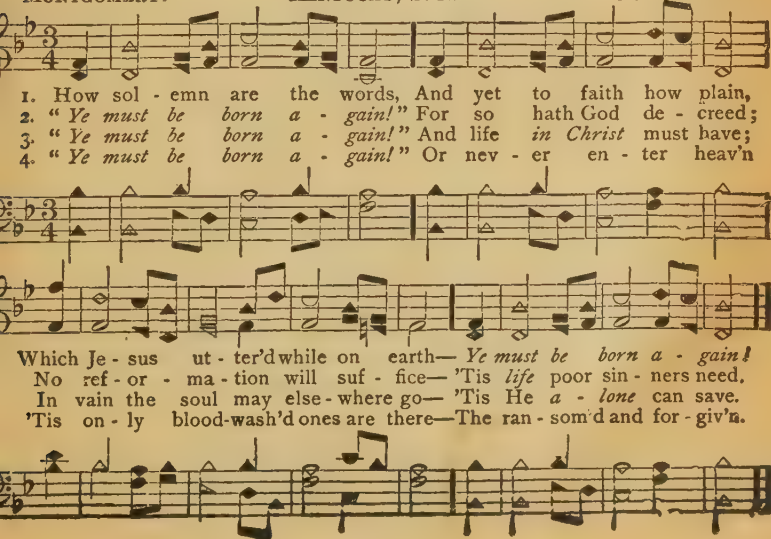
help and our song, In the Rock we will
 help and our song, He's our help and our song, In the rock we will
 we will rest till the storms all are past; He will guide thro' the gloom, He will
 rest till the storms all are past; He will guide thro' the
 guide thro' the gloom 'till the light dawns at last dawns at last
 till the light dawns at last.
 71. gloom 'till the light dawns at last.

HOW SOLEMN ARE THE WORDS.

MONTGOMERY.

KENTUCKY, S. M.

A. CHAPIN.



1. How sol - emn are the words, And yet to faith how plain,
 2. "Ye must be born a - gain!" For so hath God de - creed;
 3. "Ye must be born a - gain!" And life in Christ must have;
 4. "Ye must be born a - gain!" Or nev - er en - ter heav'n
 Which Je - sus ut - ter'd while on earth—Ye must be born a - gain!
 No ref - or - ma - tion will suf - fice—'Tis life poor sin - ners need,
 In vain the soul may else - where go—'Tis He a - lone can save.
 'Tis on - ly blood - wash'd ones are there—The ran - som'd and for - giv'n.

No. 172. SING THE BLESSED GOSPEL.

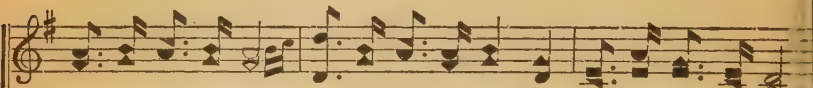
To all singing teachers and singing evangelists.

H. N. L.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Sing the bless-ed gos - pel, sing in ev - 'ry land; Sing the bless-ed ti - dings
2. Sing of thy Re-deem-er, laud His ho - ly name; He in wondrous mer - cy
3. Sing of free sal - va - tion that He brought to man; Let the dy - ing heathen



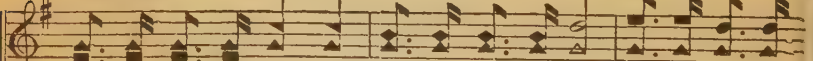
sing, ye ransomed band; Sing it to the lost ones all the world a-round,
to re-deem us, came. Sing it to the na - tions all a-round the earth.
know the wondrous plan. Bid them join the cho - rus—all the wide world, sing.



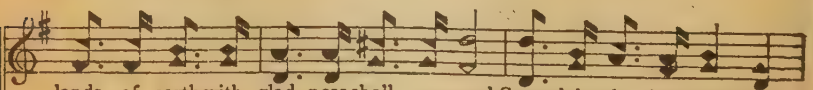
Sing the sto - ry of the cross wher - ev - er man is found.
Sing a - loud the tones of joy a - bout His won - drous birth.
Praise His ev - er - last - ing name, our match - less heav'n - ly King.



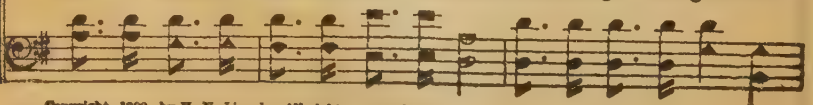
REFRAIN.



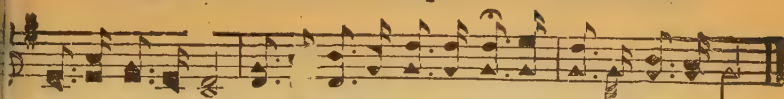
Sing the bless-ed gos - pel, swell the joy - ful sound, Till the heath-en



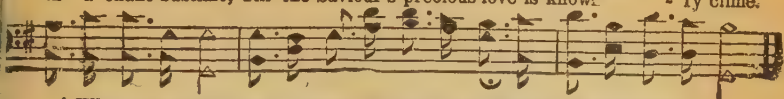
lands of earth with glad - ness shall re-sound. Spread the glo - rious good news



Sing the Blessed Gospel. Concluded.



in a chant sublime, Till the Saviour's precious love is known - 'ry clime.

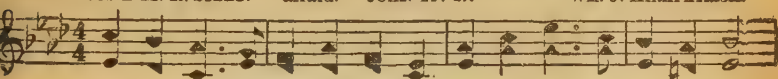


When our work is over, crosses all laid down, Endless joy awaits us,
everlasting crown;

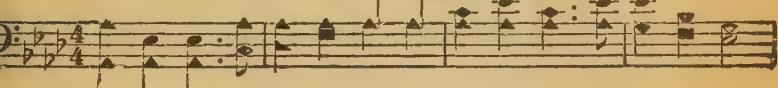
In the heav'nly mansions, sweet eternal rest, While the years unending roll,
with friends and loved ones blest.

173. 'Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus.

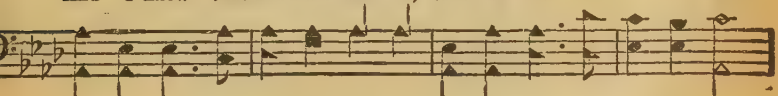
"My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be
Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. afraid."—JOHN 14: 27. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav-iour, Friend;



Just to rest up - on His prom - ise, Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.



CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've proved Him o'er and o'er;



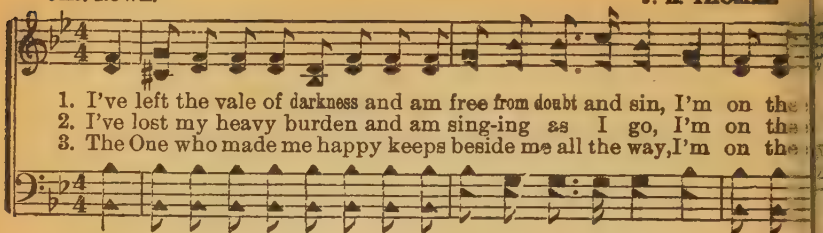
Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.



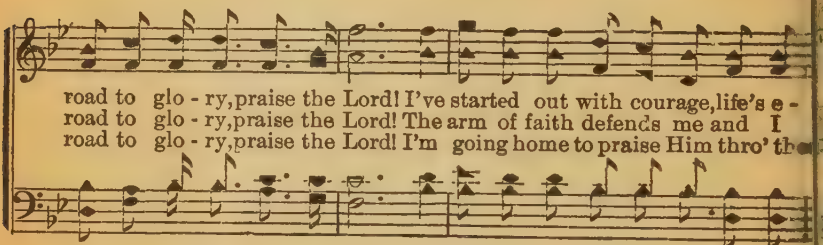
No. 174. I'm on the Road to Glory.

JAS. ROWE.

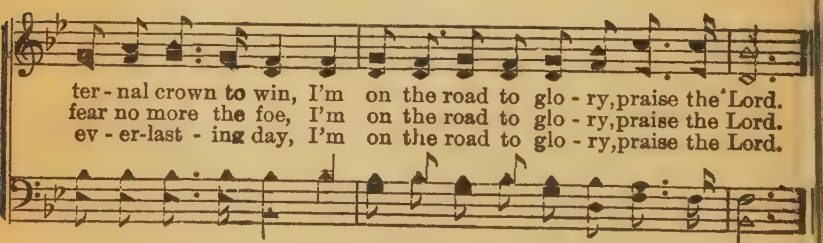
J. E. THOMAS



1. I've left the vale of darkness and am free from doubt and sin, I'm on the
2. I've lost my heavy burden and am sing-ing as I go, I'm on the
3. The One who made me happy keeps beside me all the way, I'm on the

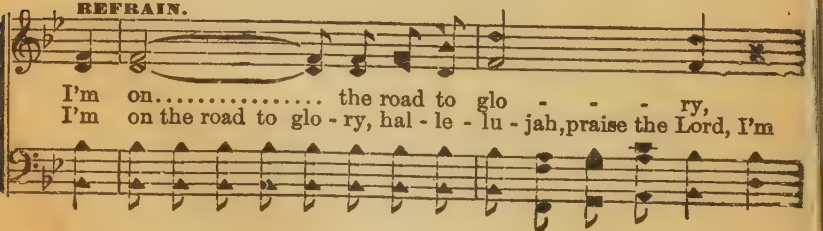


road to glo - ry, praise the Lord! I've started out with courage, life's e -
road to glo - ry, praise the Lord! The arm of faith defends me and I
road to glo - ry, praise the Lord! I'm going home to praise Him thro' the

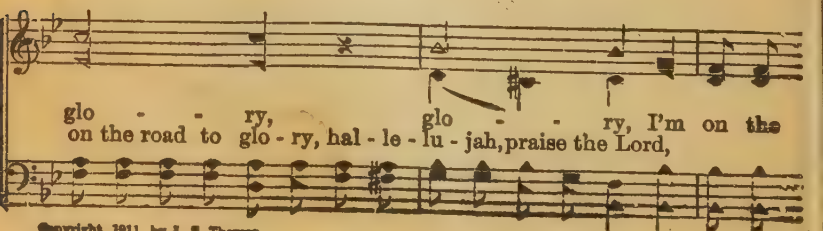


ter - nal crown to win, I'm on the road to glo - ry, praise the Lord.
fear no more the foe, I'm on the road to glo - ry, praise the Lord.
ev - er - last - ing day, I'm on the road to glo - ry, praise the Lord.

REFRAIN.



I'm on..... the road to glo - - - ry,
I'm on the road to glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord, I'm



glo - - - ry,
on the road to glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord,

I'm on the Road to Glory. Concluded.

road to glo-ry, praise the Lord! My past has been for-giv-en and my
soul is fac-ing heav-en, I'm on the road to glo-ry, praise the Lord.

No. 175. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.

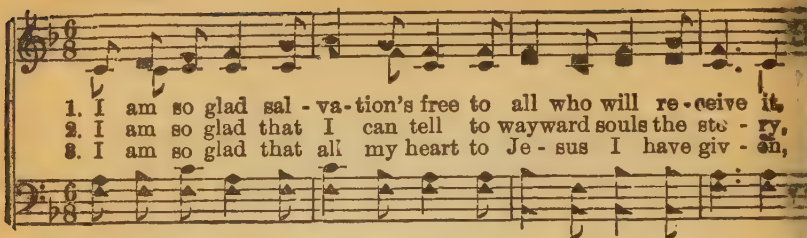
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

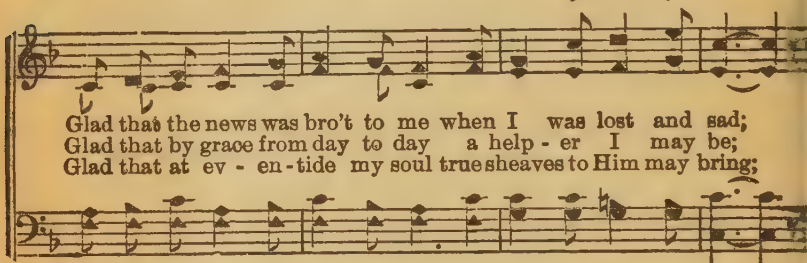
Chart and com-pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

JAMES BOWE.

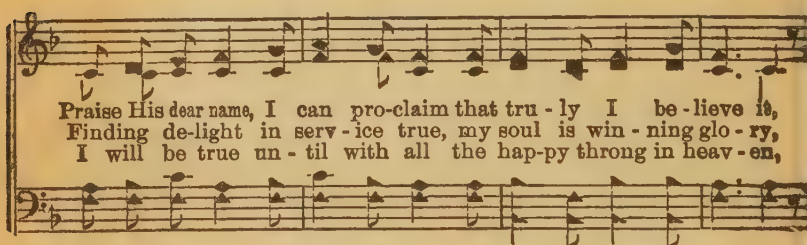
J. E. THOMAS.



1. I am so glad sal - va - tion's free to all who will re - ceive it,
 2. I am so glad that I can tell to wayward souls the sto - ry,
 3. I am so glad that all my heart to Je - sus I have giv - en,

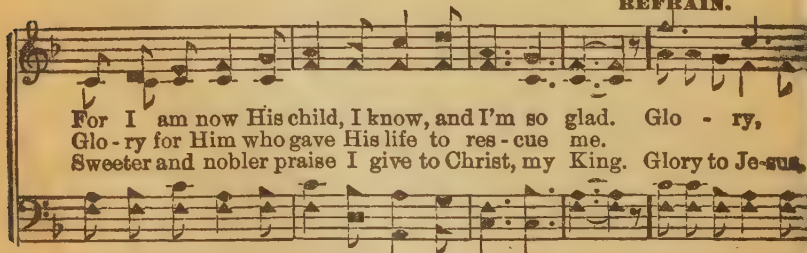


Glad that the news was bro't to me when I was lost and sad;
 Glad that by grace from day to day a help - er I may be;
 Glad that at ev - en - tide my soul true sheaves to Him may bring;

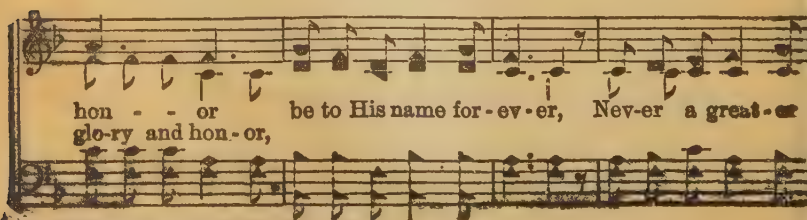


Praise His dear name, I can pro - claim that tru - ly I be - lieve it,
 Finding de - light in serv - ice true, my soul is win - ning glo - ry,
 I will be true un - til with all the hap - py throng in heav - en,

REFRAIN.

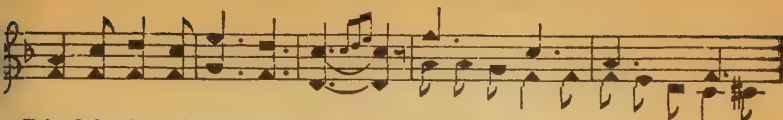


For I am now His child, I know, and I'm so glad. Glo - ry,
 Glo - ry for Him who gave His life to res - cue me.
 Sweeter and nobler praise I give to Christ, my King. Glory to Je - sus.

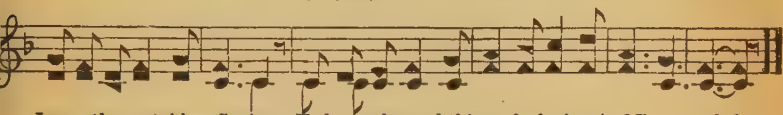
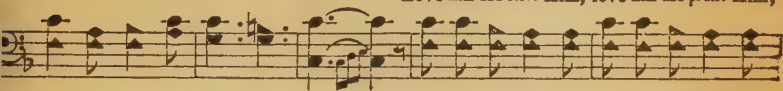


hon - - or be to His name for - ev - er, Nev - er a great - er
 glo - ry and hon - or,

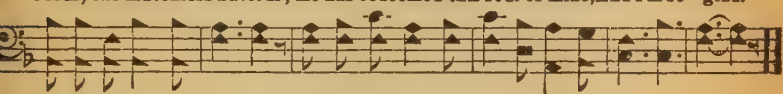
I Am So Glad. Concluded.



Friend the sin-ful race has had;... Love Him, praise Him;
Love Him and serve Him, love Him and praise Him;



Jesus, the matchless Saviour; He has redeemed this soul of mine, And I'm so glad.

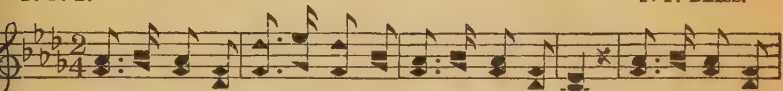


No. 177.

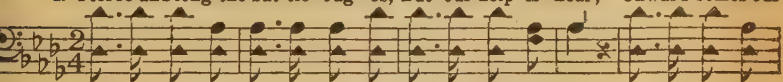
Hold the Fort.

P. P. B.

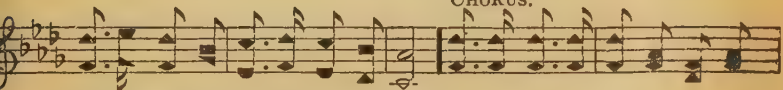
P. P. BLISS.



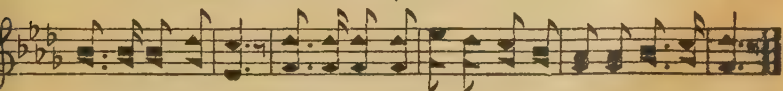
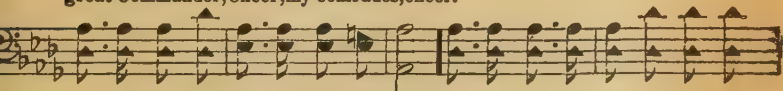
1. Ho, my comrades! see the sig-nal Wav-ing in the sky! Re-in-force-ments
2. See the might-y host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on; Might-y men a-
3. See the glor-ious ban-ner way-ing! Hear the trumpet blow! In our Lead-er's
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our help is near; Onward comes our



CHORUS.



now ap-pear-ing, Vic-to-ry is nigh.
round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone! "Hold the fort, for I am com-ing,"
name we'll triumph O-ver ev-'ry foe.
great Commander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer.



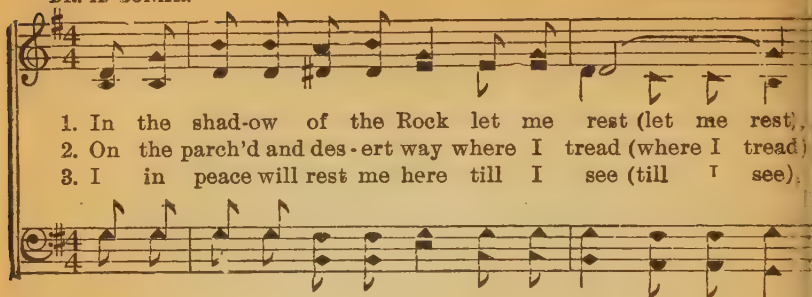
Je-sus sig-nals still; Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will."



No. 178. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

DR. H. BONAR.

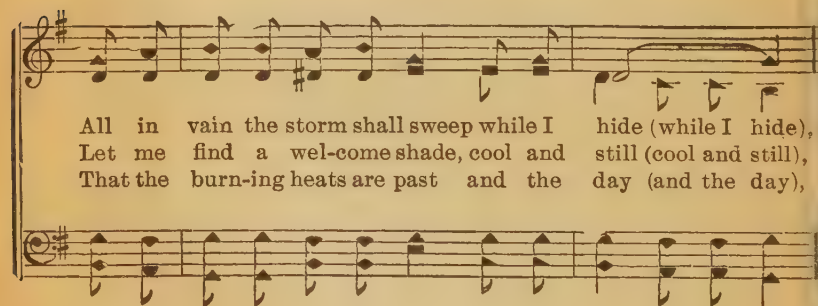
H. N. LINCOLN.



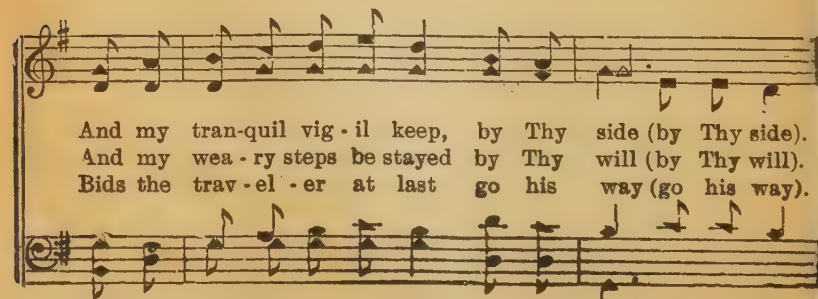
1. In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest (let me rest),
 2. On the parch'd and des-ert way where I tread (where I tread)
 3. I in peace will rest me here till I see (till I see),



When I feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast (thrill my breast),
 With the scorching noon-tide ray o'er my head (o'er my head),
 That the skies a - gain are fair o - ver me (o - ver me),



All in vain the storm shall sweep while I hide (while I hide),
 Let me find a wel-come shade, cool and still (cool and still),
 That the burn-ing heats are past and the day (and the day),



And my tran-quil vig-il keep, by Thy side (by Thy side).
 And my wea-ry steps be stayed by Thy will (by Thy will).
 Bids the trav-el-er at last go his way (go his way).

In the Shadow of the Rock. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

In the shadow of the rock let me rest, In the shadow of the rock let me rest;

When I feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast, In the shadow of the rock let me rest.

179. Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS.

(Antioch.)

Arr. from G. F. HANDEL.

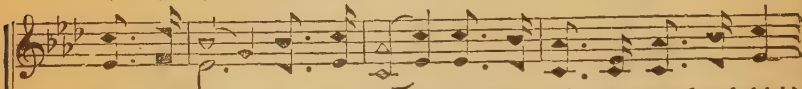
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let
2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-
comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo - rious of His right-eous-ness And won-ders of His love, And
And heav'n and nature

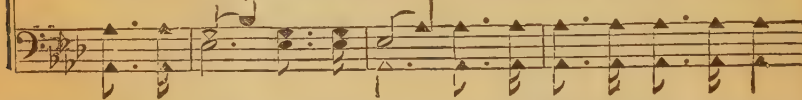
heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.
sing, And heav'n and nature sing,



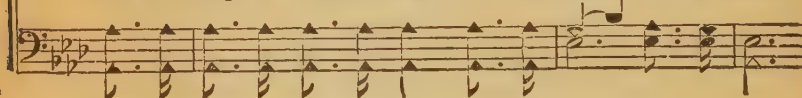
1. Chris-tian, gird the ar-mor on, There's a vic-t'ry to be won
2. Let His ban-ner be un-furled Till it waves o'er all the world,
3. When the bat-tle shall be done, And the vic-to-ry be won
4. That will be an hour of joy, Praise shall then our tongues employ,



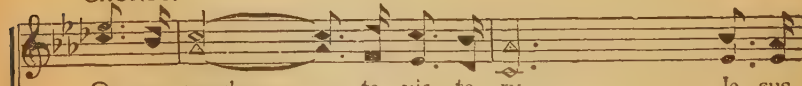
For the Lord, for the Lord; Take the hel-met, sword and shield,
 Sea to sea, shore to shore; Till the na-tions all shall own,
 Con-flict past, con-flict past; In our hap-py home a-bove;
 More and more, more and more; We shall stand be-fore the King,



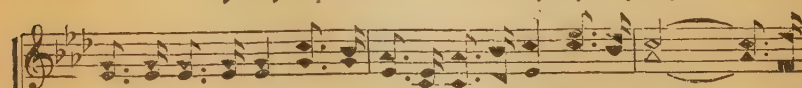
Forth un-to the bat-tle field At His word, at His word.
 He is King, and He a-lone, Ev-er-more, ev-er-more.
 We'll re-ceive a crown of love, At the last, at the last.
 And the song of tri-umph sing Ev-er-more, ev-er-more.



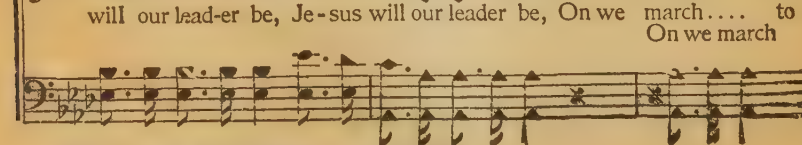
CHORUS.



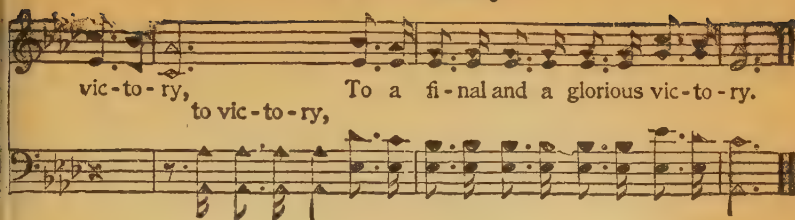
On we march..... to vic-to-ry, Je-sus
 On we march to vic-to-ry,



will our lead-er be, Je-sus will our leader be, On we march.... to
 On we march



On to Victory.



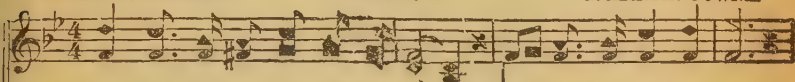
vic-to-ry, To a fi-nal and a glorious vic-to-ry.
to vic-to-ry,

No. 181. Under the Shadow of Thy Wings.

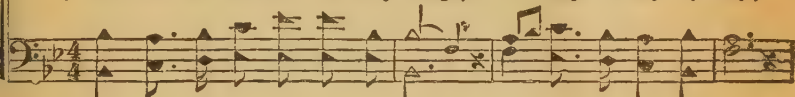
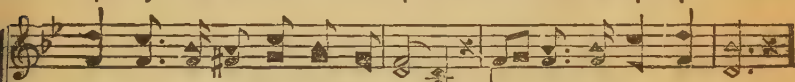
MRS. W. J. KENNEDY.

Ps. 17: 8.

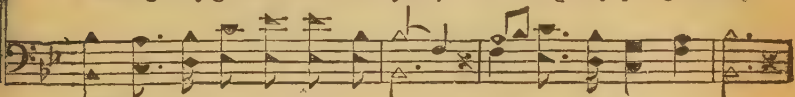
T. MARTIN TOWNE.



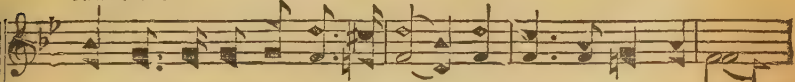
1. Un-der the shad-ow of Thy wings, There hide me safe a-way;
2. Un-der the shad-ow of Thy wings, Tho' storms of life grow wild;
3. Un-der the shad-ow of Thy wings, No foe can there molest;
4. Un-der the shad-ow of Thy wings, Lord keep me day by day;

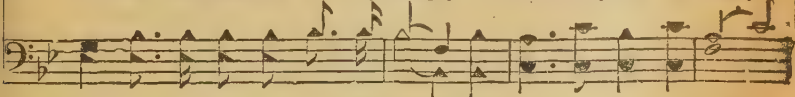
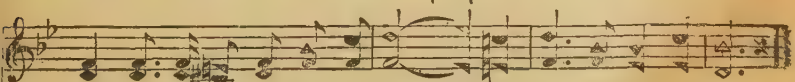
Like as the ap-ple of Thine eye, Keep me, dear Lord, to-day.
Thou canst control each stormy blast, And save Thy trusting child.
Rest-ing beneath Thy wings of love, My soul shall ev-er rest.
Trusting Thy grace I will re-joice, A-long my pil-grim way.



REFRAIN.



Un-der the shad-ow of Thy wings, O Sav-iour, let me hide;

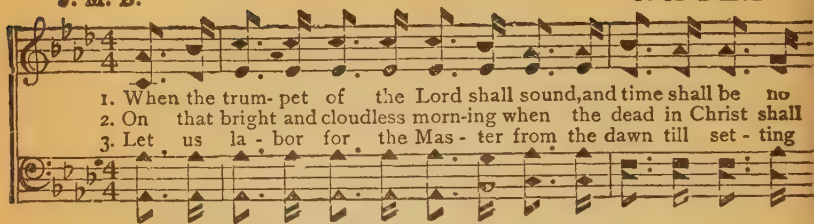
Un-der the shad-ow of Thy wings, Dear Lord, would I a-bide.



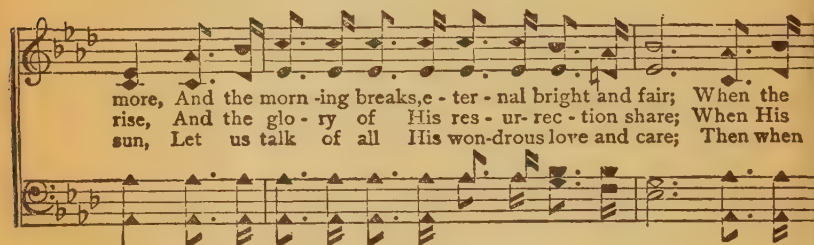
No. 182. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

J. M. B.

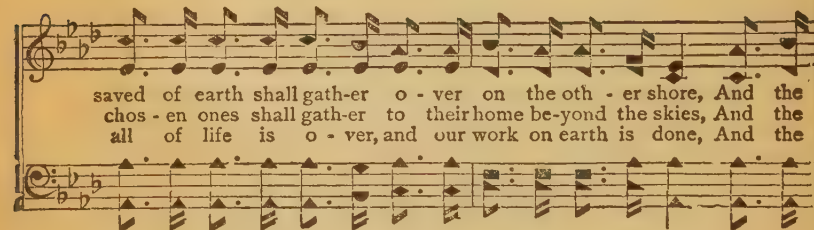
J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
2. On that bright and cloudless morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall
3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set-ting

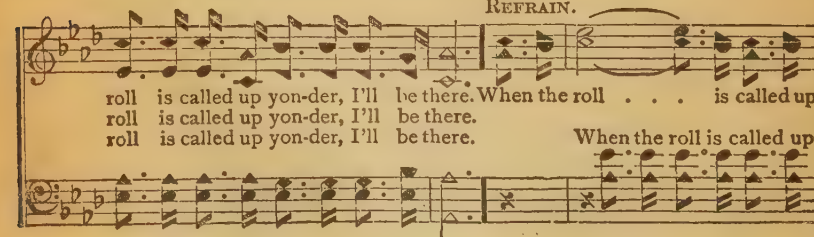


more, And the morn-ing breaks, e-ter-nal bright and fair; When the
rise, And the glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; When His
sun, Let us talk of all His won-drous love and care; Then when

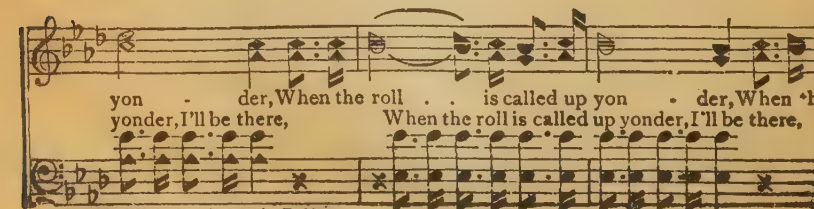


saved of earth shall gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the
chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the
all of life is o-ver, and our work on earth is done, And the

REFRAIN.



roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is called up
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up



yon-der, When the roll . . . is called up yon-der, When the
yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder. Concluded.

roll is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature.

No. 183. Jesus Will Come Again.

Property of S. H. Hall and Flavil Hall.

MRS. W. S. STROUD Atlanta, Ga.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. Je - sus is a lov - ing Shep - herd, And He is our faithful guide;
2. We are watching now and wait - ing, For the com - ing of our Lord;
3. Yes, He's coming back from glo - ry, Com - ing to this world a - gain;

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps and a 4/4 time signature.

He is com - ing back from heav - en, For the church of Christ, His bride.
He is com - ing for His loved ones, As He promised in His word.
He will gath - er up His jew - els, Safe - ly kept in His own name.

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps and a 4/4 time signature.

CHORUS.

He has promised all the faith - ful That He'll come to earth a - gain,

Musical notation for the third system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps and a 4/4 time signature.

And to glo - ry will re - ceive them, Ev - er - more with Him to reign.

Musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps and a 4/4 time signature.

No. 184. 'Twas Grace Divine That Lifted Me.

Words and music copyrighted, 1913, by J. E. Thomas.

AMES ROWE. Suggested by J. E. T.

Music and Refrain by J. E. THOMAS.

1. My heart o'erflows with a hap - py song, Which with joy I sing to the
2. He found me sink - ing in dark de - spair, And He lift - ed me in His
3. O wayward life, won't you trust this Friend ? On His lifting love won't you

need - y throng, As with my Saviour I press a - long, For His joy is
love-light fair, Be - stow - ing comfort beyond compare To this heart of
now de - pend ? He'll keep your soul, when this life shall end, Just as He'll keep

mine.
mine.
mine.

I've found the soul's ev - er - last - ing Spring In Je - ho - vah's Son,
He hid my past and restored my soul, Took my wayward life
He died to save you from shame and sin, And His pardon now

the e - ter - nal King, And now for - ev - er my heart shall sing Of His
un - der His con - trol, And now I'll sing, while the a - ges roll, Of His
you may free - ly win, O come to - day and a - new be - gin, Trusting

REFRAIN.

'Twas grace, grace, grace di -

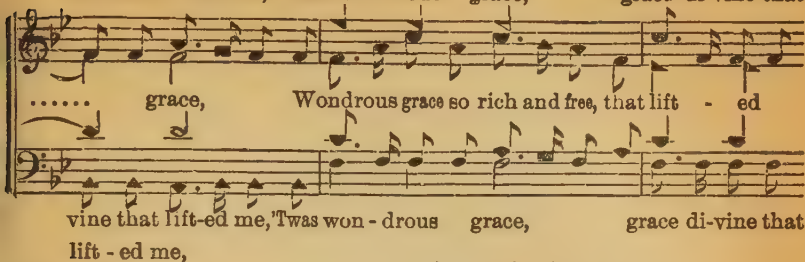
grace di - vine.

'Twas grace divine that lifted me, 'Twas grace..

'Twas grace, grace, grace di -

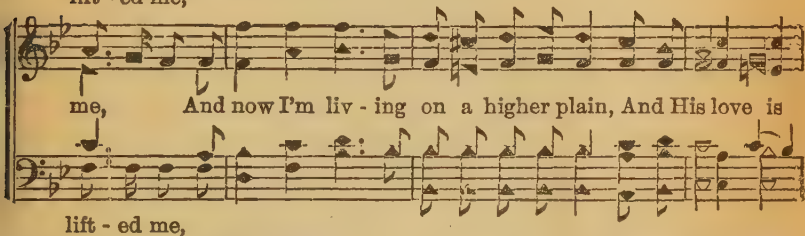
'Twas Grace Divine That Lifted Me. Concluded.

vine that lift-ed me, 'Twas won - drous grace, grace di-vine that



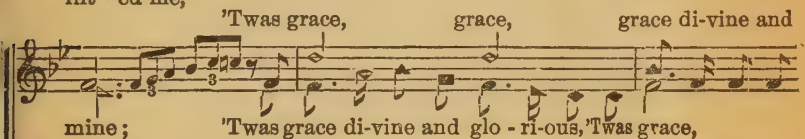
..... grace, Wondrous grace so rich and free, that lift - ed

vine that lift-ed me, 'Twas won - drous grace, grace di-vine that lift - ed me,



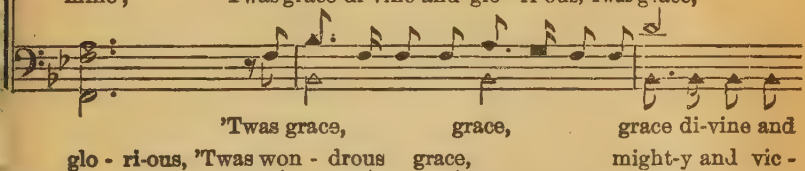
me, And now I'm liv - ing on a higher plain, And His love is

lift - ed me,



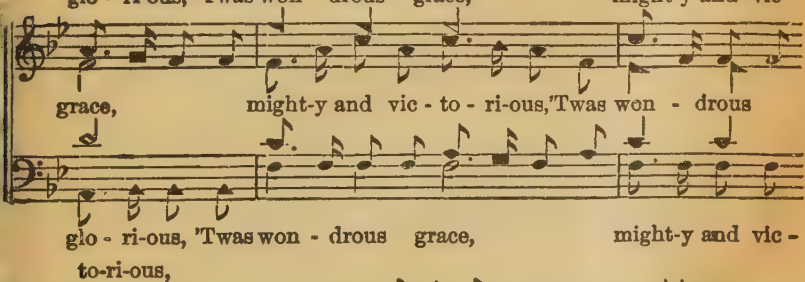
'Twas grace, grace, grace di-vine and

mine; 'Twas grace di-vine and glo - ri-ous, 'Twas grace,



'Twas grace, grace, grace di-vine and

glo - ri-ous, 'Twas won - drous grace, might-y and vic -



grace, might-y and vic - to - ri-ous, 'Twas won - drous

glo - ri-ous, 'Twas won - drous grace, might-y and vic - to-ri-ous,



grace That lifted me, And filled my heart with praise, It was grace divine.

to-ri-ous,

No. 185.

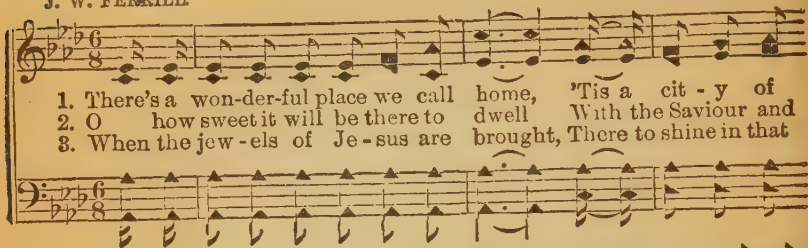
Wonderful City of God.

Copyright 1907, by J. E. Thomas and J. W. Ferrill. Used by per.

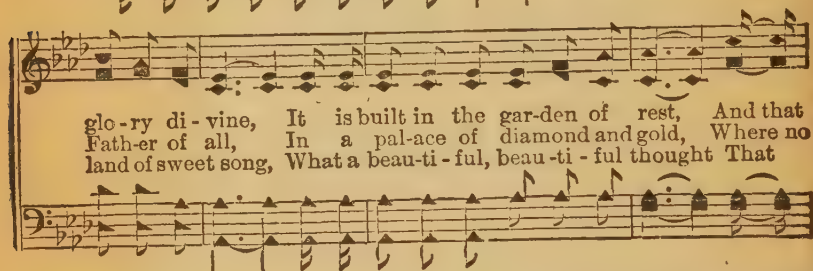
"I go and prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also" **John 14: 8**

J. W. FERRILL

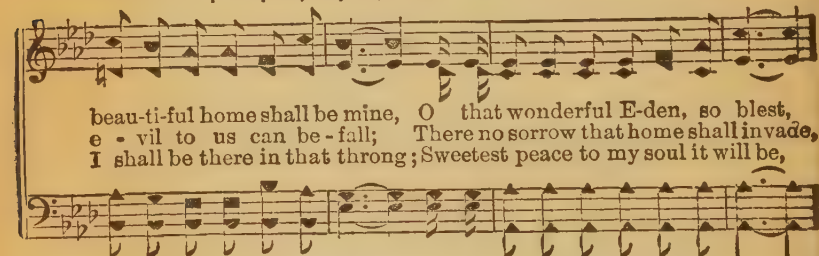
J. W. FERRILL.



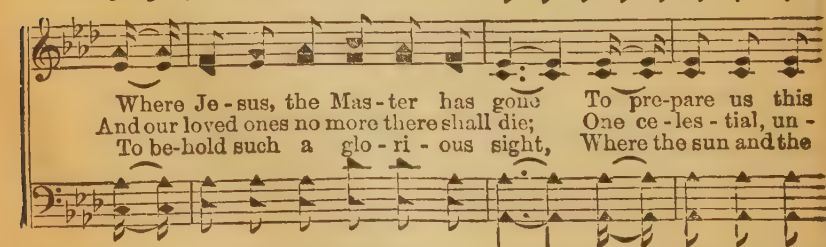
1. There's a won-der-ful place we call home, 'Tis a cit - y of
 2. O how sweet it will be there to dwell With the Saviour and
 3. When the jew - els of Je - sus are brought, There to shine in that



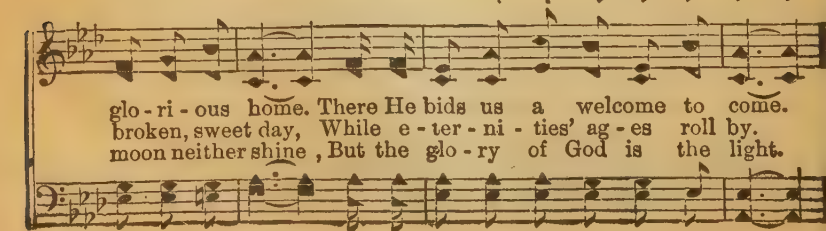
glo-ry di-vine, It is built in the gar-den of rest, And that
 Fath-er of all, In a pal-ace of diamond and gold, Where no
 land of sweet song, What a beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful thought That



beau-ti-ful home shall be mine, O that wonderful E-den, so blest,
 e - vil to us can be-fall; There no sorrow that home shall invade,
 I shall be there in that throng; Sweetest peace to my soul it will be,




Where Je - sus, the Mas-ter has gone To pre-pare us this
 And our loved ones no more there shall die; One ce-les - tial, un -
 To be-hold such a glo - ri - ous sight, Where the sun and the



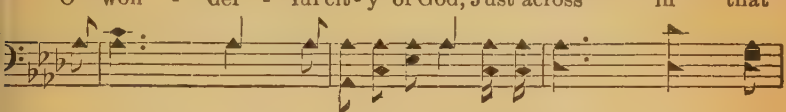
glo - ri - ous home. There He bids us a welcome to come.
 broken, sweet day, While e - ter - ni - ties' ag - es roll by.
 moon neither shine, But the glo - ry of God is the light.

Wonderful City of God. Concluded.


REFRAIN.





O wonderful cit - y of God,..... Just across in that beauti-ful
O won - der - ful cit-y of God, Just across in that



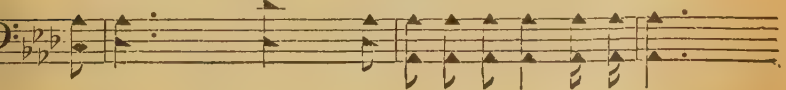


clime,..... Where the angels' sweet ech-o of song..... In
beautiful clime, Where the an - gels' sweet ech - o of song In

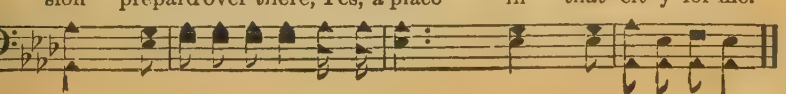
mu-sic-al cadencies chime... O won-der-ful cit - y of God, ...
mu - sic - al cadencies chime, O won - der - ful cit-y of God,

By faith in the dis-tance I see,..... There's a man-sion pre-
By faith in the distance I see, There's a man -

pared o-ver there,..... Yes, a place in that cit - y for me.....
'sion prepard over there, Yes, a place in that cit-y for me.

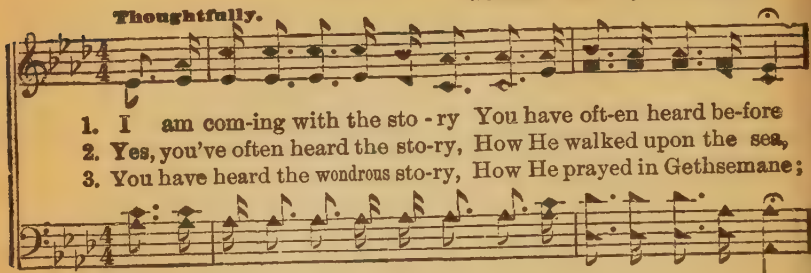


He's Just the Same To-day.

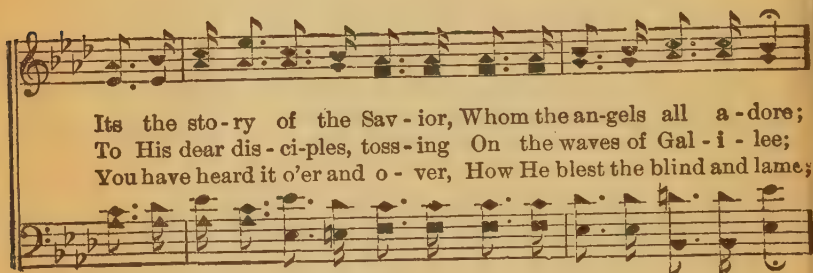
"And Jesus went about preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness."—MATT. 4: 23.

Words and Music by J. E. THOMAS.

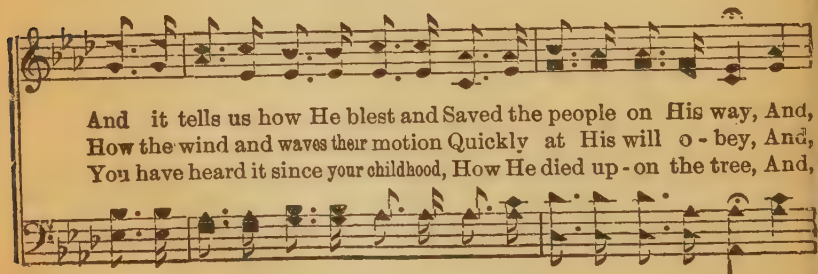
Thoughtfully.



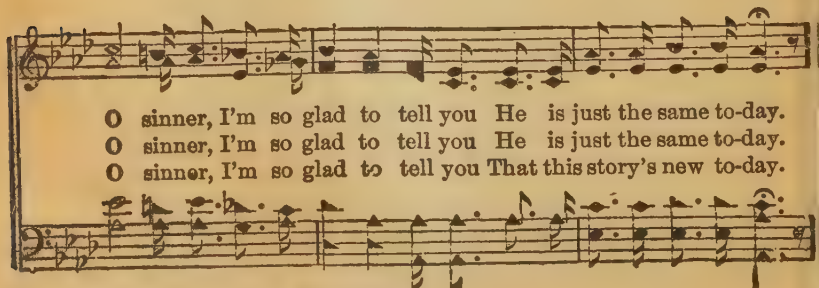
1. I am com-ing with the sto - ry You have oft-en heard be-fore
 2. Yes, you've often heard the sto-ry, How He walked upon the sea,
 3. You have heard the wondrous sto-ry, How He prayed in Gethsemane;



Its the sto-ry of the Sav-ior, Whom the an-gels all a-dore;
 To His dear dis-ci-ples, toss-ing On the waves of Gal-i-lee;
 You have heard it o'er and o-ver, How He blest the blind and lame;



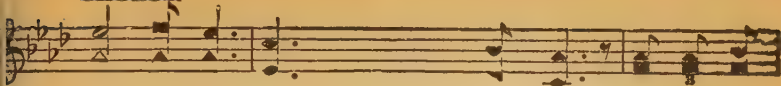
And it tells us how He blest and Saved the people on His way, And,
 How the wind and waves their motion Quickly at His will o-bey, And,
 You have heard it since your childhood, How He died up-on the tree, And,



O sinner, I'm so glad to tell you He is just the same to-day.
 O sinner, I'm so glad to tell you He is just the same to-day.
 O sinner, I'm so glad to tell you That this story's new to-day.

He's Just the Same To-day Concluded.

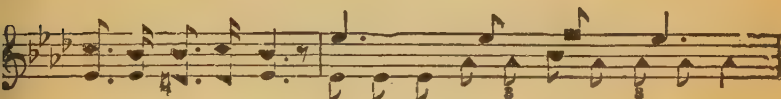
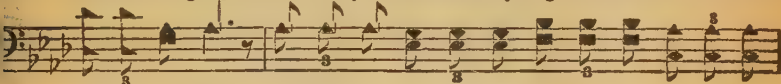
CHORUS.



O sin-ner, O sin-ner, Won't you be-
sin-ner, O won't you be-lieve?



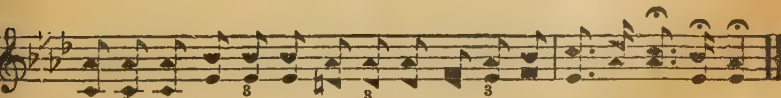
lieve it we pray? How can you heed-less-ly slight the sal-va-tion He



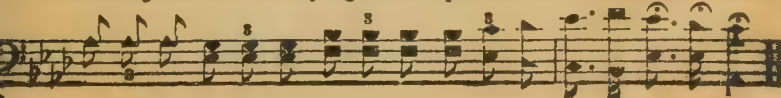
of-fers you so free? Judg - ment's com - ing,
Judgment is com-ing, its com-ing to all



Judg - ment's com - ing; What will your answer then be,
Judgment is coming, its coming to all;



When the great Book in the judgment is opened And Je-sus calls for thee?

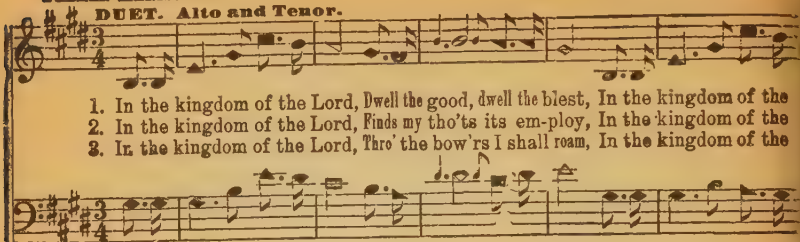


No. 187. ' In the Kingdom of the Lord.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

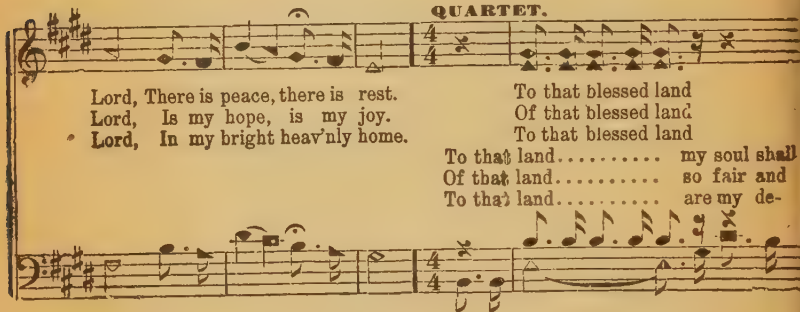
F. CLARK PERRY.

DUET. Alto and Tenor.




1. In the kingdom of the Lord, Dwell the good, dwell the blest, In the kingdom of the
 2. In the kingdom of the Lord, Finds my tho'ts its em-ploy, In the kingdom of the
 3. In the kingdom of the Lord, Thro' the bow'rs I shall roam, In the kingdom of the

QUARTET.



Lord, There is peace, there is rest. To that blessed land
 Lord, Is my hope, is my joy. Of that blessed land
 Lord, In my bright heav'nly home. To that blessed land
 To that land..... my soul shall
 Of that land..... so fair and
 To that land..... are my de-



glad my soul shall fly, When this pilgrimage, pil-grim-age is
 land so fair and bright, Trav-el-ing a-long, trav-el-ing a-
 Thine are my de-sires, Sav-iour's blest a-bode, Saviour's blest a-
 fly,..... When this pil - - grim-age, this pil-grim-age is
 bright..... As I'm trav - - el-ing, am trav-el-ing a-
 sires,..... There's my Sav - - iour's blest, my Saviour's blest a-



o'er, Dwell be-yond the sky, dwell be-yond the sky,
 long, Al-most catch the sight, al-most catch the sight,
 bode, Thee, my heart as-spires, thee, my heart as-spires,
 o'er, I shall dwell..... be-yond the sky,.....
 long, I can al - - most catch the sight,.....
 bode, Un-to Thee..... my heart as-spires,.....

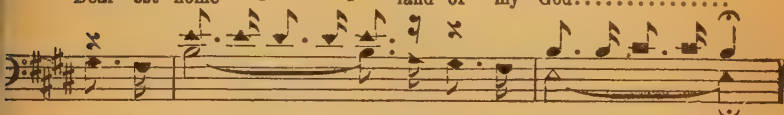
In the Kingdom of the Lord. Concluded.



With my Sav-iour blest,
Al-most hear the song,
Home-land of my God,

blest for ev-er-more.
al-most hear the song.
home-land of my God.

With my Sav - - - iour ev - er - more.....
I can al - - - most hear the song.....
Dear-est home - - - land of my God.....



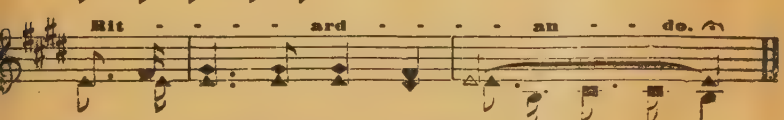
When the sun..... is sink-ing low,..... So oft I
— When the sun is low, sun is sinking low,



sing,..... so sweet-ly sing,..... O that
then so oft I sing, then so sweet-ly sing,



land,..... to which I go,.....
land, that bless-ed land, land to which I go.



Where my Fa-ther is the King.....
He is the King.



No. 188. What a Morning That Will Be.

By M. BEAL BATEMAN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

CHORUS.

What a morn-ing that will be, hal - le - lu - jah! What a
What a

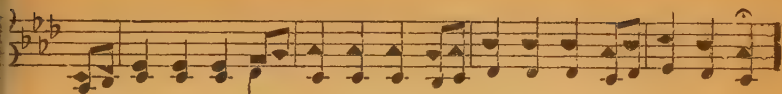
morn - ing! what a morn - ing! When our eyes the King shall
morning that will be! what a morning that will be!

see, hal - le - lu - jah! What a morn - ing that will be!
What a morn-ing that will be!

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. When all the clouds of darkness break, When all the dead from dust awake,
2. The dreams of earth will soon be o'er, And death and sorrow come no more,
3. No waking doubts, no dark'ning fears, No long good-bys in grief and tears,
4. Oh, come a-way to that bright land, Before the throne of God we'll stand,

What a Morning That Will Be. Concluded.



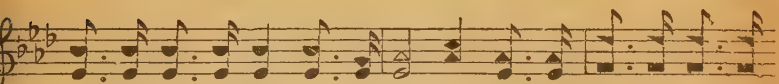
And all the just His likeness take, Oh, what a morning that will be!
When we a-wake on yon fair shore, Oh, what a morning that will be!
But joy supreme thro' endless years, Oh, what a morning that will be!
And sing with all the ransomed band, Oh, what a morning that will be!



FULL CHORUS.



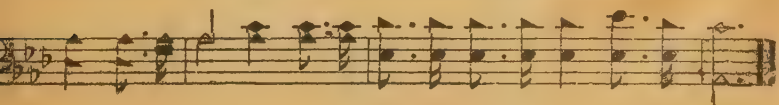
Then a - wake and swell the song, Hal - le - lu - jah! Joy - ful



notes of praise prolong, Hal-le - lu - jah! When we join the ransomed



throng, Hal-le - lu - jah! What a day of love and peace that will be.



ROBT. SPURGIN.

J. H. FILLMORE.



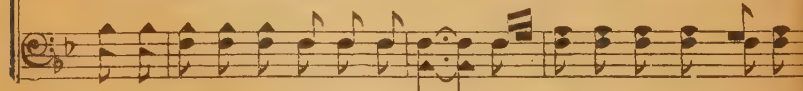
1. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the
2. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, The cit - y that
3. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the



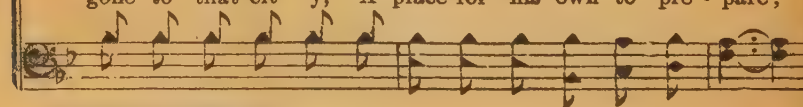
cit - y of God ; It's gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold,
 knoweth no night ; It need - eth no sun, neither needeth the moon,
 cit - y of God ; It's gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold,



And by glorified beings they're trod. And Je - sus, my Sav - iour, has
 For the glo - ry of God is its light. In that cit - y are loved ones a -
 And by glorified beings they're trod. And Je - sus, my Sav - iour, has



gone to that cit - y, A place for his own to pre - pare ;
 wait - ing my com - ing, Ex - pect - ant they stand on the shore ;
 gone to that cit - y, A place for his own to pre - pare ;



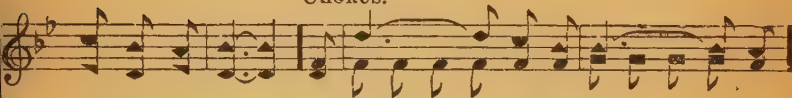
Just Over The River. Concluded.



In the house of the Fa-ther the mansions are many, And one is a -
O when shall I en - ter my mansion in heav-en, A pil-grim to
In the house of the Fa-ther the mansions are many, And one is a



CHORUS.

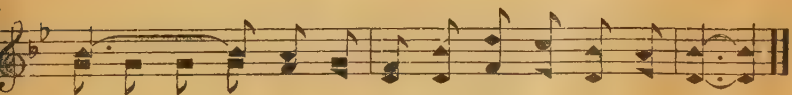


wait-ing me there. Just o - - ver the riv - - er,
roam nev-er more.

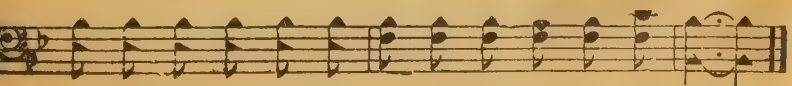
wait-ing me there. Just o-ver the riv-er, just o-ver the riv-er,



That beau-ti-ful cit-y I see; Just o - - ver the
And Je-sus, my Sav-iour, has



riv - - er, A place in that cit-y for me.
gone to make read-y,

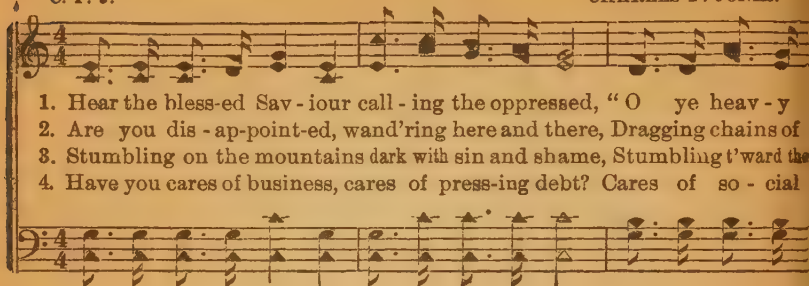


"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—

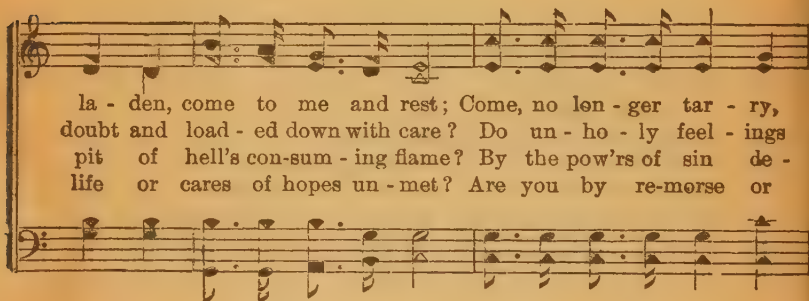
MATT. 11: 28.

C. P. J.

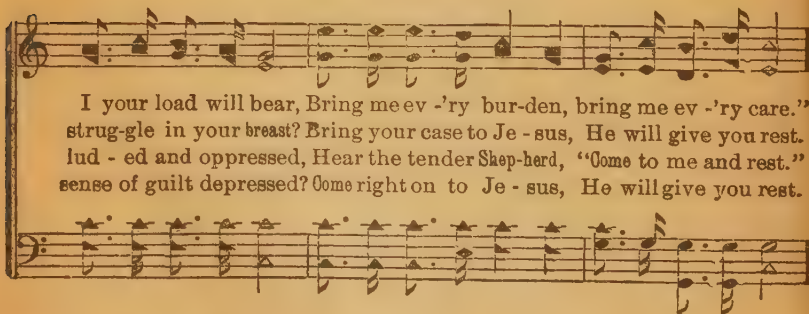
CHARLES P. JONES.



1. Hear the bless-ed Sav-iour call-ing the oppressed, "O ye heav-y
2. Are you dis-ap-point-ed, wand'ring here and there, Dragging chains of
3. Stumbling on the mountains dark with sin and shame, Stumbling t'ward the
4. Have you cares of business, cares of press-ing debt? Cares of so-cial

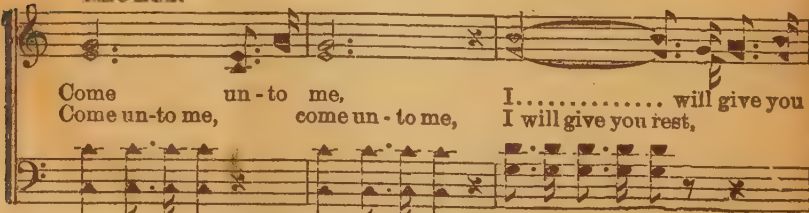


la-den, come to me and rest; Come, no lon-ger tar-ry,
doubt and load-ed down with care? Do un-ho-ly feel-ings
pit of hell's con-sum-ing flame? By the pow'rs of sin de-
life or cares of hopes un-met? Are you by re-morse or



I your load will bear, Bring me ev-'ry bur-den, bring me ev-'ry care."
strug-gle in your breast? Bring your case to Je-sus, He will give you rest.
lud-ed and oppressed, Hear the tender Shep-herd, "Come to me and rest."
sense of guilt depressed? Come right on to Je-sus, He will give you rest.

CHORUS.

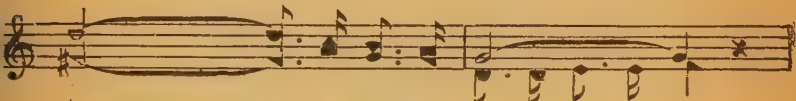
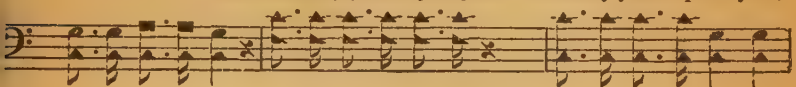


Come un-to me, un-to me, I..... will give you
Come un-to me, come un-to me, I will give you rest,

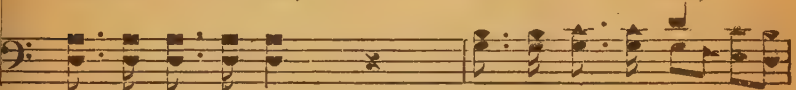
Come Unto Me. Concluded.



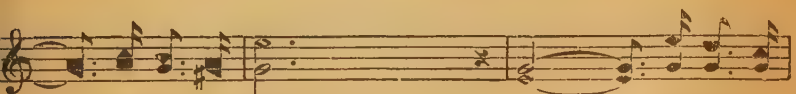
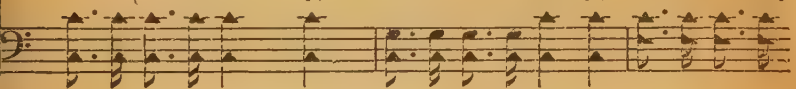
rest; Take..... my yoke up-on you,
I will give you rest; Take my yoke upon you, Take my yoke up-on you,



Hear..... me and be blest;.....
Hear me and be blest, hear me and be blest, For



I..... am meek and low - ly, Come.....
I am meek and low - ly, I am meek and low-ly; Come and trust my



..... and trust my might; Come,... my yoke is
might, Come and trust my might; Come, O come,

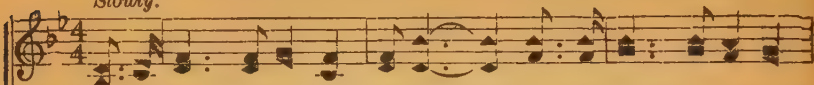


eas - - y, And..... my burden's light.
Come, my yoke is eas-y, Come, O come, yes, Come, my burden's light.



No. 191. When the Day is Full of Gladness.

Words and music by the late W. T. Tomson, Marietta, O., and brother of Jas. F. Tomson, Carmichael, Miss., and the son of J. H. D. Tomson, Greeley, Colo.
Slowly.



1. When the day is full of glad-ness, When the sun shines bright and
2. You have heard the old, old sto - ry, How the Sav - iour died for
3. He has prov - en how He loves you, Won't you love Him in re -



clear, When the heart is free from sadness And the cares that vex us
you, And I'm sure you must believe it, For the dear old sto - ry's
turn, And o - bey His just commands? Can you still His mer - cy



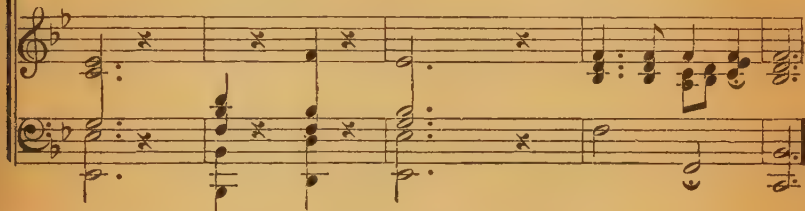
here, Don't forget a mid earth's pleasures, There is One who died to
true; He as - cend - ed in - to glo - ry To pre - pare for you a
spurn? He has promised peace and pardon, All your sins He will for



When the Day is Full of Gladness. Concluded.



save And you'll need His tender guidance When you cross death's cold, dark wave
home, And he calls you, "Come un-to me." O my brother, won't you come?
give, If you'll love Him and obey Him; Won't you come to Him and live?



CHORUS. *A little animated.*



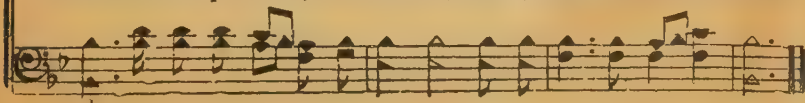
Won't you come..... un - to the Sav - iour?
Won't you come un-to the Sav-iour, Won't you come un-to the Saviour?



He a - lone.....hath pow'r to save,..... You can
He a - lone hath pow'r to save, He a-lone hath pow'r to save,



trust and lean up-on him, dear brother, When you cross death's cold, dark wave.



No. 192. Why Will You in Bondage Stay?

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

LAURENS HIGHFIELD.

SAMUEL W. BRAZLEE.

Met. J = 108.

1. Why will you in bond - age stay? Fol - ly in its chains has
2. If the Son shall make you free, You are free from sin and
3. Why will you in bond - age stay? Sin and death no hope can

bound you, All the wag - es it will pay Will be death and wee.
 sor - row; Christ can give you lib - er - ty, If you will o - bey.
 of - fer Of a bright - er, bet - ter day, Why to e - vil bow?

Je - sus Christ can set you free, If you will His serv - ant be,
 He your shack - les will re - move, He your friend will ev - er prove,
 Pris - on doors are o - pened wide, By the Sav - iour cru - ci - fied,

He re - demp - tion will be - stow, Come, His fav - or know.
 Why will you in bond - age stay? Ask His help to - day.
 Rich - ly He will you en - dow, Seek sal - va - tion now.

p CHORUS.

mf

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come.

Why will you lin - ger here in
 Why in bond - age

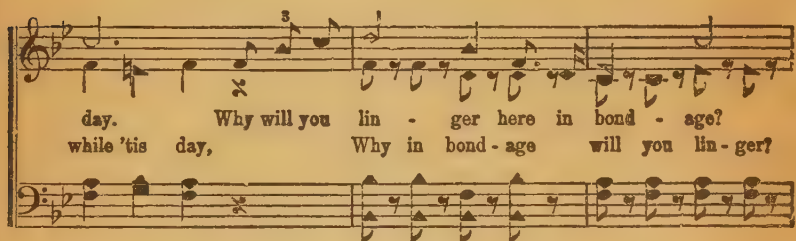
Why Will You in Bondage Stay? Concluded.



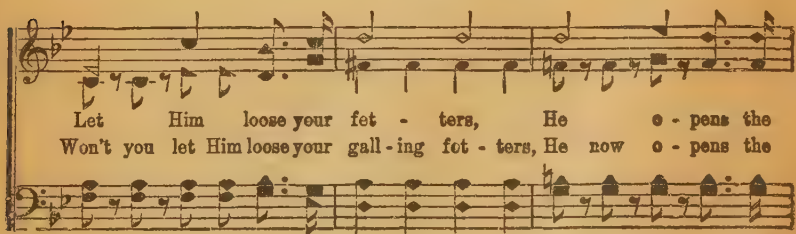
bond - age! Sin rules in the dark - ness,
will you lin - ger? Sin rules in the drear - y dark-ness,



Je - sus will re - deem you, Come in - to the light while it is
Je-sus Christ will now re-deem you, Come, come,



day. Why will you lin - ger here in bond - age?
while 'tis day, Why in bond-age will you lin - ger?



Let Him loose your fet - ters, He o - pens the
Won't you let Him loose your gall-ing fet - ters, He now o - pens the

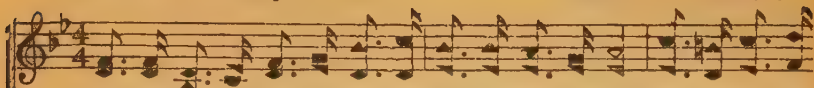


pris - on wide, Then come un - to the Lord while you may.
come, come, while you may.

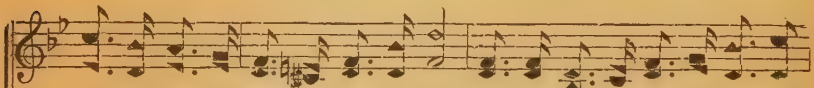
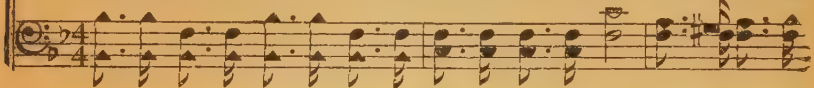
No. 193. The Bugle Call Is Ringing.

JAMES ROWE. Chorus by GEO. W. S.

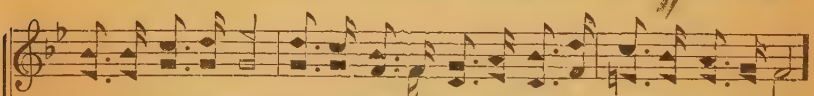
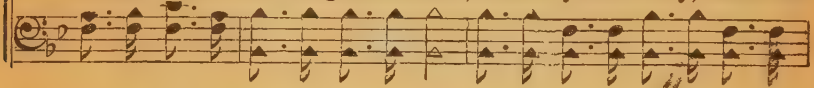
GEO. W. STAPLETON.



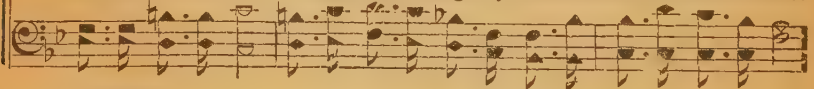
1. Soldiers, put your armor on and boldly march away, Clearly rings the
2. Sinners need the gospel in the dreary vales of sin; March away with
3. Golden crowns are waiting for the faithful of the Lord; March away with



bu-gle call a-cross the earth to-day; Jesus, our Commander, needs His Je-sus, help to lead the wayward in; Long their souls have pleaded for the courage, try to win the great reward; Then in yonder cit-y, where the



soldiers on the field, There to fight for glory and to never, never yield. precious light of love; Lead them to the mercy-seat and point their souls above. an-gels Him adore, We shall share His glory and be with Him evermore.



CHORUS.



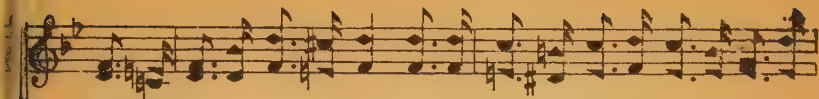
Hark! the bu-gle call is ring-ing clear to-day; Up, ye
Hark! the bu-gle call is Up, ye soldiers.



soldiers, to the bat-tle field a-way, Bear the cross of Cal-va-ry,
to the



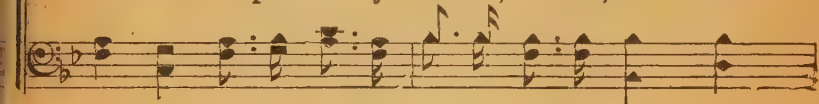
The Bugle Call Is Ringing. Concluded.



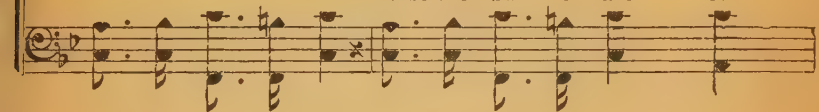
March ye on to vic - to - ry, In the strength of Christ, our Captain, let us



on - ward go. For - ward, on-ward, see the
press bold-ly. Forward, on-ward, see the



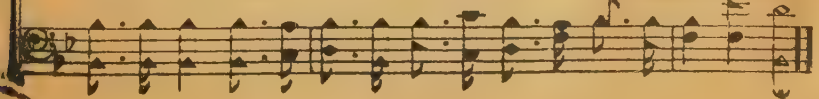
foe is draw - ing nigh; Raise the ban - ner till it
Raise the ban - ner till it



reach the vaulted sky, Then in realms of heav'n above We shall dwell with



Christ in love, There for ev - er-more to praise Him, King of kings we know.

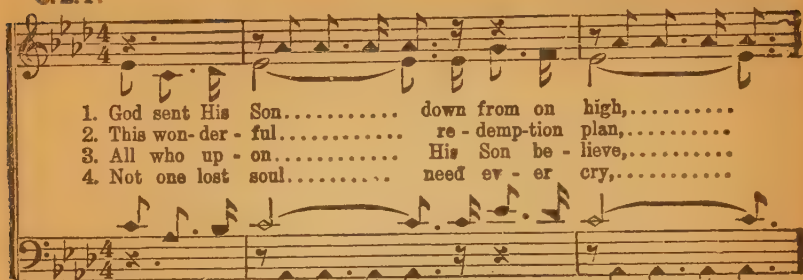


No. 194. God's Wonderful Redemption Plan.

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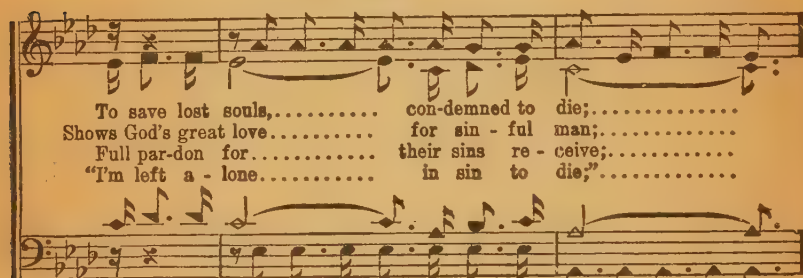
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

G. E. P.



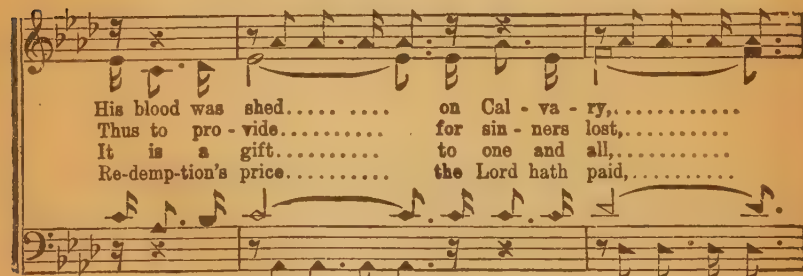
1. God sent His Son..... down from on high,.....
 2. This won-der-ful..... re-demp-tion plan,.....
 3. All who up-on..... His Son be-lieve,.....
 4. Not one lost soul..... need ev-er cry,.....

1. God sent His Son down from on high,



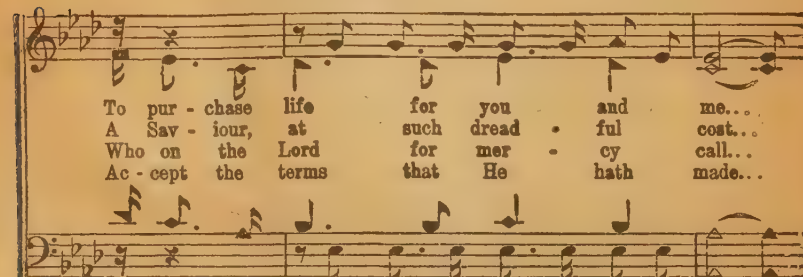
To save lost souls,..... con-demned to die;.....
 Shows God's great love..... for sin-ful man;.....
 Full par-don for..... their sins re-ceive;.....
 "I'm left a-lone..... in sin to die;".....

To save lost souls, con-demned to die;



His blood was shed..... on Cal-va-ry,.....
 Thus to pro-vide..... for sin-ners lost,.....
 It is a gift..... to one and all,.....
 Re-demp-tion's price..... the Lord hath paid,.....

His blood was shed on Cal-va-ry,

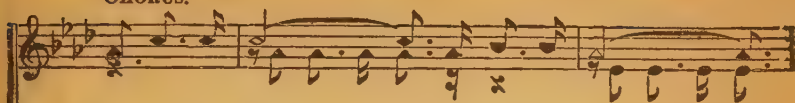


To pur-chase life for you and me...
 A Sav-iour, at such dread-ful cost...
 Who on the Lord for mer-cy call...
 Ac-cept the terms that He hath made...


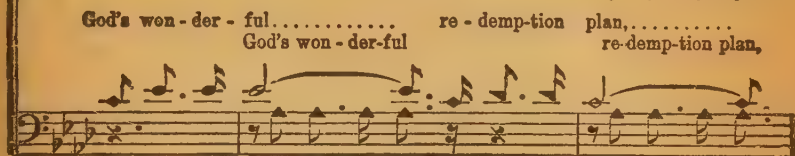
To pur-chase life for you and me...

God's Wonderful Redemption. Concluded.

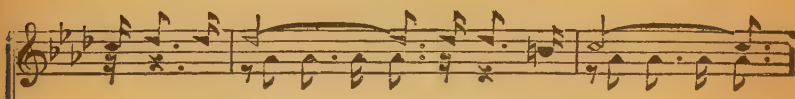
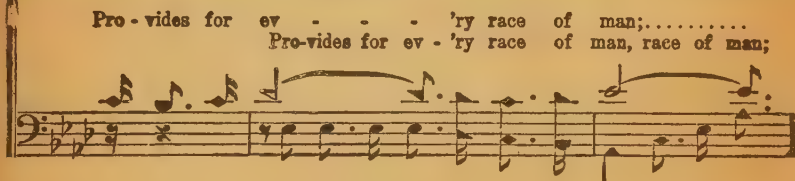
CHORUS.



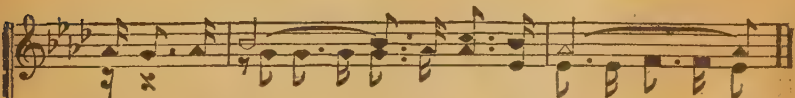
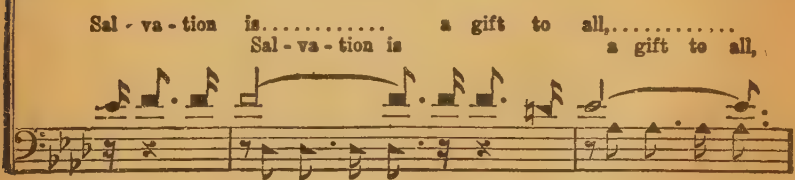
God's won - der - ful..... re - demp - tion plan,.....
God's won - der - ful re - demp - tion plan,




Pro - vides for ev - - - 'ry race of man;.....
Pro - vides for ev - 'ry race of man, race of man;



Sal - va - tion is..... a gift to all,.....
Sal - va - tion is a gift to all,



Who on the Lord..... for mer - cy call.....
for mer - cy call.



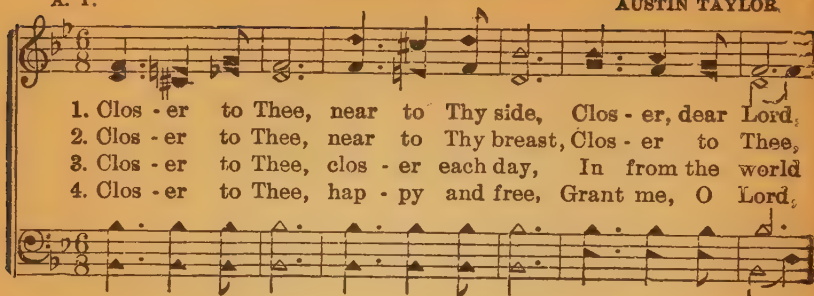
Who on the Lord for mer - cy call.....

No. 195.

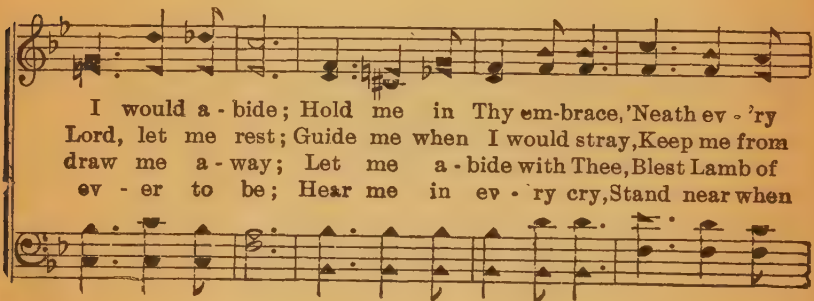
Closer To Thee.

A. T.

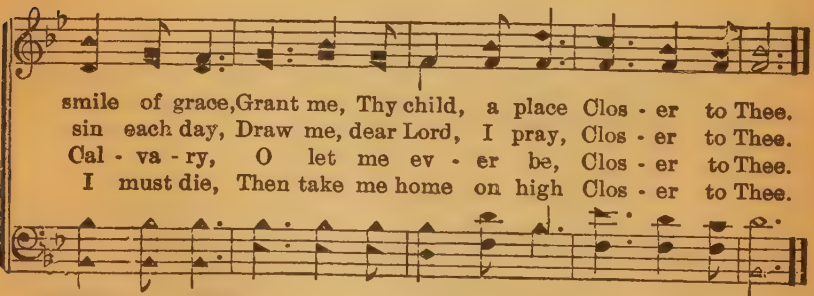
AUSTIN TAYLOR.



1. Clos - er to Thee, near to Thy side, Clos - er, dear Lord,
 2. Clos - er to Thee, near to Thy breast, Clos - er to Thee,
 3. Clos - er to Thee, clos - er each day, In from the world
 4. Clos - er to Thee, hap - py and free, Grant me, O Lord,



I would a - bide; Hold me in Thy em-brace, 'Neath ev - 'ry
 Lord, let me rest; Guide me when I would stray, Keep me from
 draw me a - way; Let me a - bide with Thee, Blest Lamb of
 ev - er to be; Hear me in ev - 'ry cry, Stand near when



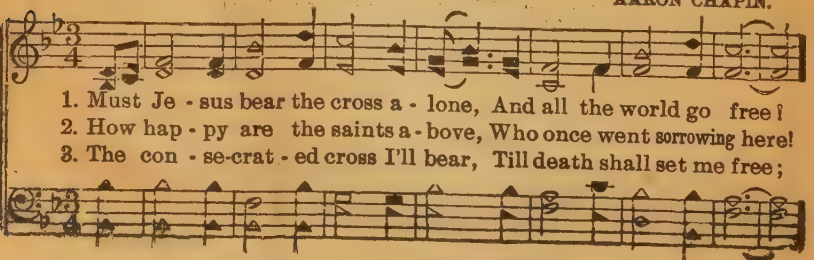
smile of grace, Grant me, Thy child, a place Clos - er to Thee.
 sin each day, Draw me, dear Lord, I pray, Clos - er to Thee.
 Cal - va - ry, O let me ev - er be, Clos - er to Thee.
 I must die, Then take me home on high Clos - er to Thee.

Copyright, 1911, by Austin Taylor.

No. 196. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

G. N. ALLEN.

AARON CHAPIN.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free!
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
 3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone? Concluded.

No: there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

No. 197. Nearer and Dearer Is Jesus.

A. T.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Near - er and dear - er is Je - sus to me, Sweeter His sto - ry of love;
2. O - ver and o - ver I heard His sweet voice, Sweet as the mu - sic of song;
3. Near - er and dear - er He's growing each day, Near - er and dear - er to me;

More in His like-ness I ev - er would be, More like my Saviour a - bove.
Woo-ing my spir - it to make Him my choice, Now I am one of His throng!
As I learn more of His sweet, gen - tle way, More of His goodness I see.

CHORUS.

Near - er and dear - er to me, Near - er and dear - er is He,

Pre - cious and gracious Re - deem - er, Near - er and dear - er to me.

Rev. E. PERDONET.

OLIVER HOLDER.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fail,
 2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
 3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
 4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song And crown Him Lord of all.

Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep?

BENJ. REDDOME.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let
 2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an-gels see; Be
 3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In

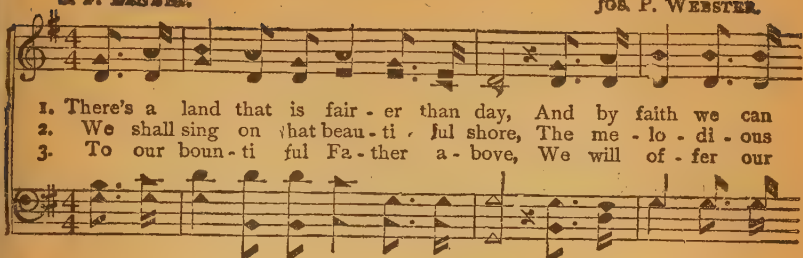
tears of pen-i-ten-tial grief Flow forth from ev-'ry eye.
 thou as-ton-ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
 heav'n a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.

THE SWEET BY AND BY.

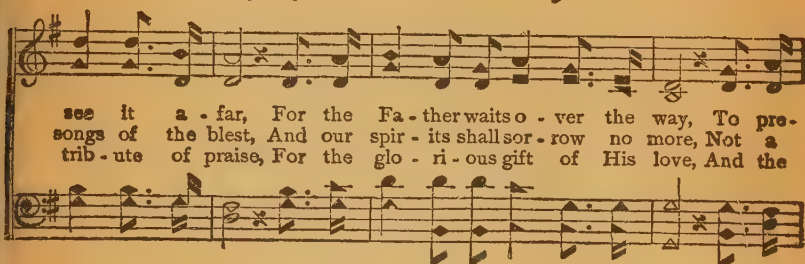
(See No. 325.)

S. F. BENNETT.

JOE P. WEBSTER.

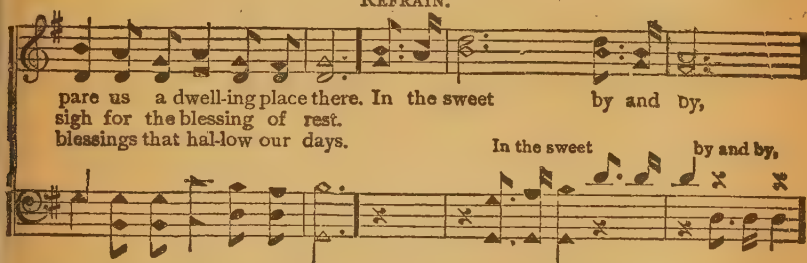


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

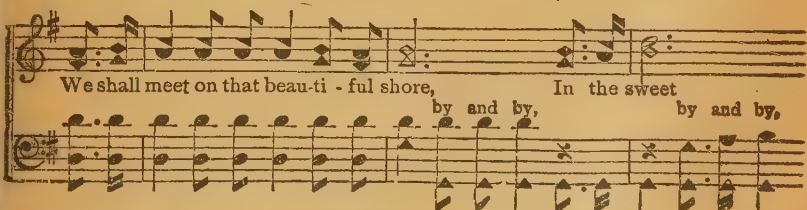


see it a - far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

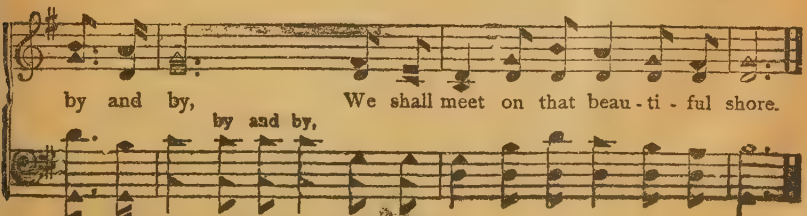
REFRAIN.



pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by and by,
 sigh for the blessing of rest.
 blessings that hal - low our days. In the sweet by and by,



We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by and by,
 by and by, by and by,



by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 by and by,

No. 201. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Tune:—ONWARD. 6, 8.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God, Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane But the Church of
4. Onward, then ye peo-ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore, Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter,
treading Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed,
Je-sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er
voic-es In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or

Leads against the foe; Forward in-to bat-tle, See, His banners go!
All one bod-y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i-ty.
'Gainst that Church pre-vail, We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Un-to Christ the King, This thro' countless a-ges Men and angels sing.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Maching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be-fore.

No. 202. Work for the Night is Coming.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done,
- 2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.

- Give every flying minute;
Something to keep in store;
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 203.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

"I will therefore that men pray every where."—I TIM. 2: 8.

W. W. WALFORD.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care, } wishes know;
And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit....)
2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my petition bear, } seek to bless;
To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting (Omit....)
3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I Thy consolation share; } take my flight;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home and (Omit....)

D. C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return sweet (Omit....) hour of pray'r.
D. C. I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care, And wait for Thee sweet (Omit....) hour of pray'r.
D. C. And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell sweet (Omit....) hour of pray'r.

D. C.
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief.
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and seek His grace.
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize.

No. 204.

Blest be the Tie that Binds.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Psa. 133: 1

JOHN FAWCETT.

H. G. NAGELL.

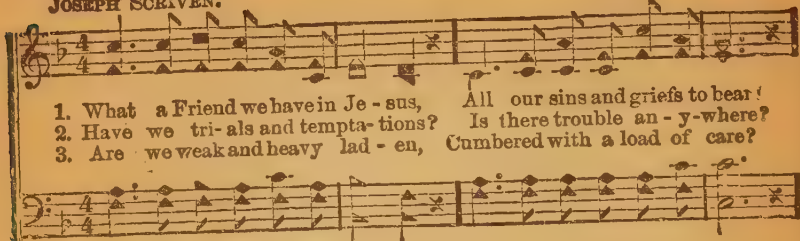
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - beve.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

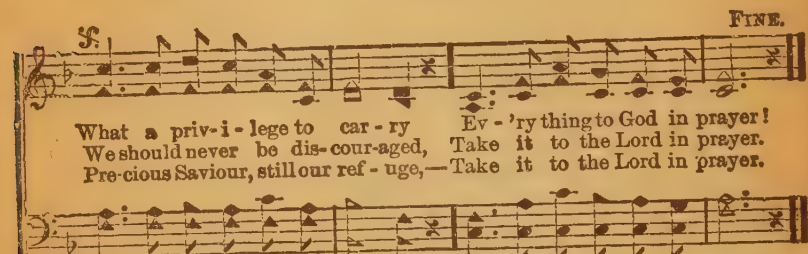
No. 205. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

C. C. CONVERSE.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

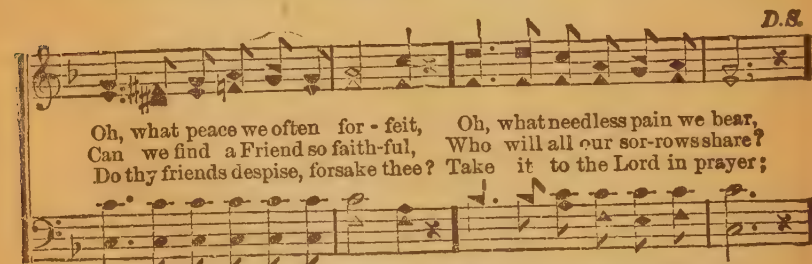


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and tempta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heavy lad - en, Cumbered with a load of care?



FINE.
 What a priv-i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
 We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.

D.S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
 D.S.—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer!
 D.S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



Oh, what peace we often for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
 Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - row share?
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

© M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

Precious Promise.

Key of G.

A Precious promise God has given
 To the weary passer by,
 In the way from earth to heaven,
 "I will guide thee with mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
 I will guide thee with mine eye;
 On the way from earth to heaven,
 I will guide thee with mine eye.

When temptations almost win thee,
 And thy trusted watchers fly,
 Let this promise ring within thee,
 "I will guide thee with mine eye."

When thy secret hopes have perished
 In the grave of years gone by,
 Let this promise still be cherished,
 "I will guide thee with mine eye."

All To Christ I Owe

Key of E \flat .

I hear the Saviour say,
 Thy strength indeed is small;
 Come to me—I'll be thy stay;
 Find in me thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Jesus died for me,
 All to Him I owe—
 Sin had left a crimson stain;
 He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
 Whereby Thy grace to claim—
 Jesus died my soul to save,
 And blessed be His name.

3 When from my dying bed
 My ransomed soul shall rise,
 "Jesus died my soul to save,"
 Shall ring the glad refrain.

No. 208. Hark! Ten Thousand Harps.

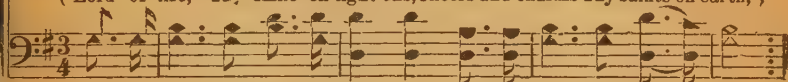
A. B. C. M. I.

LOWELL MASON.

FINE.



1. { Hark! ten thous-and harps and voic - es, Sound the notes of praise a-bove; }
 Je - sus reigns and heav'n re-joic - es, Je - sus reigns, a God of love, }
2. { Je - sus hail whose glo - ry bright-ens All a-bove and gives it worth, }
 Lord of life, Thy smile en-light-ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth, }

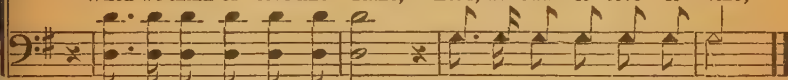


ff D. C. Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hul-le - lu - jah, A - men.

D. C.



See He sits on yon-der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone;
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine;



- 3 King of glory, reign forever,
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever,
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
 Happy object of Thy grace,
 Chosen to behold His face.
- 4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing,
 Bring, O bring the glorious day;
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

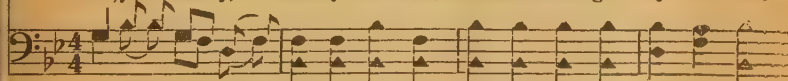
No. 209.

I Will Arise.

Arr. by H. N. L.



1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; Gods free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
4. Come, ye - wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Bruised and man-gled by the fall,



CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;



Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
 True be - lief and true re - pentance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
 All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth, Is to feel your need of Him.
 If you tar - ry till your bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.



In the arms of my dear Saviour, O there are ten thousand charms.

210.

Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Should'st lead me on; I lov'd to
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on; I lov'd the gar- ish
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis- tant scene; one step e- nough for me.
 day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re- member not past years.
 an- gel fac- es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a- while.

No. 211.

Retreat.

H. STOWELL.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. From ev- 'ry storm- y wind that blows, From ev- 'ry swell- ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je- sus sheds The oil of glad- ness on our heads--
 3. There is a scene where spir- its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 4. Ah, whith- er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des- o- late, dismayed;
 5. There, there on ea- gie's wings we soar, And sin and sense seem all no more;

Rit.

There is a calm, a sure re- treat; 'Tis found be- neath the mer- cy seat.
 A place than all be- sides more sweet, It is the blood- bought mer- cy seat.
 Tho' sun- dered far, by faith they meet A- round one com- mon mer- cy seat.
 Or how the host of hell de- feat, Had suffering souls no mer- cy seat?
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo- ry crowns the mer- cy seat.

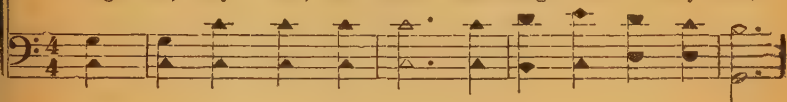
No. 212. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH.

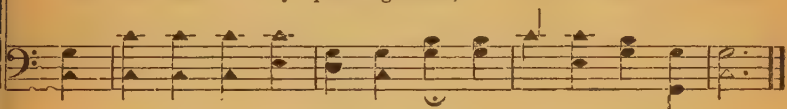
DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a-rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;



The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re-new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
 Thy ar-duous work will not be done, Till thou ob-tain thy crown.
 He'll take thee at thy part-ing breath, To His di-vine a-bode.



No. 213. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

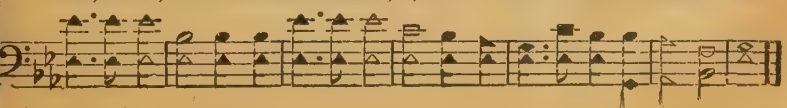
DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,



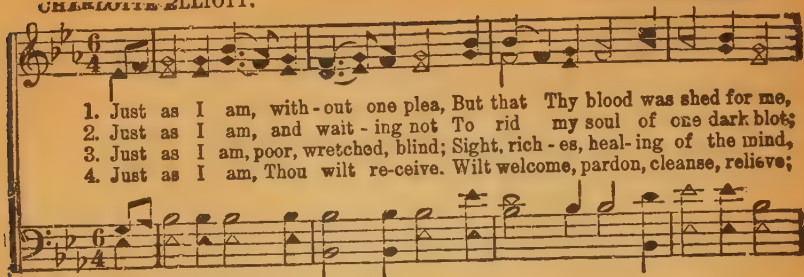
while I pray, Take all my guilt a way; O, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.
 died for me, O, may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire.
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee aside.
 then, in love, Fear and distrust remove, O, bear me safe a-bove A ransomed soul.



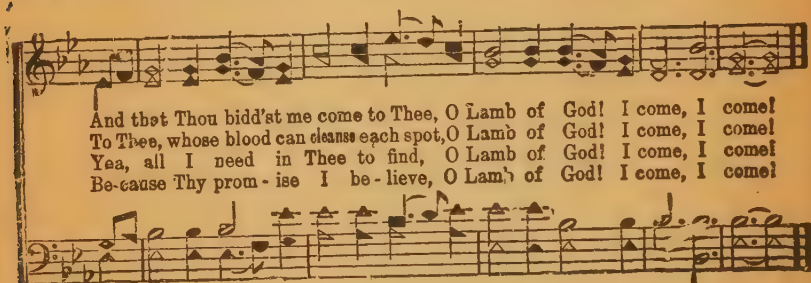
No. 214. JUST AS I AM. (WOODWORTH. L. M.)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
 3. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
 4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive. Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lam^b of God! I come, I come!

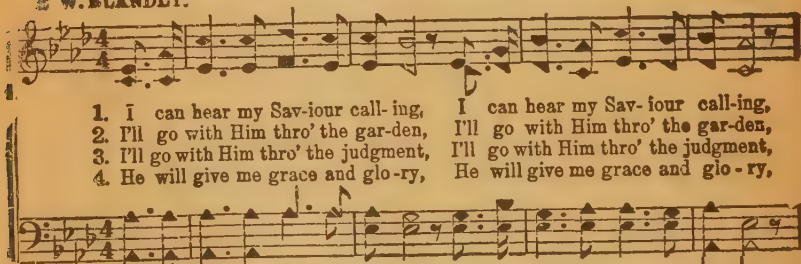
No. 215.

Where He Leads Me.

"The meek will he guide in judgment."—Psa. 35:9.

W. BLANDLY.

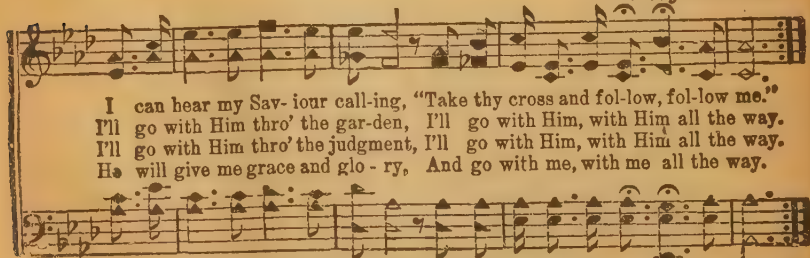
Arr.



1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

D. C. for Chorus.



I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 216. Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound.

"The grace are ye saved."—Eph. 2: 5. (HARMONY GROVE. C. M.)

JOHN NEWTON.
Moderato.

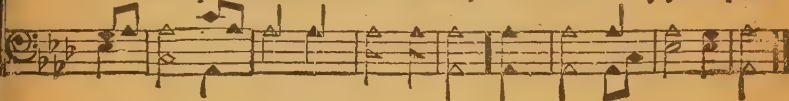
WM. WALKER. Arr. by E. N. L.



1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word, my hope se - cures,
5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail And mor - tal life shall cease,



I once was lost, but now am found: Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be, As long as life en - dures.
I shall pos - sess with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace.



No. 217. Jesus! Lover of My Soul. (Martyn. 7s.)

"Thou art my refuge."—Ps. 142: 5.

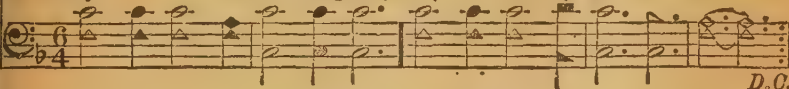
REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

SIMEON B. MARSH.

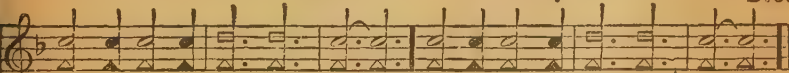
FINE.



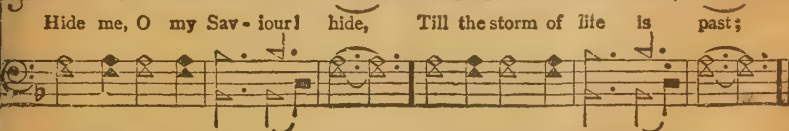
Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.



D.C.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;

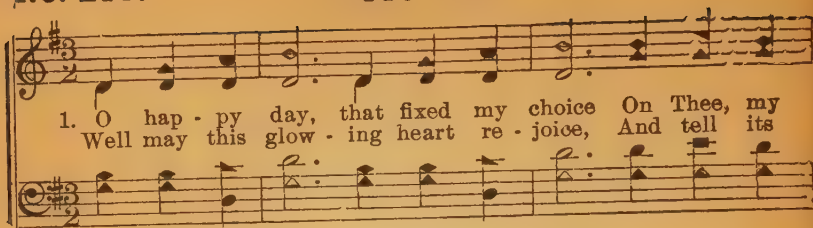


2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind,
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

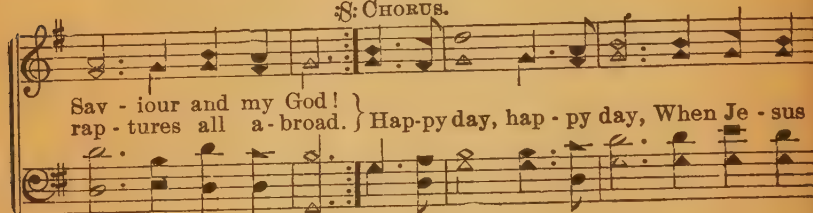
No. 218.

Happy Day.



1. O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its

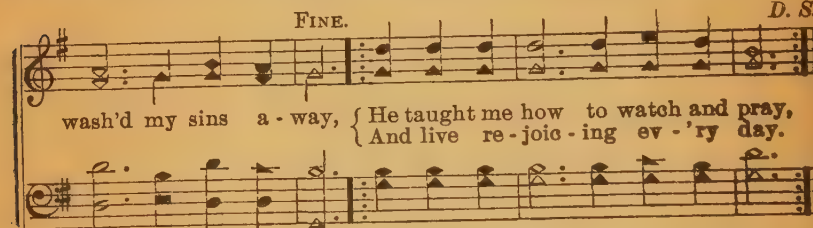
S: CHORUS.



Sav - iour and my God! }
rap - tures all a - broad. } Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus

FINE.

D. S.



wash'd my sins a - way, { He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angel's bread to feast?

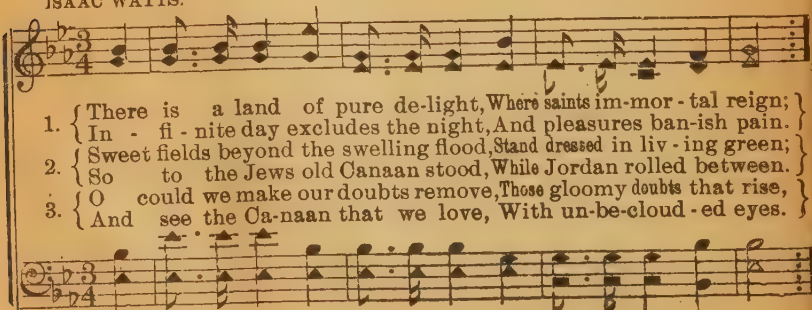
3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 219.

Varina.

ISAAC WATTS.

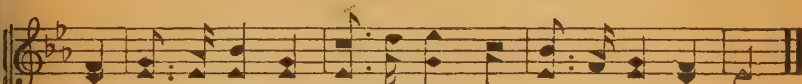
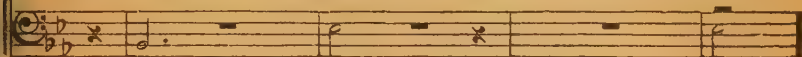


1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. }
2. { Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between. }
3. { O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Ca-naan that we love, With un-be-cloud - ed eyes. }

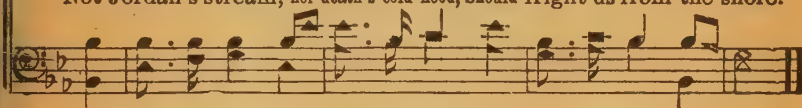
Varina. Concluded.



There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with'ring flow'rs,
But timorous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,



Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'nly hand from ours.
And lin - ger, shiv'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.



No. 220. Rejoice and Be Glad.

H. BONAR.

J. J. HUSBAND.



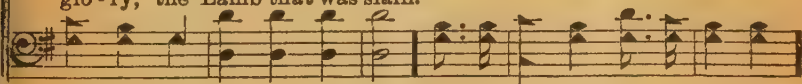
1. Re-joyce and be glad; the Redeem-er has come, Go look on His
2. Re-joyce and be glad: for the blood has been shed; Redemption is
3. Re-joyce and be glad; for the Lamb that was slain, O'er death is tri -
4. Re-joyce and be glad; for our King is on high, He pleadeth for
5. Re-joyce and be glad; for He com-eth a - gain—He com-eth in



REFRAIN.



cra - dle, His cross, and His tomb.
finished, the price has been paid. Sound His prais-es, tell the sto - ry,
umphant, and liv - eth a - gain.
us on His throne in the sky.
glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain.



Of Him who was slain; Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liv-eth a-gain.
For last verse.—He cometh a-gain.



INDEX.

	No.		No.
A Soul Winner for Jesus.....	34	Hide Me	73
After All	67	Hold the Fort	177
After While	14	Home on the Banks of the River ..	10
Almost Persuaded.....	93	Hosanna to the King.....	7
Always Happy.....	109	How Glad I Shall Be.....	85
Always Pray.....	146	How Firm a Foundation	99
Ail Hail the Power.....	198	How Solemn are the Words.....	171
Alone with Jesus	113	I Am Resolved.....	76
Amazing Grace	216	I Am so Glad	176
Are You Washed?.....	75	I Love to Tell the Story	74
Are You Ready?.....	60	I Love Surpassing Knowledge...	131
Asleep in Jesus	119	I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.....	163
Asleep	159	I Must Tell Jesus	1
At the Battle's Front.....	96	If We Only Understood.....	118
Be Sowing the Seed.....	81	I'll Live with the Rock of Ages..	72
Be a Toiler for the Lord.....	161	I'll Follow Where He Leads.....	39
Beautiful Lines of Life and Light.	110	I'm Kept by Him Alone.....	121
Beautiful Story to Tell	71	I'm a Child of a King	100
Behold the Love of Jesus	77	I'm On the Road to Glory	174
Believing in my Saviour's Word..	154	In That Crowning Day.....	96
Blest Be the Tie.....	204	In the Shadow of the Cross.....	117
Blessed Rock of Ages.....	6	In the Shadow of the Rock	178
Blessed Be the Name.....	103	In the Kingdom of the Lord.....	187
Blessed Redeemer.....	148	In the Morning of Joy	124
Bringing in the Sheaves	107	Is Thy Heart Right?	73
Christ in Me, the Hope of Glory ..	105	Is It Not Wonderful?.....	3
Closer to Thee	195	It Is Well with My Soul.....	9
Come Unto Me.....	190	I Will Arise	209
Come to Jesus (Tenney)	81	I Will Never Turn Back	141
Come to Jesus (Mayfield)	87	I Will Uphold Thee.....	26
Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep?...	199	I Would Work for Jesus.....	143
Draw Me Nearer.....	35	Jesus is Calling	90
Farther On.....	101	Jesus, is Mighty to Save	91
Flitting Away.....	22	Jesus, Saviour, Keep Me Holy....	111
Footsteps of Jesus.....	28	Jesus Pleads.....	116
From the Garden to the Cross ..	52	Jesus, the Light of the World....	137
Free Waters	24	Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.....	175
Full Salvation	115	Jesus Will Come Again.....	183
God's Wonderful Redemption Plan	194	Jesus Paid it All	207
Going Unprepared	41	Jesus, Lover of my Soul	217
Happy Day.....	218	Joy to the World.....	179
Hark! Ten Thousand Harps.....	208	Just Over the River	189
He Shall Deliver.....	80	Just as I Am.....	214
He is Coming Again	98	Just a Step Across the Line.....	114
He Saved Me.....	138	Keep in Step with Jesus	142
He That Endureth	152	Lay Hold on the Life Line	47
He Leadeth Me	155	Lead, Kindly Light	210
He's Pleading for You.....	160	Let the Lower Lights be Burning	95
He's Just the Same To-day.....	186	Let the Song Ring Out.....	20
He's Coming Again	48	Let Jesus Come into Your Heart..	56
He's my King	2	Lifted	18
Heavenly Sunlight.....	53	Lift Him Up.....	65
Higher Ground	50	Little Ones Like Me.....	139
		Living in the Glory of His Love..	27
		Lord's Day Worship.....	88
		Lord, I'm Coming Home	145

	No.		No.
Mountains of Faith.....	92	The Lord Our Rock.....	170
Music in Heaven.....	61	The Rock that is Higher than I..	62
Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?	196	The Saviour's Dying Cry.....	108
My Consecration.....	104	The Sure Foundation.....	106
My Thoughts of Thee are Sweet..	44	The Truth of God is Winning....	20
My Faith Looks Up to Thee.....	213	There is a Fountain.....	51
My Soul, be on Thy Guard.....	212	There Will be Light at the River..	58
Near the Cross.....	5	There Will Come a Happy Time..	23
Nearer, My God, to Thee.....	153	There is Sunlight.....	37
Nearer, Still Nearer.....	157	There is Sunshine in the Heart...	18
Nearer and Dearer.....	197	There's a Light Shining Out....	55
No One but You.....	19	There's a Home for the Soul....	122
Numberless as the Sands.....	120	'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow	97
O Why Not To-night?.....	15	'Tis the Hand of My Lord.....	68
O to Be Like Thee.....	21	'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus ...	173
O the Grand Old Book.....	130	To Think What It Will Be.....	54
On to Victory (West).....	136	To See Him as He Is.....	63
On to Victory (Hoffman).....	180	To us a Child of Hope is Born ...	165
Onward, Christian Soldiers.....	201	Trusting the Lord.....	134
Out on the Mountain.....	16	'Twas Grace Divine that Lifted Me	184
Over, Under and Around Me	57	Under the Shadow of Thy Wings.	181
Praise the King of the Ages.....	102	Vale of Beulah.....	43
Precious Promise.....	206	Varina.....	219
Prepare to Meet Thy God.....	123	Victory Must be Won.....	158
Prince of Peace, Control my Will.	127	Volunteers to the Front.....	162
Retreat.....	211	Walk Beside Me.....	8
Rejoice and be Glad.....	220	Wandering Away.....	144
Rock of Ages.....	89	We are Waiting by the River....	129
Round the Hills in Galilee.....	164	We Shall All be Gathered Home..	135
Scatter Bright Smiles.....	30	We Shall Cross the Sea in Triumph	126
Shall We Meet?.....	125	We Shall Meet Some Day.....	66
Sing the Blessed Gospel.....	172	We Shall Rise.....	51
Singing as We Go.....	112	Weighed in the Balance.....	59
Singing a Wonderful Song.....	94	What Shall it Profit?.....	12
Softly and Tenderly.....	70	What Shall our Answer Be?.....	46
Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.	106	What a Friend we Have.....	205
Stand Up for Jesus.....	169	What a Morning that Will be....	188
Sun of my Soul.....	149	What Will You Say?.....	150
Sweet By and By.....	200	What Will You Do with Jesus?...	133
Sweet Hour of Prayer.....	203	When All Redeemed Singers Get	
Tell His Love.....	17	Home.....	82
Tell It to Jesus Alone.....	64	When the Harvest All is In.....	25
That Wonderful Day.....	49	When the Day is Full of Gladness	191
The Light in the Storm.....	32	When the Roll is Called.....	182
The Christian's Welcome Home..	33	Where the Shepherd Leads.....	69
The Story Must be Told.....	38	Where He Leads Me.....	215
The Message of the King.....	40	Why Should I Leave my Dear Sav-	
The Beautiful Rose of Sharon....	45	iour?.....	84
The Bugle Call is Ringing.....	193	Why Will You in Bondage Stay?..	192
The Call from the Islands.....	168	Why Keep Jesus Waiting?.....	147
The City of God.....	185	Will You Come?.....	128
The Gospel Invitation.....	88	Will the Angels Come for Me?...	132
The Greatest Thing is Love.....	156	Will There be any Stars?.....	4
The Heavenly Home.....	140	Wonderful Words of Life.....	11
The Land is Drawing Near.....	86	Wonderful Story of Love.....	42
The Lord is My Shepherd.....	167	Work, for the Night is Coming...	202
		Ye Must be Born Again.....	76

TOPICAL INDEX

— OF —

THE NEW GOSPEL SONG BOOK.

PRAISE.

7, 83, 102, 103, 154, 198.

WORK.

17, 19, 30, 31, 34, 71, 95, 106, 107, 136,
138, 142, 143, 158, 161, 162, 168,
172, 177, 180, 201, 202.

INVITATION.

15, 24, 56, 60, 70, 73, 75, 81, 87, 88, 90,
114, 116, 128, 144, 147, 160, 190.

DEVOTION.

2, 3, 5, 21, 28, 35, 39, 62, 69, 74, 76, 77,
96, 104, 111, 124, 145, 163, 173, 195,
197.

WARNING.

15, 22, 41, 43, 49, 59, 93, 123, 150, 212.

CONSOLATION.

9, 10, 14, 26, 29, 43, 44, 48, 57, 58, 67,
94, 98, 100, 101, 113, 114, 152, 155,
180.

FUNERAL.

66, 119, 125, 129, 159, 200.

ADMONITION.

38, 47, 65, 79, 133, 146, 166.

PRAYER.

1, 8, 50, 64, 157, 208, 205.

REJOICING.

13, 36, 53, 109, 115, 124, 176, 179, 183,
218, 220.

Beautiful Gleanings Bring.

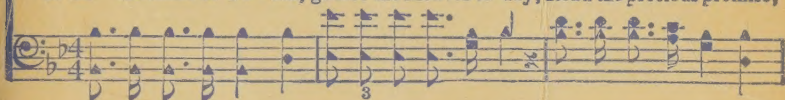
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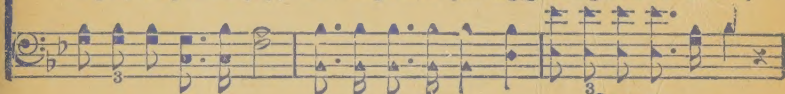
Jas. W. Acuff.



1. Go in ear-ly morn-ing, in-to the harvest white, Sing a song of glad-ness,
2. For the faint and wear-y, car-ry a smile of cheer, With the sad and dreary,
3. In the name of Je-sus, gather the sheaves to-day, Read the precious promise,



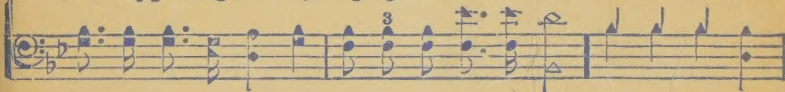
la-bor with all your might; Let the words of Je-sus o-ver the nations ring,
weeping an anxious tear; To the heart that's aching un-der a load of care,
wa-ges, He you will pay; Go with great re-joic-ing, glean-ing from fields of sin,



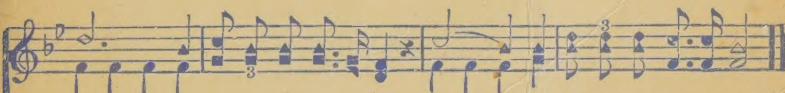
CHORUS.



With the com-ing eve-ning, beau-ti-ful gleanings bring. See the
Lend a hand of com-fort; cov-er its ail-ings there.
Thrust thy glow-ing sick-le, bring-ing the har-vest in. See, you there, the



beau-ti-ful har-vest white! Go and la-bor with all your might;
beau-ti-ful har-vest white! Go, ye there, and la-bor with all your might;



Let your anthems of gladness ring, Go and beautiful gleanings bring!
Let them there your anthems of glad-ness ring, Go, ye now, and beau-ti-ful glean-ings bring!



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